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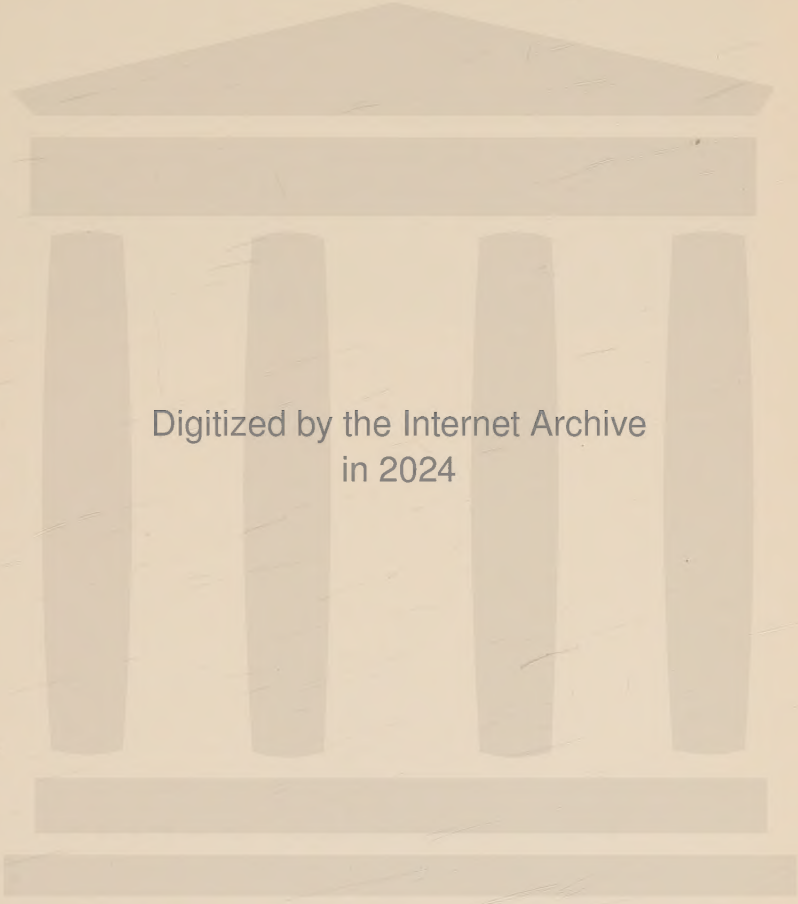
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOSEPH PENNELL

VOLUME TWO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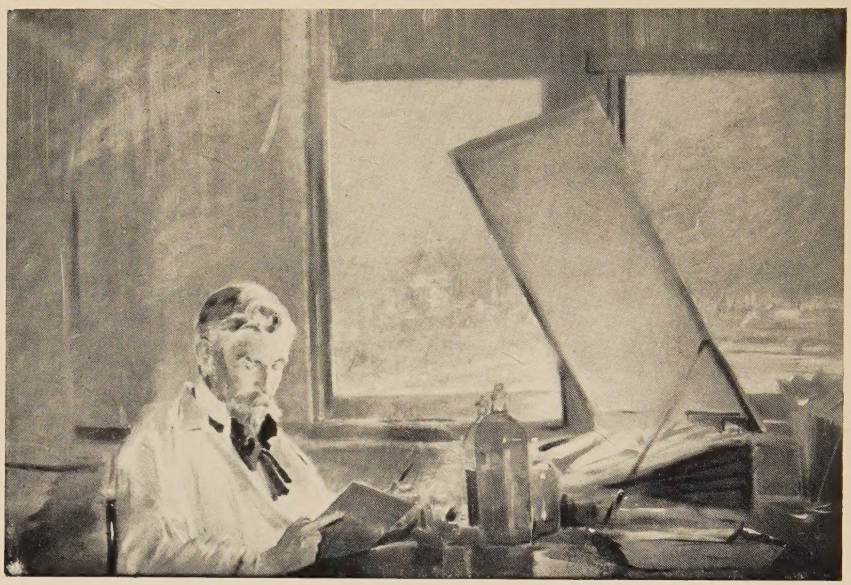

JOSEPH PENNELL WORKING ON A PLATE IN
THE ADELPHI TERRACE STUDIO

Portrait by J. McLure Hamilton

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF
JOSEPH PENNELL

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

With Illustrations

VOLUME TWO

PORTLAND
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BY LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOSEPH PENNELL

VOLUME TWO

CHAPTER XXV

THE ST. LOUIS UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION (1903–1904)

During the winter of 1903, Professor Halsey C. Ives, Chief of the Art Department of the coming St. Louis Universal Exposition, was often in London. One of his duties was to appoint a committee to select work by American artists living in England. Whistler consented to serve as chairman, with Pennell as honorary secretary, Sargent, Abbey and McLure Hamilton as members. Whistler was pleased by this official recognition, though conscious that he was without the strength even to attend a meeting. He had been seriously ill, at death's door, the summer before in The Hague, had never quite recovered and after his return in the autumn, was rarely able to leave the studio except for his bed. Few men ever lived so intensely, for few artists was Joy so inseparable from Art, and illness seemed an insult to his once splendid vitality. But when, on July seventeenth, death at length released him, the grief of all who cared—and none cared more than Pennell—was not the less bitter. He had been a familiar figure in Buckingham Street and a blank was left in our daily life.

Pennell was not one to yield to grief, to waste time mourning and telling sad tales of a beloved past. Like Whistler, he was intensely alive; with Whistler, he believed that to stand still is stagnation. "To carry

on" was a phrase constantly on the lips of both. Pennell saw the best of chances for carrying on in the St. Louis Exposition and for almost two years he was engrossed in its affairs. Between committee meetings and descents of Ives upon London and the Buckingham Street dining room, between visits to studios and consultations with packers, between endless letter-writing and more endless talk, Pennell fitted in one or two of his inevitable journeys for work. In the winter of 1903 he went to Manchester to hang the International Exhibition, and in the spring to Galloway to illustrate S. R. Crockett's "Raiderland" for Hodder and Stoughton, published the next year. In the winter of 1904 he made time for short visits with me to Paris to collect facts for the "Biography" from Whistler's old friends,—Théodore Duret, George Lucas, Mary Cassatt, Drouet and Oulevey. In the spring he travelled to Italy to finish the illustrations for "The Road in Tuscany", published the next autumn; to Düsseldorf to hang the International; to Munich and Vienna for exhibitions of his own. Exhibitions and journeys did not prevent his attending meetings of the new Motor Cycle Club which he joined in the vain hope that it would aid him in his further trials, first on a Quadrant and next on a Humber. He rode off, on the Humber if I remember, to illustrate the fourth book in Heinemann's series: Henry James's "English Hours", published in 1905. The route enabled him to run back to London from Suffolk, or Kent or Surrey, or wherever he might be when St. Louis business was pressing. The tricycle turned out a burden and a danger and when it threw him head foremost into a ditch, and he and every one who saw the fall thought he would be

JOSEPH PENNELL WITH THE ART
JURY AT ST. LOUIS

picked up dead, he made no further use of so unreliable a mount. He bought no more cycles of any kind; they had become a hindrance rather than a help.

Within ten days of his return from Rye, the last town on his route, he sailed, August seventeenth, on the *Teutonic* for New York and St. Louis. The letters that tell the story of his work for the Exposition, of his adventures and impressions during his third visit in twenty years to his own country call for no explanation, unless perhaps that the book he so frequently refers to in writing to Doctor John C. Van Dyke is the volume on "American Illustration and Engraving" which Van Dyke, as editor, asked him to contribute to the series of Histories of American Art. It crops up in their correspondence through the years until the end. It was written but never turned in to the editor. The first letter to John McLure Hamilton was in answer to his note of sympathy written immediately after Whistler's death. The second states the reason why Pennell, when on a committee, reserved the right to accept or reject work sent in by invited exhibitors. This policy was often criticized as high-handed, often added to his list of enemies, but it was the secret of the distinguished standard of every exhibition he helped to hang.

TO MR. JOHN McLURE HAMILTON

14 Buckingham Street
Strand, W.C.
7. 26, 1903

Dear Hamilton—It is all over and probably for the best. I dont think anything of much importance has yet been published about him, but

I do not doubt there will be a perfect deluge. It is very good of you to be so sympathetic. I know that you really cared for his work.

I must write you about another matter—Ives, as you know, has made you a member of the American Jury over here for St. Louis—

Whistler was and
You
Abbey
Sargent
and

I the others—he has asked me to do the donkey work, but you will help I know. I dont imagine there will be much, and there wont be any insurance muddle this time. The preliminary circular is being prepared—he, Ives, has passed it and I will send you a copy for suggestions in a day or so.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

I wish we could come to you but I've no intention of going out of town this autumn—Ill hope to see you as soon as you turn up

J.P.

14 Buckingham Street
Strand W.C.
8. 2, 1903

My dear Hamilton—I quite agree with you as to the theoretical absurdity of inviting works and then rejecting them but, as you know as well as I do, there are people who are invited, and then dont send what they have been invited to send—unless there is some such clause you cannot get rid of the undesirables but you will get into a scrape.

I hope nothing of the sort will happen here, but I think it just as well to be safe-guarded. And so does Ives. I think we should have a meeting as soon as you get to town.

Ives will be back in a week or so and we might talk over a campaign.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

14 Buckingham St.
Strand W.C.
12. 20, 1903

Dear Van Dyke,

I waited to answer your letter till I got the threatened sculpture book, yesterday it came, and I really spent a "appy die" with it. Really without any nonsence it is a most excellent and most readable thing, far better done than anything of the sort Ive seen from my native land on that subject for most people succeed in making the subject as dull as ditchwater or overloading it with scientific rot—I mean criticism. And its wonderfully complete—he seems to have got in everyone—I only found—carping as usual—or rather couldnt find two people—pupils of Eakins are mentioned but *not* Eakins' own work, he has done things and so has McLure Hamilton—Remington and others find places—and a third is a chap named *Stevens* who was in the Academy in Philadelphia with me, maybe he did not come off, though he did a lot of decorative stuff we used to think fine.

But if that is all I can find, its pretty damn good. And frightens me to think what I am in for—for despite all this, it may be because of it, I think I'll sail in.

You are good enough already to make a lot of valuable suggestions as to getting material, biographical material—that will not be so difficult but what I want to do is this—to put Illustration in the first place—not the last as you have it—the title of the book—and to do this means I must see old files of *Harper's*, Letters, and the earlier papers, and lots of Magazines that are neither in the British nor S.K. Museum. There are many books too—for example I have never been able to find La Farge's illustrations in the library—I forget the books they are in—but those very editions I cant get. And then one could talk out with people far more than one can *write out of them*, or rather get them to write. Besides, hang it, I want the chance to come home and now what with this, and St. Louis, I dont know if you have any influence in that quarter—but privately—Ives has told me that there will be a black and white jury—and he has hinted, well, why could not just a little place maybe be found for me on it. Anyway I want to see the Show. And I have also a

scheme for a big illustrated American book—I mean the illustrations only. So, from one point of view, everything is fine but Ive got two books under illustration here—both important—we are doing the Whistler life—Yes we are—and it will be the life Whistler wanted written—and gave us material for—and Mrs. Pennell is doing a series of articles for *The Atlantic*, and what with Journalism, play, the International and dozens of other things—I dont see how I am to come. But this is my scheme. Ill sign the contract—with improvements—and commence the book at the back, with the illustration and etching that I know of personally. While as to the Lithography—behold is there not a chapter on Yankee litho artists in the Bible of Lithography by the Pennells—a book that seems to have escaped you, and do kick whoever said I wrote a book called *Pen and Ink Draughtsmen*—I didn't.

Anyway here goes at it.

I suppose this letter should have been something like this

12. 19. 1903

Prof. J.C. Van Dyke,

Sir, I hereby accept your proposition and that of the Macmillan Co. to write a volume in your series of *Histories of American Art*, on the subject of American Illustration and Engraving.

Yours

Joseph Pennell

TO MR. EDWARD ROBINS

Inside Inn
World's Fair. St. Louis
8. 30. 1904

My dear Ned—I have got your letter—in fact it was waiting me. It is very good of you to ask me to come to you—but at the present moment I dont know what will happen—or how long they will keep me here as they have put me on *all* the Art Juries, and other things. Still I hope to get to Philadelphia but have got to go to Chicago—and other beastly places. By the way were you not working here once—if so you had a happy release—

It is magnificently awful—this is written in the midst of 6000 fellow countrymen and women and kids—
Its original—weird

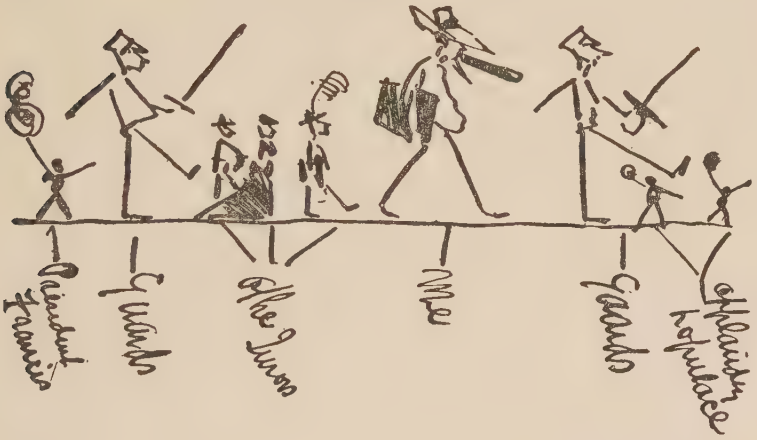
Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO MISS HELEN J. ROBINS

Inside Inn
St. Louis. Sunday 1904

Dearest Helen

Behold my greatness and be impressed!
You should see me—



This spectacle can be seen any day for 50 cents by all the world which hasent a pass—most of em have—and its most impressive—the other Jurors are so distinguished that I wont name em—only the laidie is Alice Barber Stephens. As I am also put on the Superior Jury and am also to speak a piece or something—so I shall probably pass the rest of my life here

Yours
J.P.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

World's Fair. St. Louis 1904
St. Louis. U.S.A.
9. 17. 1904

My Dear Van Dyke—I dont think I shall be able to see you here as I hope to be on the way east some day next week drugged and drunk with the Fair—When will you be in New York or New Brunswick again as I now—if possible—want to get at the book—there is nothing here to speak of for it—But I have had some talks with Swain Gifford and others and they have promised to help

Yours
Joseph Pennell

After St. Louis and the "Grand Prize" for his work on the Jury, it was Chicago, Buffalo, New York, Chicago again, New York again, to stay this second time more than a month, spellbound before the skyscrapers in the Unbelievable City—the City Beautiful built during his absence from his native land—"the City that inspires me, that I love." He etched his first skyscrapers, six published, without text, in the March *Century*, 1905. He made a series of lithographs, also of skyscrapers, for the Society of Iconophiles. He met Van Dyke almost daily, Mr. Brett of the Macmillan Company sometimes a third at lunch. "We can then make him enthusiastic," Pennell said, when he suggested that Mr. Brett should lunch with them at the Century Club. His enthusiasm was catching. The plan for the "Illustration" book was getting into definite shape. Pennell's notes asking for appointments or breaking them were many, hurriedly written little notes, so impatient was he to get back to his inexhaustible skyscrapers. One begins: "It is so beautiful I must go out and make more

immortal works;" another: "Ill try to look in to lunch to-morrow—but the mill is grinding—and when it does so, I dont like to stop the machinery;" a third: "I am wrestling with the printers and cant go till Wednesday next—Oceanic on which I have taken passage."

His press was in London and he was proving his plates at Kimmel and Voight's. The lithographs he was taking back with him, as not until a few years later did he learn that there were good lithographic printers in America. He sailed on November sixteenth. St. Louis affairs travelled with him to London. Almost at once he was writing to McLure Hamilton, "I have the honour to inform you that you have been awarded a gold medal for your exhibit at St. Louis." He was the most formal of men when the occasion called for formality. To Van Dyke he announced the satisfactory settlement with the Macmillan Company for the "History of Engraving." The "Portfolio" mentioned in the letter to Dr. Singer is that Goupil publication of 1894 which scarcely sold at the time. Now that it was wanted for the Dresden Print Room, only one complete set was left. Dresden had begun before this to collect his prints and Gutbier was his German agent.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

14, Buckingham Street
Strand W. C.
12. 12. 1904

Hooroo

So its all fixed up in New York and the Macmillan book—well I am glad and Im starting the Illustration and a million other things, and will be over again in the fall, and thats something to be thankful for.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO PROFESSOR DOCTOR HANS W. SINGER

14 Buckingham Street
Strand. W.C.
London.
12.15: 1904

Dear Dr. Singer,

Curiously I had just gotten out the Portfolio, only a few days ago. It does not contain the Knightsbridge things—and you may have some of these, but not the complete set. In fact there is only one complete set left. I enclose a letter to Dr. Lehrs is it not? though I only address it to the Director. Will you please hand it to him, and the portfolio is now being put in a case and will come to you to the Print Room by the American Express.

Now as to your very flattering letter I am very sorry to hear of the changes—of course there was only one man for the place [in the Print Room]—and—well—I am writing him—You should have had it. Everyone knows that.

As to the sky scratchers—or ski-scraps—Ive heard them called both—I shall be delighted to have you do the article—provided it is in some paper or magazine *not* in English because *The Century* is going to do one in New York—and they would object. Nor do I want to seem mercenary but I have always received a fee for having my things reproduced. Could this be done? If not in your case I will forego it, but one cannot live on glory alone.

Will you please assault Gutbier or Arnold or both furiously on my part for they, or he, have never acknowledged the receipt of the etchings and your letter was the first intimation, and the only one that they had got to Dresden.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

CHAPTER XXVI

THE WHISTLER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION AND THE WHISTLER MEMORIAL (1904–1906)

Pennell's active interest in the International did not slacken because of St. Louis. It redoubled rather, Whistler's death having left the Council much to think of. A new president must be chosen. Pennell agreed with the others that Rodin was the one artist who could succeed worthily. He was loyalty itself to the new president, upholding him and his policy whenever there was need, serving on the committees appointed to welcome him to London, paying him official visits in Paris when necessary, attending him at the opening of the year's exhibition and at the many lunches and dinners in his honour. Pennell appreciated Rodin, as art critic in the *Star* and the *Daily Chronicle* never ceased to proclaim him a master to the lukewarm British public. But his chief activity these years was devoted to the dead master whom he, to the end, pronounced the greatest artist of the nineteenth century. The day Whistler was buried, members of the Council, lunching together on the way home from the funeral, began to discuss plans for a Memorial Exhibition, though, as Pennell wrote to Mr. Croal Thomson, in April, 1905, "this project was not broached formally till six months after Whistler's death—and then eight or nine months passed

before the Committee to consider the matter was formed. Their first meeting was held at the end of last March."

Here was something to work for and Pennell worked at a pace that astonished me, accustomed though I was to the lengths to which his energy and enthusiasm could carry him. He left no stone unturned. He wrote every one who, to his knowledge, owned Whistlers, or who might know of Whistlers unknown to him. "I may (or rather we) go to Boston next week to the Whistler show—I now am just off to Edinburgh to see the Scotch one," he wrote to Doctor Singer on February 4, 1904. The two were more than he could manage. But he did get to Edinburgh late in the month, on the chance of finding forgotten Whistlers, and found to his delight the "Frederick Leyland" and "Mrs. Louis Huth", not forgotten but never seen by him before—also, I might add, he attended his first public dinner in Scotland, a Scottish Academy dinner, eating haggis and drinking whiskey to the sound of the bagpipes. While in America, during the summer and autumn of that same year, his hunt for Whistlers was as arduous, if it yielded less. As the time for the Exhibition approached, he saw to getting the proper publicity in the press, understanding that to gain and hold the people's interest was half the battle. He stirred their curiosity and did not let it weaken for want of news to feed on. He announced, one by one, as so many victories, the capture of masterpieces from abroad and their arrival in London—the "Carlyle" from Glasgow, the "Mother" from the Luxembourg, the "White Girl" from America, the King's etchings from Windsor. From Buckingham Street, January 9, 1905, he wrote

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

My dear Van Dyke—I am back and am in it again, but oh Lor how I wish really I was back again in the land of cocktails and ski skraps. Any way I am, or rather we are coming in the fall, if we dont come before for I'm about through with this hole. As to Italy I dont know if I wont stay here and finish up what I have to do—the London book and the James articles, and then Spit on the place.

All this comes from being mixed up—against my will—with the Whistler Show—but we have got the *Mother* back from France and the Carlyle—to say nothing of the—or a lot of the American pictures and 500 prints. If you see Cottier or D. C. Thomson will you not please help them to get the other things they want—*The White Girl*—*The Avery Portrait*—the few other things including the *Rosa Corder*. Please even gamble for it if necessary. We have, however, the Pittsburgh, Boston, and Chicago things—but we want *The Yellow Buskin* from Philadelphia—also some of Mansfield's Etchings.

But even now it will be the most important yet held. But if I only had an American gang to work and fight with.

Yours

Joseph Pennell

To Doctor Singer he wrote as joyfully, hoping through him to discover Whistlers in Germany, pausing in the story of the Memorial triumph for a passing reference to Gutbier, his agent, and an article Doctor Singer was to write on his etchings of skyscrapers.

TO PROFESSOR DOCTOR HANS W. SINGER

International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers,—
Whistler Memorial Exhibition
New Gallery, Regent Street, W.
January 15th, 1905

Dear Dr. Singer. I was told yesterday by Mr. W. Heinemann that the aunt of the present King of Saxony—possesses one or more of Whistler's paintings at the Villa Schiller—Do you know anything

about this? And do you know of any Whistlers (paintings or drawings) in your part of the world? If you do, could you help us to get them over to the Show?

Artistically it is an assured success as we have the *Mother*, the *Carlyle*, *Sarasate*, *Irving*, *Miss Alexander* etc. nocturnes—King's etchings, Way's lithos—500 different prints—not different states. Can you help to make it more memorial? I saw Gutbier the other day—and we discussed—and I had a furious traffic with him in sky scrapers and other things. If you can bring off the article I shall be glad.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

International Society of Sculptors Painters and Gravers
Whistler Memorial Exhibition
New Gallery, Regent Street. W.
Feb. 11th, 1905.

Dear Dr. Singer—I should have answered sooner but we are nearly smashed with work *two* hundred paintings by Whistler and between 500 and 600 works in Black-and-White. *All* the catalogued lithos—300 of the 370 etchings etc. etc. The Sauer picture has been sent for — it is awfully good of you to have got it.

Now cant you get over to the functions and if so wont you be my guest at the dinner on Feb. 20th at the Café Royal and then stay over for the Reception on the 22d—for which I believe a ticket has been sent you.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

As the time for the opening grew near, his energy redoubled, if that were possible. I rarely saw him at Buckingham Street during the day. He was at the New Gallery, directing, arranging, hanging. If he came home for dinner, and without Doctor Bakker, the Society's secretary, and one or two of the committee to dine with us, his evening was spent toiling with me over the Catalogue of Etchings which, as he said, we virtually

made, though Miss Jessie Thomas, the Exhibition's secretary, was his collaborator in the Catalogue of Paintings. On the nineteenth of February he was at Victoria to meet Rodin—a formal ceremony, the deputation of the Council headed by Lavery, the vice-president, all in frock coats and top hats, Rodin bringing as his bodyguard Thaulow, Cottet, Blanche. At last, on February twenty-second, the Exhibition was opened at noon by Rodin with his famous speech of seven words—"Ladies and gentlemen, the Exhibition is open." "Everybody" in London had been invited and was there, and during the afternoon, after the ceremony, the crowd that was not everybody paid half guineas cheerfully to get in. Success was assured from the start—the indispensable money success that would pay the bill. Bénédite and Masson, from the Luxembourg, had also come from Paris, partly because of the importance of the event, partly no doubt prospecting for the Memorial Exhibition they were to give three months later at the Beaux-Arts. They, Cottet and Harry Wilson, a member of the Council, lunched with us after the formalities in the gallery—a lunch in memory of Whistler who, not so long before, had been a familiar figure in that little dining room so out of proportion to Etty's big studio window.

Pennell's labours did not cease. He went daily to the gallery, supervising, overlooking every detail, receiving distinguished visitors, the King and Queen among them, for the Exhibition's success was of the sort that in Britain royalty cannot ignore. This was the famous occasion when to show Queen Alexandra round fell to him and he was forced, because of her deafness, to talk

so loud that he could be heard throughout the galleries.

"And what are these?" the Queen asked, standing before the little drawings on wood made by Whistler and Mrs. Whistler, but never engraved. Pennell explained them and his pride in being their owner. "And what do you propose to do with them?" she further asked. "Keep them, Ma'am," he answered, and the members of the Council, listening to every word, rejoiced.

"You have kept the blocks but you have lost a knighthood," they told him afterwards, explaining that etiquette required him to say, "They are yours, Ma'am!", and that etiquette, if gracious enough, brought its reward. Etiquette and rewards, however, meant nothing to Joseph Pennell in comparison to possession of Whistler's only drawings of the kind. It was a story he liked to tell. His correspondence languished for weeks, and the letters he managed to write are as full as ever of Whistler and the International.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

My dear Van Dyke:

I have been swallowed up in Whistler. We—or who else is there? have fought a great fight and won—now I am done with shows and societies and am going to play at my own work. I shall see Macmillan in a few days about New York—and may be I—or we may be over in a few more.

I wish you could see the Whistlers and the crowds—from Kings to cads—mostly the latter—trying to escape their past and avoid their future.

Good Bye
Joseph Pennell.

By May, when he was recording the same success to Doctor Singer, rest was not within sight. He was already absorbed in the Society's next exhibition. A show of his own, in Dresden, was a secondary consideration, and so also was the International Exhibition in Liège, though it brought him a Gold Medal.

TO PROFESSOR DOCTOR HANS W. SINGER

14 Buckingham Street
Strand, W.C.
5: 6.05

Dear Dr. Singer—I have been meaning to write and thank you for the very charming introduction you wrote for the Catalogue of the Dresden Show—the reason I have not written is because I wished to propose something to you or rather ask your help in a matter—namely, that of aiding me to get together an Exhibition of modern German prints and drawings for the next International—but until the question of space is settled I can do nothing. Still, if that is satisfactorily arranged, would you be willing to help?

The Whistler was a great artistic and—luckily for us—a financial success and thank heaven it is over—and I will never get mixed up in such an affair again—

Meantime my own little affairs have "marched" a bit and the skyscrapers seem to have been very well received in America—save by some of the critical ones—but having been a critic myself I do not take unfavourable notices too seriously. I want to get to see the Munich show if possible and if I do so will try to pass by Dresden.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Café Restaurant des Sports
Paris—30 May. 05

Dear Dr. Singer—

I have just come from the Whistler Show at the *École des Beaux-Arts*—it is not a patch on our show in London—of course there are many interesting things, but as a whole it is a ghastly failure!—

there were not 50 people in the place this morning. Whistler was a great—the greatest etcher the world has ever seen—but there are some paintings and drawings stuck on the walls which would make him sick—Save me from any Vanderbilts, Freers and Canfields, Studds, and Bénédites—he is shrieking—if he is doing anything. Some of his "friends" have in the last six months done and committed more crimes in his honour than can ever be wiped out.

Please write to

London—14. Buckingham St., Strand—

Yours

J. Pennell

In November the Council decided to hold two exhibitions in 1906, the first for Painting and Sculpture, the second for Water Colours and Black-and-White. Letters to Doctor Singer, who got together the German prints, are full of space, insurance, lists, mounts, every minute detail, an occasional interruption for a bit of news: "I suppose you have heard that Strang has got into the Academy. They, the Academicians, are set up and I suppose Strang is too—But it is not of much artistic importance, and I hope it may not have the almost universal effect—that is, to ruin him as an artist."

By December first, he let himself go a little: "We have got the Böcklins—and Tschudi says the Berlin Menzels may come, but you keep on hustling please. The Penna Academy is sending us pictures. But the Black-and-White Show will take the cake I think." And on January 13 (1906), he is telling Doctor Van Dyke: "Ive got all mixed up again in the International Show, the British end of which is as usual Scotch and therefore Rotten and Cheap, but the Impressionists and Brush, Ranger, and Tarbell—and *Bartlett* especially—have made a big hit. Next month *I* shall

run the show of water-colours, pastels and 'drawings'—which I know will be good. This is really the only living form of art to-day."

He arranged for the German collection to go on with the rest of the exhibition to Nottingham in March and, his own and the Society's business well disposed of, he could take breath at the end of April to report to Singer an incident that shocked rather than surprised him: "The Great and Good King Edward has just sold *all* his Whistler etchings—including those Whistler gave the old Queen—and all this was done under the plea —of improving the *Royal* Library at Windsor."

History repeats itself: After Pennell's death, the King of Italy sold—under no plea that I have yet heard—his Pennell prints bought at a Venice International Exhibition.

The members of the Council were not slow in estimating Pennell's services at their true value and taking advantage of them to the uttermost. When anything was to be done, he was likely to be called upon, and at first he seldom refused. If he did not have the time he made it. Though he was no longer writing art criticism—he came with me regularly to the two *Salons* in search of the year's best work for the next International, and I sometimes think he felt himself well repaid by the friendship then formed with Paul Bartlett and James Morrice, and their long evenings together of talk, and more talk, and always talk, at the *Café de la Paix* or the *Café d'Harcourt* whichever their mood might lead them to. He travelled any distance to other continental exhibitions, on the same tireless pursuit of the new and the distinguished. Sometimes with Sauter, sometimes

with Harry Wilson, he would go on special trips to visit French, Belgian or Dutch artists in their studios and select paintings, prints and sculptures at headquarters. That long summer of 1901 spent in Venice, where it seemed as if nothing would drag him from his pastels and Russian charcoal, he managed to join me on my way back to London as far as Milan to see the Segantinis at Grubicy's, the art dealer there. For the Society's exhibitions in provincial towns he worked as whole-heartedly, the Council only too glad to appoint him one of the Hanging Committee, and the directors of the galleries, recognizing his genius for the task, were his friends at once, none more faithful than Mr. Butler Wood of Bradford and Mr. Dibdin of Liverpool. It was the same with the Society's exhibitions in Munich, Budapest, Düsseldorf. When Sauter, the honorary secretary, broke down at a critical moment just as the exhibition for Budapest was being prepared, Pennell saved the situation and was elected in Sauter's place honorary secretary *pro tem.* He did not rest until the International exhibited in the big American towns, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, as far as Toronto, nor until he brought from the United States a collection of American artists never before heard of in England. It was through him that Arthur B. Davies, Abbott Thayer, De Forest Brush were first seen in London; that the first show—representative as far as the size of the gallery would allow—of Augustus Saint Gaudens was held.

After the two exhibitions in 1906, however, his interest began to flag. Rodin, absent, could not hold the Society, could not domineer it—he had not Whistler's

gift of leadership. Without Whistler at the head, rules and regulations which had been the Society's backbone gradually were disregarded; indeed, before his death, the international element, the reason of its existence, was threatened. In 1901, when Associates were for the first time elected, twenty-eight out of the thirty-two who got in were residents in Great Britain. Whistler insisted that no member of any other society should be a member of the Council and one of the Council's worst moments during his presidency was when a Royal Academician was added to its number. He had to go, unpleasant as it was for the timorous and the toady. But with Whistler out of the way, the Royal Academy, wise in its policy of saving itself by gathering the rebels into its fold, chose new Associates from the International's Council and none was strong enough to refuse the advantages the letters R.A. or A.R.A. stood for.

Pennell did not resign, determined not to until the Whistler Memorial, by Rodin, was set up on the Embankment in Chelsea, the part of London most intimately associated with Whistler. Not only members of the International but prominent men who appreciated Whistler and whose names counted with the British public were on the Committee. Heinemann and Pennell were appointed honorary secretaries and to them fell what Pennell invariably called "the donkey work." "I am hammering at the painters and Americans," he wrote Van Dyke, and the two secretaries had to hammer long and hard before they raised the necessary fifteen hundred pounds,—a small sum but Rodin was to charge the Society solely for the casting and technical details. When money came in Pennell exulted, announced

it to David Croal Thomson, Chairman of the Committee, in gay little notes, the following a characteristic example: "Herkomer has plumped down £5.5.0. Amazin! and I note Orchardson, I got near £20 yesterday, if we can only keep it up!" When money did not come in and the required sum fell short of two hundred pounds, and the time set by the International for collecting it was up, he put his hand into his pocket—or bank account—and produced it, a fact he let no one know save myself.

A replica was planned for the United States, necessitating a further five hundred pounds which Harrison Morris and Pennell, the Committee, secured, with the help of a sub-committee in Lowell, Massachusetts, Whistler's birthplace, the town chosen for the honour.

The Memorial held Pennell to his post for he was unwilling to dwindle into a mere figurehead in any society he was associated with. In 1905 he hung the International's Black-and-White Room in London and in Bradford; in 1906 he was in Nottingham on the same mission. He organized a Memorial sub-committee, Miss Bertha Newcomb, the honorary secretary in Chelsea, hoping Chelsea residents would pay lavishly for the privilege of securing a monument by Rodin to Whistler. He rarely missed a council or committee meeting. Nor did he shirk his official duties on the Reception Committee, when Rodin came to London. He was present at the International's dinner to their president in 1906, and that same year at the Lord Mayor's lunch given Rodin at the Mansion House. He squandered hours in the studio of two Dutch artists who were preparing a sort of *Chat Noir* entertainment which, at the New

Gallery, was to bring in countless "golden guineas" for the Memorial but, as it never came off, brought in nothing save the waste of Pennell's not easily spared evenings. He lent his approval to a *Mi-Carême* ball, though the Quaker in him had little else to contribute. He could not afford the time to go to Dresden to look after an exhibition of his own, but he travelled down to the Milan Exhibition with Morley Fletcher to hang the International section and represent Great Britain.

CHAPTER XXVII

BUSY YEARS OF ILLUSTRATION, ETCHING AND THE PRINTING OF ETCHINGS (1906–1907)

With the publication of the six etchings of Skyscrapers in the *Century* a new period began. In fact, a new period had begun for illustration. Photography had done its worst. Cheapness ruled and the great days of illustrated magazines, even of the *Century* and *Harper's* were on the wane. A second "Golden Age" was passing. Pennell became more absorbed in etching, later in lithography, than in drawing, and his illustrations for magazines were oftener than not issued in series without text. The books he illustrated were mostly his own, or mine. No sharp line divides the two periods. In the next few years he illustrated Sir Frederick Treves' "Dorset" in the Highways and Byways Series (1906); another Heinemann book, "Italian Hours" by Henry James (1909), John C. Van Dyke's "The New New York" (1909) and he finished the illustrations for "London" which Henry James never wrote. For "London" Pennell got out the plates begun years before in the Barton Street days, and etched new ones, spending hours hanging on to the wooden wheel of his old press, printing them. But Venice having taught him the beauty of Russian charcoal, which seemed made for London effects, he set to work to draw London all over again.

Early in January, 1906, he wrote to Van Dyke: "I am working day and night—more or less—to get through the London work and the more I do the more I see. James, however, rools the roost and when he is done—which I hope will be this summer—I must stop." The work went on during 1907 and 1908, but was not published until 1925 in Mr. Sidney Dark's "London" and 1928 in Mr. J. C. Squire's "A London Reverie."

Four French Cathedral articles had come out at intervals in the *Century* but before the fourth appeared in the September number, 1899, Mrs. Van Rensselaer gave up the series; Pennell could not see why important drawings, the work of many summers, should remain unpublished, nor did the editors and they asked me to write the articles. In the spring of 1905, to refresh my memory, I set out on a journey without him to the Cathedrals though I had spent weeks and months in them with him, and in 1906 and 1907 we went together to the three great northern Cathedrals, Amiens, Beauvais, and Rouen, which he had left to the last. This time he made etchings, not drawings. His idea from the first was to etch all the Cathedrals, both English and French. It will be remembered that he took plates with him to Canterbury and Lichfield. But he did not reckon on the problems Norman and Gothic architecture presents to the young draughtsman, and plates and prints, with one exception, were destroyed. Between the Eighties and 1906 he had gone through a severe discipline, and the perfection of Amiens, the flamboyancy of Rouen even under intricate scaffolding, the stupendous proportions of Beauvais neither frightened nor bewildered him. All were drawn directly on the copper with no

preliminary sketches. His correspondence these years, as always, was voluminous. The letters are their own explanation.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

14, Buckingham Street,
Strand, W.C.

12,1,1905

Dear Van Dyke—I have just heard that W. Lewis Fraser—who was one of the Art Editors—formerly of *The Century* is dead. Now the reason for pointing this out is—first that I have heard that for a long while Fraser was preparing a history of American Illustration—but some time ago—much of his material—possibly all of it—was burnt. Still there may be notes or Mss.

Now though I have met Mrs. Fraser, but not for many years, I could scarcely write her about this, but it seems to me that you as Editor could easily do so. If you can find her—the address, according to Grolier Catalogue is *3 West 8th Street*. Of course if the stuff is of any value it would be better for me to have it, and from his position as one time he had a certain inside knowledge of what went on. I am reading up all the time, but there is mighty little to read—it is going to be as I thought a question of looking through things.

I want to buy, beg or have you steal for me a copy of Isham's book.

How are you

Yours,
Joseph Pennell

A few words may make the following two letters better understood. Pennell suggested to the editor of the *Studio*, who was reproducing several of his New York etchings, that Van Dyke should write the article, which, however, Van Dyke was too busy to undertake. Pennell's "phiz" was a portrait recently published but just where it is not easy at this distance of time to say. His "trampling" on the authorities at the National

Gallery was because, when Whistler's "Nocturne in Blue and Gold: Old Battersea Bridge", presented to the nation by the National Art Collections Fund, was first hung at Trafalgar Square, Whistler's name on the label was misspelled, the title inaccurately given, and Whistler claimed for the British School.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

14, Buckingham Street,
Strand, W.C.

4. 23, 1905

Dear Van Dyke—It is all right about the *Sky Scraps*. *The Studio* dont matter—and I could write the article myself as you suggest if I wasnt so lazy—but thank God I am. I am trying to get over the Whistler Show—which despite all opposition within and without came off—so did I nearly—but I never struck so many canny and uncanny cads.

Brett tried to bring me back with him but I escaped. I hope for the fall—but there are certain things *here* to do first.

Though in anticipation, I have given up all fixed and immovable journalistic jobs—thats over thank God—and the hypocritical lying Briton may go now—his way rejoicing as he does—but what of it—nothing—for thank God—I am not an Englishman. But why under heaven did America *not* put in for the foreign contract labor law—when X. hired—that silly billy—The whole of England has roared with laughter at the affair, that is the dozen or so people who know anything about it. And what a haul for him! And what a fall for America!!

Really it is too bad

Yours,
Joseph Pennell

14, Buckingham Street,
Strand, W.C.

10,22, 1905

My Dear Van Dyke—Tis the penalty of being famous—some day you will experience it.

As to my phiz—I did not make it—nor did I make the photo—both are beastly.

I hate this sort of thing and it only happens when it cant be avoided but it is dam difficult—even over here to avoid it.

I want very much to see the Painting Book. By the way did you see I had to trample on the authorities at the National Gallery—though every critic in London, save one or two sat tight including the saintly MacColl, and chocolate Fry—they have changed the label, but Whistler still belongs to the British School—I hope Isham has looked through the catalogue of the British School in the National Gallery, if he hasnt he should and he will get material enough for a chapter or a supplement about the System of British Graft applied to art and from Dunlop Chap. 13, Vol. 1 you will see it is no new game. Remember the appropriation of

Copley
Stuart
West

what has Isham done with them?—and

Leslie
Boughton—who declared himself for

the purpose of St. Louis. While I hope he has got in

Muhrman
and
Mura . . .

They even went so far as to say there is no American School—as if ignorance could go so far.

I am much obliged to you for looking into the Painting affair and for the information that Janvier is coming.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO MR. FRANK MORLEY FLETCHER

14, Buckingham Street
Strand, W.C.

3 21, '06

Dear Fletcher—I think the prospects of any future exhibitions of the International are mighty slim. Certainly I have no intention of

working any longer for people who only nag, provoke and sling mud. They may run the Show if they like—but they also must provide the time, money and brains in all of which they are woefully deficient and wanting. I dont know—save for the Milan business, that there is any need for you to come on Monday. But there will be a hanging committee meeting the 27th or 28th. And some one must go to *Milan* about the middle of April—that must be settled on Monday—and either at his own expense or that of the Society—that is of course either you or I—*we* might both go for two or three days—what do you say? and take our misses.

Yours,

Joseph Pennell

Of course it would cost something at the opening but I think we would get special rates.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

14, Buckingham Street,
Strand, W.C.

4, 1, 1906

Dear Van Dyke—First let me thank you for *The Opal Sea* which came a little while ago—but which owing to the dam International that is just over—I have had no chance to look at—also for the Fraser letter—which is most interesting and which I will answer.

As to the National Club it is a very decent place haunted by literary civil servants and ex-civil servants—and publishers who catch authors there—Gosse and Dobson and Maurice Hewlett belong to the Club—and its very decent with a big garden down to the river—if you can get a room there it certainly would be much nicer than an hotel.

Just at this minute I am very, very tired, and have to go off—or ought to go off—for the British Nation—to Milan to get our—or their—art show straight—its a funny long story.

Good Bye

J. Pennell

TO MR. FRANK MORLEY FLETCHER

14, Buckingham Street,
Strand, W.C.

5, 27, 1906

Dear Fletcher—The orrid ogs pudden [haggis] are arrove—Augustine much disapproves of her, and we have eaten some of him, but every day I learn something new of the manners and customs of the English—the combination of ogs pudden and cream may appeal to the natives but we were shy of it. I should have thought cyder—or cider—more fitting—but as the cream diden't turn up—and there was no cider in the place we ate it with mustard—and it is not half bad—in fact it is so good that I am sure the receipt or the inventor was washed ashore from the Armada.

I dont suppose anything will happen at the meeting even the O Gassaway—seems to have collapsed—I aint going to Holland—though Townsend tried to bribe me—I haven't seen the German shows, and have heard nothing about Milan save that they cant hang things on the *wall* of the Art Gallery—a truly British idea—and I had to explain in a long screed the making of battens—and arrangement of hooks—and uses of wires—in the midst of which they had a strike—and so here I am and where the prints and drawings are the Lord knows but they are insured.

The things will be back from Philadelphia in a short time—where—if you are away are they to be sent? Shall Bourlets keep yours. Maybe they are sold.

Remember us to Mrs. Fletcher,

Yours
Joseph Pennell

About Milan he eventually did hear: "I have been to Milan—for my sins hanging English prints—an International Show," he wrote to Mr. Butler Wood on June seventh, and he could have added later, received a *Grand Prix*, "Presented by the British Commission."

TO PROFESSOR DOCTOR HANS W. SINGER

14 Buckingham Street
Strand, W.C.
8. 15. 6

Dear Dr. Singer. I do not know if you are in Dresden—or luckily having—what I never get a holiday—but I dont know as I want it. But I have something to write about—though I dont want you to say anything about it yet. It is this.

I have had an extrodinary Success with my London plates Such a success that I am not going to print—when I get through with the final *tirage* any more but destroy them—and I may say this final *tirage* is sold now. Of these London plates—there are some hundred of them—there will be printed by me 25 to 75 impressions—Goulding—of some has printed—as you know—a few. But out of them all I am keeping back about ten proofs of each and I wish to offer these or some of them to a few museums and libraries and I wish to know whether they would be acceptable—a set of them to the Dresden Gallery. For it was in Dresden—almost the first that my work was bought.

Now if you think the Director—or the authorities—or powers—would care for them, I propose to offer them officially—and formally to the government to be placed in the gallery. But before doing so—I write to ask you, if you think they are wanted? And Secondly what course—if they are wanted should be pursued. I would also like to let Dr. Lehrs have a set in Berlin—and you may tell him my scheme or show him this letter.

If you think it all absurd dont hesitate to say so.

Only if it is done it must be done formally and in order.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

14, Buckingham Street
Strand, W.C.
Xmas Day 1906

Dear Dr. Singer. Thanks for your letter and the official one, in answer to mine—it is a most interesting document especially in connection with your own.

As to the Duplicate proofs they *were* printed by old Goulding himself, for I saw him pull them. *Now this* is *for you only*—the old man is getting—he thinks—old—and so does little work himself—but he did pull these things of mine.

There is one other matter please dont publicly—I mean in print—say—or allow to be said—anyway in English or American papers that I *gave* you the etchings though I am extremely glad to do so, for I *never gave* a gallery, even the Philadelphia Academy, my old school, which is always wanting things—or any other public institution anything before. That Dresden has got them—or rather I am glad the Director would accept them—*on my terms*—is the affair of the Director and myself and yourself.

Believe me
Yours truly
Joseph Pennell

14, Buckingham Street
Strand, W.C.
1. 13. 07

Dear Dr. Singer. Certainly it would seem more official that things should go through the official channel—And I will continue to send in that fashion. I shall look forward to *The Studio* [Dr. Singer's article on Pennell's recent etchings in it] with interest. It will be out on Tuesday I suppose. I dont know if you have heard that I was invited by Dr. Ricci, just before he retired, to contribute some drawing to the Uffizi in Florence. The invitation came from him—and I had nothing to do with the matter, save to feel greatly flattered and acceed to it. As to your suggestion about Dresden and Meissen, it is I fear—impossible—endless work looms up in London & New York —where—they are screaming for me—let em scream. But I must go home next fall, and want to.

The International is just open but it is hardly a success. It is now too big and clumsy.

Bye the way I thought you were to have a big show in Dresden this year.

Another matter I do not know if you have heard that we are getting up here, a memorial to Whistler, this will take the form of a monu-

ment by Rodin, to be erected on the Embankment at Chelsea. I have just, with W. Heinemann, been made Hon Sec. now do you think there would be any chance of getting subscriptions for this, in Dresden, from admirers of Whistler? We want it to be International. Committees are in course of formation in Paris New York, and Vienna, what of a German one? Could you look into it—and give me your opinion—For example I am getting here, the Directors of Galleries to subscribe and Sir Charles Holroyd and Whitworth Wallis have done so. No matter what the amount, we are glad to get it. Could something be done in Dresden, let me know and Ill send full particulars. Make THIS as public as you like.

Good wishes for you and Mrs. Singer

Yours

Joseph Pennell

14 Buckingham Street
Strand W.C.

1. 2. 07

Dear Dr Singer I have read your article over—you say I will probably be furious at you about the printing—I mean the artist doing his own printing; no, I am not, I only differ, for I think there is just as much in the printing of a copper plate as in the drawing and biting of it by the artist.

Printing may be a sore trial to patience & temper so are most things—but when you do get a good print you have something—and in Editions of the size I do I dont get tired—except physically—for it is hard work—of course Goulding can follow a model you set him perfectly—but then the charm of etching-printing is that you dont follow a model—when you do it yourself—you have an idea of what you want and may-be you get that—but as soon as you have got it—you see something else and go for that, and with a result, as I am perfectly aware, that when I have done 25 I am just about where I would like to have started, I have just about got the press, and the ink, and the paper right—and got them to work together—It is all to me a series of experiments—which sometimes never come right—sometimes though, the plate comes right with the second proof—sometimes but rarely the first is the best you can do. But all the

same, it is amusing—and I like it—and so long as I can manage it, no one else shall print my plates. And unless they are printed by me and signed by me I shall not any longer acknowledge them. You are very interesting too about the way I draw lines—I never looked at them in that way—I did not know what I did.

As to cutting down the paper, now may I tell you a secret. Both Whistler's plates and mine are printed on old paper as you know, now this old paper—as you also know,—has a certain commercial value in fact it costs an awful lot. It is also frequently ragged and frayed at the edges and tears easily all this you know—but it came about in this way. Often you get a sheet with a hole at the side or the top—If you print it on one side it looks so lop sided that you trim it immediately—again Whistler's theory was that you should see only the print against white paper without edges—but as he always —or almost always—used cut out mounts I dont think much of the theory.

No doubt however the prints *do* look best trimmed close and they flatten out better too. But I have more or less stopped, as Keppel has pointed out, that there is nothing left to handle the print by, when out of the mount and that already lots of Whistlers have been torn and soiled and that the cut out mount comes to the same thing. But the trimmed prints are very amusing to have—to make yourself just as you get them off the press. Another thing too by having the paper almost fit the plate you can often get two sheets out of one which you could not with margins.

Thank you for the article and the reference to the Whistler Memorial which you inserted in the Dresden paper.

We are getting in the money

I shall send some more prints to the gallery shortly.

Yours

Joseph Pennell

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE WHISTLER CASE AND THE WHISTLER BIOGRAPHY (1907–1908)

To the abundance of work Pennell was doing in 1906 and 1907, a burden of personal care and anxiety was added—the burden of a lawsuit, and it is hard to say whether it was worse in anticipation or when we were deep in the legal preparations for it. I say *we* advisedly, because I was no less deeply involved. "The Life of Whistler", by this time well on the way, was the cause.

Whistler, after he asked us to write the book, spent many evenings with us, refreshing his memory of the past for our benefit, bore with patience the presence of a photographer in the studio getting special negatives for us, was as interested as Heinemann, his publisher and ourselves. Whistler's health, however, was breaking. He was much away and, towards the end, in no condition to be worried, "to be made an Old Master of before his time." We continued to collect material during his last year and after his death. But the Memorial Exhibition became a more immediate duty, the French Cathedrals could not be delayed any longer. Only when the Exhibition was off Pennell's hands, only when the Cathedrals were near completion, only when regular journalism on English papers was definitely abjured by both of us, and he was convinced that "the people" could not be reached through the press as they once

were through painting and sculpture, could we both give most of our time to the biography. We wrote to men and women at one period or another associated with Whistler to ask for their reminiscences and impressions, and for permission to consult any letters they might have received from him. Among others we appealed to Marcus B. Huish of the Fine Art Society, where Whistler had bewildered the British public with his pastels, his prints and his catalogues in their brown-paper covers. Huish submitted the letter to Miss Rosalind Birnie Philip, Whistler's executrix, who, for some reason, was under the impression that Whistler had not asked us, and who objected to us as his biographers. The result was that on the breakfast table the morning of November 28, 1906, we found two registered letters awaiting us, one at each place. They were warnings from Miss Philip's solicitors: if within a week, they had not our assurance that we did not propose to write what purported to be a life authorized by Whistler, or to publish any of his letters, Miss Philip would take such measures as she was advised to—in a word, the usual lawyer's letter. We refused to give up doing what Whistler asked us to do, for we considered doing it a sacred obligation; we had no intention of printing Whistler's letters, since we knew and no one knew better than Heinemann, for whom a third letter was waiting in his office that same morning, what the English law of copyright was, and is. Miss Philip immediately took the threatened measures.

After Pennell's previous lawsuit, his hope was never to see the inside of a law court again. But there was no help for it, and Heinemann was of our way of thinking.

George Lewis, son of the famous Sir George, was his solicitor. Ours was Mr. (later Sir) George Radford of the firm of Radford and Frankland. Nothing would induce Pennell to face another encounter with Sir Edward Clarke and we engaged as counsel Mr. Scrutton, K.C., to-day Lord Justice Scrutton. It was a happy selection. He did not condescend, he did not doubt, did not refuse his sympathy. His willingness to talk was undisguised. He discussed questions with us, he showed throughout the personal interest any one in the clutches of the law needs and seldom gets, and to Pennell this made all the difference.

Months passed. Little preliminary skirmishes, why, I failed then as I fail now to understand, brought us into court. Affidavits were made out and signed. Witnesses were subpœnaed. Documents were demanded. Our right to use even information in letters was questioned. Correspondence with lawyers was vigorous, consultations were frequent. Whoever has gone through a lawsuit does not have to be told the misery that precedes it. Legally, the persons involved are supposed to know nothing about a case upon which their honour and happiness may depend. The plain truth obvious to the layman's mind is somehow not legal truth. Facts upon which, to the layman, the whole matter rests have no value to solicitor and barrister. The brief leaves out most of the things the defendant—or plaintiff—would put in. And the British courts, like all others, take their time. The case did not come up until the July of 1907. In the meanwhile it was never out of Pennell's mind, day or night. It was not his habit to be beaten, no matter what the game, no matter what the fight. He

let no idea, no argument escape him, tireless in his study of the situation by day, and I have known him to get up out of his bed to jot down a sudden suggestion, fearful lest otherwise it might be forgotten by morning. One comfort was that we could rely upon our three witnesses: Mrs. Whistler, Whistler's sister-in-law; Luke Ionides, one of his oldest friends; W. E. Gray, the photographer well known to artists.

The trial began on July 2, 1907. Mr. Justice Kekewich, who gave judgment in the famous Macmillan-Dent case—a copyright case—was the judge. Though we were defendants, because we claimed Whistler's authority, the onus of proving it rested with us, and our Counsel opened the proceedings. Pennell was the first witness called. I could see that Radford, by whom I was sitting, though outwardly as ever the stolid Briton, was not as calm as he looked, remembering no doubt agitating encounters between client and solicitor, owing to the absurdity of the law according to lay standards. Radford's penmanship was his fad, his every letter a little masterpiece, and when Pennell went into the witness box he became apparently absorbed in the exercise of his skill. It irritated me as beautiful letter followed beautiful letter on the paper before him. I did not realize it was sheer nervousness until he dropped his pen and whispered to me that at every important point Pennell's testimony was precisely what was wanted. He had failed to understand his client in the arming for the fight. Pennell, nerves all on edge beforehand, was cool enough in the witness box, thankful that matters had come to a crisis, conscious that he was in the right, that he had done all he could to prove it, and that suspense

would soon be over. The other side called in Mr. Montague Lush, K.C., whose reputation was to make things uncomfortable for witnesses in cross-examination. Pennell was equal to him. With an air of "now I've got you", Mr. Lush said, to some question of Whistler's nationality, "Why, you know that Whistler was never even in America."

"Never in America!" Pennell answered, quite in his Buckingham Street manner, "Why, he was born there!" and the counsel, whose business was to confuse, was confused himself.

Again he thought to score with the objection: "But why should Whistler have asked you? You have never written a biography."

"No, but my wife has," came quick as a flash, and that point also was quickly disposed of.

But at the best, it was a horrid ordeal, how severe a strain Pennell showed not in court but at home afterwards. Our friend, the artist E. J. Sullivan, present through the greater part of examination and cross-examination that first day, came back with us and he has lately reminded me of how, after dinner, Pennell gave way: "If Jimmie has let me down, there is no faith in anything—no faith in anything at all," he said. The next morning a post card came from Sullivan: "*Sursum Corda!*" It was a good omen. Things seemed to go better for us, though Mr. Justice Kekewich's manner was so much pleasanter to Miss Philip than to me that my heart sank. But it was plain that she had no case.

The trial dragged on, Wednesday, the third, Thursday the fourth, Tuesday, the ninth. On the fourth Mr. Montague Lush disappeared. On the ninth the case

against Heinemann, as publisher, was "dismissed with costs"; Whistler's authorization could not be denied. The judge wished still to consider the question of our use of information in letters, and in our case as authors he reserved judgment. He kept us in suspense for almost two weeks. When we arrived at the Law Courts on the morning of the twenty-fourth, "It is all a lottery, you know, all a lottery, you know!" Mr. Scrutton reminded us: and the judge talked for three quarters of an hour before we knew how we had come out of it—then, "Dismissed with costs" was the verdict, as it had been for Heinemann. Our rights were vindicated, our authority proved, Whistler had not let us down. "Now," George Lewis congratulated us, "you can put 'The Authorized Life of Whistler' on the title page." That we were authorized by Whistler, we had not waited for Mr. Justice Kekewich to tell us. But the truth had been disputed in public and this public proclamation in a court of law justified us. We felt it called for celebration. Heinemann and his two partners—the entire firm—gave us a lunch at the Café Royal where Whistler loved to go, we drank the white Bordeaux-Podensac he loved to order. In the evening we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Sauter, falling among friends who rejoiced with us: Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Withers, in their friendship almost as excited as we were, Doctor Terey of the Budapest National Gallery on one of his periodical visits to London. A load was off our minds.

It had been a heavy load to carry. Pennell did not give way under it, he sacrificed nothing to it. He had taken time to send a group of prints to the Barcelona International,—a *Grand Prix* the result. Until within a

few days of the trial he was etching the Cathedrals of Amiens and Beauvais, subjects that call for steady eyes, a firm hand, a clear mind; observation and concentration indispensable. Within a week after the judgment day, he could return, as undisturbed, to Rouen, the most elaborate of all, with it finishing the Cathedral series begun so many years ago. Not one of his many interests, not one of his many pleasures did he neglect. Though he could not tell, though no one could tell how the case would go, how much it would cost him over and above the costs paid by the plaintiff, he did not change his plan of moving the following year into the house of offices and flats which the old Caledonia Hotel, at the west end of Adelphi Terrace, was being turned into. Our rent would be almost doubled but, to his way of thinking, where art is concerned economy has no claim. Little dinners went on in Etty's old studio. I remember that Théodore Duret, friend of Whistler as of Manet, Monet, Cézanne, was in London that summer and came to congratulate us on the winning of our case. I remember too Mr. William Henry Fox, with whom Pennell had worked at St. Louis and who had since been appointed Director of the Indianapolis Museum; and William M. Chase; and Doctor and Mrs. Morris Jastrow from Philadelphia; and Doctor Terey prolonging his visit; and the E. A. Waltons up from Edinburgh;—friends from here, there and everywhere added to those of the old London group who had not been frightened away by Whistler, none more faithful than W. J. Fisher, my *Daily Chronicle* editor for three years and Mrs. Fisher, better known as Adrienne Dayrolles, who brought gaiety, a fine humour and inspiration wherever she

went. And all the time work on the Whistler "Life" kept up, so successfully that by the beginning of the new year (1908) Pennell could write to Van Dyke that it was finished and that now, positively, the journey home for the New York book they were to do together, put off again and again, could be made in the spring.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

14, Buckingham Street
Strand, W.C.
1. 19. 08

Dear Professor—What has become of you—or may be—though that is not possible—you are saying—What has happened to me—Lots of things! But why do I never hear from you.

Now at last—I am or shall be in about three months ready to go on with things in America—if you have not forgotten all about them or made other arrangements—Have you? If all still is to go on we want to sail some time in June. It is that Whistler book! ever since 1900 we have been more or less at it—ever since 1904 pretty steadily—for the last fifteen months Mrs. Pennell has done nothing else—nor I for the last three. Then we had as you may know our scrap—with the Lady of Battersea—and a happy issue out of all our difficulties.

The book was actually finished half an hour ago—as I write. Of course there are the proofs—they are coming—then we are moving—I have taken a palace, then I must finish some Italian things

and then
If you still want me
New York
Voilà

Please answer as soon as you can

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Moving was an arduous business, accumulations of twenty-five years to be packed and in the Buckingham

Street chambers every closet, every shelf, every corner was as full as it could hold, walls plastered with prints and drawings for no better reason than because there was not a square inch for them anywhere else. Packing, once begun, would leave no time for other work and if Heinemann was to publish the "Whistler" in the spring, as he planned, the manuscript must be turned in without delay. It was finished. True. But we knew it needed revision, roughness to be smoothed away, repetitions to be omitted, signs of haste to be got rid of. Heinemann, after reading it, agreed and, like the sympathetic friend he was, postponed publication until the autumn. I arranged to give up New York, remain in London all summer, pull the manuscript together and see the book through the press.

A hint of Pennell's disappointment is in his next letter to Van Dyke:

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

14, Buckingham Street
London W.C.
2. 13. 08

My dear Van Dyke—Thank you for your nice letter, and the enclosed from Brett—so that is all right—I wanted to come in the spring to get the book if possible ready for the fall—but it dont seem as if you—or it—would be ready. Anyway I shall come as soon as I can and stay as long as possible.

As to your letter sent a couple of months ago—it did not even get snowed up in Whistler stuff—it dident get here at all! I have not seen it and so I wrote and am glad I did. Unfortunately the Whistler book is not done—though it is as far as I am concerned—but I dont believe we will ever see the end of it. It's a nightmare—in a way—and a wonderful experience in another.

And what of the Illustration Book? Is that all right? There is a

good deal of material collected for it. But it is going to be a long job! Still illustration as an art is virtually dead—so the story of it should be told—and how long we shall have to endure the "picture" made in German or Polish or Yiddish by a camera or a fluke—I dont know—but I am surprised that *The Century* has been caught. That photography has killed things here is not surprising—cheapness and Shorter—did it here—but this German American mixture is as expensive it would seem as it is commonplace in America. However there is no accounting for taste nor as you say for Teddy—really he makes me tired—some day he may learn not to take up worn-out British fads—and toady to British faddists. I guess weve had enough of him. But who is better in the running? I am afraid there are a good many millions of Fools in God's Country!

Yours
Joseph Pennell

CHAPTER XXIX

WE MOVE TO ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE · THE NEW NEW YORK (1908)

Pennell had looked forward to living in Buckingham Street until the time came to carry out his often repeated intention of going home to die. The old street with its venerable griminess, the old house with its ancient memories never ceased to please him, the view from the windows never palled, the Thames as a subject was never exhausted. But the Caledonia Hotel, two short blocks away, if not so ancient was of more architectural distinction, part, and an important part, in the design of Adelphi Terrace built by the Adam brothers. From the interior the Adam stateliness and ornament did not altogether disappear in the process of remodelling. Besides, had it been a barn, Pennell could not have resisted the finer outlook from the windows. The Terrace, lifted up on arches, is on higher ground than Buckingham Street and, from the top floor of that old hotel, he looked down upon an unsurpassed arrangement of the Thames, Waterloo Bridge and Wren's City. It gave him one of his unfailing inspirations: why not build a studio on the roof from which Westminster Abbey to the west, as well as St. Paul's to the east, could be seen. The architect, who was the landlord's agent, thought it was a good idea and improved upon it. He built not merely

a studio, but an entire fourth floor—fifth in American—divided into three flats, and for two of them Pennell signed a lease of twenty-one years without flinching.

Of the flat on the river front he made his studio—a "palace" indeed, after Buckingham Street; the old studio would have been lost in the new one. The splendour of London was spread out before him. And from the standpoint of comfort the gain was enormous. Space was plentiful for shelves and a long low chest of drawers to store prints and drawings in. A large closet held his huge collection of old paper for printing. The press with its paraphernalia ceased to dominate—not the ancient press with the wooden wheel which he sold, but one of the less picturesque, more practical presses the Bank of England printed its bank notes on, until hand was exchanged for electric power. Walls in "the palace" were bare, a single print hanging in the studio, papered in grey, but this print appropriate: Toulouse-Lautrec's *affiche* for *L'Estampe Originale*. The white or pale rose on the other walls made a good background for the few Whistlers and Pennells hung. The rooms were as empty as our needs allowed, a few rugs on the well-polished floors, a few pieces of indispensable furniture. "When are you going to begin to furnish?" friends asked. But after the over-crowded Buckingham Street chambers, the emptiness was a beauty in itself.

We moved in towards the end of March and I doubt if we could have moved in then, or ever, without Augustine. I wonder I have not said before that she was the stay and support of the household. Our old English Bowen, after four bewildered years in such unEnglish

WREN'S CITY OUT OF THE ADELPHI TERRACE WINDOWS

Mezzotint by Joseph Pennell

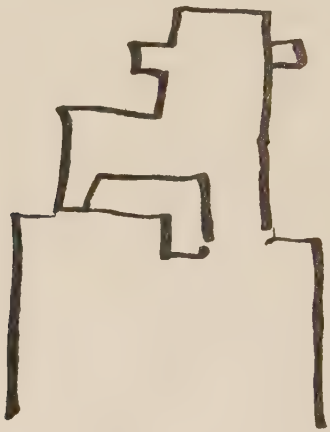
surroundings, was obliged to give up the struggle and would have ended, I do not like to think how, had not Pennell seen that the comfort of her last months was provided for. I alone know the extent of his generosity always; he could not face the suffering of others, above all of those who had worked with or for him, and not endeavour to relieve it. He was so careful to conceal the fact that I feel now as if it were a betrayal of confidence on my part to reveal it. And yet, to be without knowledge of his practical sympathy for those in want of it is not to understand him. After Bowen, Louise, a Provençal, took us in hand; for a little over a year our chambers rejoiced in the gaiety of her smile and the fragrance of garlic in her cooking, and, history repeating itself, again Pennell's generosity was drawn upon. It was at this crisis that Augustine descended upon us from I hardly know where and became one of the family. She was—she is—the most competent of women, a genius as a cook, a paragon of order and cleanliness. And from the first day she understood Pennell, helped him in a hundred ways, saw to the packing up and sending off of his drawings and prints, when in France hunted up old paper for him, had no fear of work, and was the only person with the courage to scold Whistler when late for dinner. Thanks to her powers of organization we got out of Buckingham Street so successfully that by the middle of April, Pennell, with his blocks of brown paper and his coloured chalks, was in Italy, finishing "Italian Hours", journeying as far south as Rome, Civita Vecchia, Naples. By the end of May he was in Adelphi Terrace House, writing to Harrison Morris about the Whistler Memorial and a proposed

exhibition of American artists in London, and answering Van Dyke's suggestions for the New York book.

TO MR. HARRISON S. MORRIS

3. Adelphi Terrace House
Strand. W. C. London
30. 5. 08

Dear Morris—I am just this minute or a few minutes ago back from Italy. And find your letters of May 20 or 2d—I dunno which. As for Rodin and Whistler the design is in the *New Salon* unfinished. I hear —I havent seen it—it is some thing like this



This is not for publication or reproduction. You will perceive the motive and the execution at once. But he, now promises a photo which I'll send you *when* I get it. Meanwhile here the money dribbles in. I am trying to see Temple of the Guildhall this week about the Show.

But

under no circumstances should you take Mrs. Humphrey Ward's advice—it would simply be FATAL to have anything to do with that gang.

However it is probable I shall see you in New York within a fortnight—as I am coming over at once and then in the buzzom of the family talk the thing over—N.B.—Keep this thing quiet till I see you—its only a few weeks.

I am yours
Joseph Pennell

Dont talk to E. A. Abbey either

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

3, Adelphi Terrace House
Strand, W.C.
5. 31. 08

My Dear Van Dyke—I am just back from Italy and have your letter —which is just what I want—and the list of subjects is excellent and suggestive. I hope to arrange things so as to start in a week or so—though I shall have to come alone as Mrs. Pennell is still tied to the Whistler book.

Your book has come too but as I am—as I said—just back—this is my first spell of letter writing, Ive not got at it or anything yet—

I suppose you will be back long before I get on with this work.

I am yours in a rush

J. Pennell

On the *St. Paul*, June twentieth, he sailed for New York. Few things added more to the convenience and pleasure of this visit than his election to the Century Club the year before. "I ought to thank you for shoving me into the Century for it was owing to you of course that I got there," he wrote to Van Dyke at the time. Most of his letters now are dated from the club. Before he settled down to the New York drawings, he went to Pittsburgh, made his fine etchings of smoke and steel and speed, wandered farther in his own State of Pennsylvania and on to Chicago. He was determined, while at home, to make sure of both the replica of the Rodin Monument for Lowell and the American Exhibition for London. It occurred to him later in the summer that American art should be represented in the next Venice International Exhibition to be held in 1909 under the management of Professor Fradeletto. American art was virtually unknown in Europe, despite the fine showing

in Paris in 1900; to make it known no one worked harder than he. While he was in New York, the Grolier Club proposed to give a show of his etchings, a proposal which he did not consider twice before accepting. Another was opened, at Keppels', where scarcely a year passed without a Pennell exhibition. These are the matters which monopolized his time and correspondence during the summer and autumn. His letters, more especially to Morris, are examples of the energy and perseverance lavished upon any scheme he undertook, examples too of his intimate command of such dull details as insurance, packers, freight. His grasp of business is surprising in an artist and one cannot read his letters of this period without realizing how ready he was to sacrifice his personal interests to the interest of art. I have space but for few of the many he wrote to Morris, at that time secretary of the National Academy which, they agreed, should organize the Venice Exhibition, and secretary also of the American Rodin Memorial Committee as soon as it was formed.

TO MR. HARRISON S. MORRIS

Hotel Manhattan
New York City
June 29th

Dear Morris—I have been trying or asking Messrs. Keppel to try all day to get a hold on you—but I have heard nothing yet. I am going to—I dunno where to-morrow—Pittsburgh etc—Now I want to see you when I get back—I could even stop off in Philadelphia—but I may be away a week or a month—

Let me know *care of Keppels* how long you will be in town for we ought to try to straighten out the London and other business as

THE PRINTER

Drawing by A. S. Hartrick

soon as possible. What I want is a quiet talk with you and maybe Dielman—I have said nothing to him however—

Yours
Joseph Pennell.

I certainly should be back here by the first of August. Chase sent his love from London

As he expected, he was in New York early in August, the Venice scheme so far advanced that he was writing to Fradeletto to suggest it, the Memorial scheme so successfully launched that three towns claimed it, each sure that it had his promise, and at one moment law entanglements seemed imminent.

TO MR. HARRISON S. MORRIS

The Century Association
7 West 43d Street
8. 9. 8

Dear Morris—just a line to let you know I have written Prof. Fradeletto—I wrote the same day.

I merely asked him if he thought it would be possible to let us have a show and if so the amount of space that could be granted—I also of course explained the aim, object and membership of the Academy.

Really near time for another lunch—aint it? What did you and Dielman do?

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Century Club
New York
8. 9. 8

Dear Morris—You are not done with me yet, I called on the United States Express Co. for rates but they too say they must send to Europe for them.

When you hear from Fradeletto let me know though I think—and Dielman agrees—it looks much better for you as an official to conduct the affair now—I want to help and I think I can—

And when you get to work I would like to tinker with the Black and White and Engraving—And what of sculpture—Mrs. St. Gaudens is sending to the International in London—Why could these things not go on to Venice? I can manage it—

Anyway I shall see her to-morrow or next day and will mention it—

And the Whistler—why should we not get things in the papers

J. Pennell

P. S.—The letter went the same night to Fradeletto—What is a *brother* to a bed anyway?—

The Century Association
7 West 43d St.
New York
Thursday 13. August

Here beginneth the ninety first volume of the correspondence of Morris Pennell—

But anyway I have heard from the Whistler Memorial President man in Lowell and he says the idea is grand—of course it is—but he dont say how much he will stump up but that he will bring it before his Committee and he hopes they will go in for it—and make Lowell the artistic Mecca, and metropolis of the Universe! Also—In that letter or as to that letter to the Italian Ambassador there are two things to remember

1st It is the International Exhibition of Art—of the City of Venice

2d Make it strong that rooms and even Separate Buildings (Belgium had one as well as a room last year) have been granted different countries each year and so why could not America have one—If you care to have me do so, I should be only too willing to look over the draft letter—for the details

I am yours
Joseph Pennell

Century Club
7. West Forty third Street
9. 19. 8

Dear Morris. For two years I have been trying to get the photo of the Rodin—and have written again this morning—

I had a long talk with the Mayor here on Thursday but if you please he dont want work by no dam foreigner—that he or his rotten city must pay for.

The *Herald* people got hold of me, the other day—or the Kobbe man—I had to talk—as he had some facts all wrong—and has the Lowell matter—so Ill put him straight—he will send me proofs and it wont appear for a couple of weeks—meanwhile—had I not better stir up *The Evening Post*, *Nation*, *Tribune* and *Sun*, we must boom this.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Stedman they tell me here was taken to a Sanitorium—it was tragic but every one thinks the best thing.

The Century Association
7 West Forty-third Street
8. 29. 8

Dear Morris—I have a long enthusiastic letter from Fradeletto. GRANTING a room, and possibly a pavilion with 3000 feet. But I must see you and Dielman immediately—they want an answer accepting at once, if possible a cable, you need not send your letter to the Ambassador, if sent it wont do any harm I imagine—But I must see you on Monday—I shall be at Keppels in the morning arranging a show and will look in here at noon

J. Pennell

Send me a wire before Monday morning.

By this time the Rodin Memorial complications were serious enough to damp the ardour of a less ardent man. Pennell took them gaily—the only way. I might explain that "Papa" in the following letter was the

affectionate name his younger friends gave to Professor Halsey C. Ives, Director of the St. Louis Museum. Beatty—John Beatty—was Director of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh—and Pittsburgh was one of the three towns that claimed the Memorial—Nesmith was "the President man" in Lowell.

TO MR. HARRISON S. MORRIS

Century Club
New York
9. 30. 8

Dear Morris—

Oh Lord
Oh Lord
Papa is sending a cheque
for $30.00
and
Beatty a threatening message by wire.
Lowell
Yet to hear from
! !
Where are
we at
?
Yours
Joseph Pennell

For heavens sake come here on Friday at noon—We must do something—or we will be Kilt entirely—and we dont need memorials so quick. Oh Lor! Ive written Beatty a lovely letter—Ill show you on Friday—it would calm a Bull of Bashan

Oh Lor

Century Club
New York
10. 2. 8

Dear Morris. Still more strodinary—Heinemann writes me "the statement that Rodin has finished the Memorial he says is false and

that it wont be finished for a year"—this takes the cake—for it was Rodin who told Heinemann weeks ago it was finished and gave out the statement published in papers like the *Figaro* and *Athenaeum*—*this* takes the biscuit! Lowell has raised about $2,500 in a day or two and Beatty is raising a little inferno on his own—but anyway we can breathe if we can only collar all the swag—and give the thing to Lowell—when we get it—it will be immense. But I must see you on Tuesday—

Jones, Paxton and Lippincott are talking in front of me—cows—they probably know more of them than other things—but do you know there is an International Exhibition in Munich in 1909 begging for American Art—well there is—till Tuesday

Joseph Pennell

P.S. They are now talking *onions*.

The Century Association
7 West Forty-Third Street
10–14–08

Dear Morris—Have you any idea whether those letters have been sent

Nesmith
Beatty
Ives

No copies have been sent me—have they ever been made? The methods of this place are quite English I enclose an estimate from the American Express Co. of course it could have been sent weeks ago.

The other man is either a fool or wants the job of packing and shipping separately—Lord! Elisha Flagg and I in London could and would have done—and done decently—the whole thing in an hour. This is the most provincial place in the world—But the letters are the important thing—have

they been sent?

The Evening Post will take up the French replica—shall I get them to do so—they will run the subscription I think. Nix from Dabo—

J. Pennell

In an uninterrupted sequence these letters best tell their story. But other things were happening. The New York illustrations were being drawn with the coloured chalks on brown paper, his knowledge of New York growing with each drawing. The Keppels, looking ahead, were planning an exhibition of the illustrations to open simultaneously with the publication of the book. The second series of New York etchings were being made. The Grolier Club had got to work preparing its show for November, to represent, virtually, his life work, one hundred and fifty-seven prints in all.

At the end of October I joined him, my first visit to my native land in twenty-four years. He was at the Belmont. "People ask me why I go to the Belmont," he wrote in the 1919 Keppel Catalogue. "I go to get things like this (*The Clock, Grand Central*) and from every room on every side I get subjects just as inspiring." It was well that work no longer monopolized all his time. November was a month of dinners, lunches, visits, committee meetings. And he was my guide, on foot to lower New York and its skyscrapers, on ferryboats to the water front and its glories. And we were still in New York when "The Life of Whistler" was published. If it cost us much time, labour and grave anxiety, we were repaid. It was an immediate success, both in England and America. Landing at Southampton on the morning of December third, in the first paper we opened we found Heinemann's advertisement announcing the second edition.

A fortnight after his return Pennell was stirring up Harrison Morris—"of course I have heard nothing from you or Fradeletto or anybody"—and adding more per-

PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH PENNELL BY GEORGES SAUTER

sonal items of news. "As to me," he reported to Van Dyke, "Sauter has done a portrait as I think I told you which he is willing to present to the N.A. Design—I have written Dielman about this but there is a vast silence please find out if they want it, or not." They did want it and the portrait to-day hangs in the Academy.

That same winter McLure Hamilton painted him, in his long grey blouse, sitting in his studio by his table littered with bottles of acid, copper plates, and baths, a misty glimpse of St. Paul's through the window beyond. A. S. Hartrick made a lithograph of him in the same blouse, turning the wheel of his press. He sat to J. Kerr-Lawson for a second lithograph, to Clifford Addams for a second painting. William Strang's tinted drawing of him was made some few years before. These and Whistler's portraits, the lithographs, were on our walls. A professional beauty could be in no greater demand as a sitter, his friends used to tell him. It amused him, and when Doctor Singer asked for a portrait to publish, with a biographical sketch in a German magazine, he laughed at his popularity among painters and photographers:

"As to photos—I can send you either—I do send that—a photo of myself at the press—I look like an angel with wings—but I aint yet—and they are only blankets—or a photo from a picture by McLure Hamilton—I like best—all amongst bottles and things at work on a plate—very beautiful to behold—with all London beyond—or a portrait by Sauter—in a fog—very tired—or a Lithograph by Hartrick at the press. There's wealth—which do you want? There are more but that's enough aint it?"

CHAPTER XXX

THE VENICE EXHIBITION · THE NEW NEW YORK PUBLISHED (1909)

The new studio was a new inspiration. He experimented with his Pittsburgh and New York plates, trying to get out of them all he put into them. He hovered about tone in etching, as he told Doctor Singer, "by way of aquatint and sandpaper—at last I have tackled mezzotint—started on the game a year ago . . . and having lots of fun and making lots of messes." Now and then other work interrupted. The *Century* discovered an author as keen about the practical progress of modern industrialism as Pennell was about its picturesqueness, and little journeys were numerous, here and there in England, to France, to Germany, to Belgium, for a series of drawings and etchings to illustrate Mr. James Davenport Whelpley's article on "The Commerical Strength of Great Britain"; "Germany's Foreign Trade"; "Belgium, the Balance Wheel of Trade"; "The Trade of France." In whatever leisure was left him he kept up his large correspondence and fulfilled his every duty on committees. "Time is short," he reminded Morris in one of the first letters on his return; and in those that followed he discussed each and every detail of the fast-approaching exhibition in Venice, exhibitors, space, decoration, packers, insurance, expense. He made out

THE TEA TOWER OUT OF THE ADELPHI TERRACE WINDOWS

Mezzotint by Joseph Pennell

lists of artists to be represented—reported that T. R. Way will lend a group of Whistler's lithographs, but Mr. Alexander will not lend the portrait of Miss Alexander, refuses to send "the little girl from home again." Arthur B. Davies is approved of, his "Five O'Clock Ladies is a good picture"; Timothy Cole will contribute wood engravings; Sargent and Abbey seem to prefer to show with the British; Mrs. Saint Gaudens wants Saint Gaudens' reliefs and bronzes included; examples of McLure Hamilton and Cecilia Beaux are matters of course. And so it went on. The hanging is most important, why not "a simple background grey or white—canvas—if you are not afraid—and a simple gold band—as we do in the International." Only the best work is to be accepted, for it is wise to remember the British attitude towards the Americans represented that winter in the International Society's Exhibition, an attitude almost of hostility against not only the mediocre but the fine.

TO MR. HARRISON S. MORRIS

3, Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street. Strand
London, W.C.
1. 17. 9

Dear Morris—The reception that has been accorded to Saint Gaudens and other Americans who are showing in the International this year proves incontestably what I have preached to you—and others in New York and also points out clearly, what you must do in the American Room in Venice.

St. Gaudens' work has been universally damned, and why, because they dont understand it—because they hate it and all Americans and have taken advantage of every fault in detail—and magnified it a million times. As to the other Americans—Mrs. Vonnoh's things—better of their sort than anything done in

Europe—have been so carefully hidden that though I have, I believe, all the notices, press cutting people dumping their things on me, I have not seen a single mention of her name.

Miss Beaux has been dismissed as a poor echo of Whistler! Davies has been mentioned but once in *The Athenaeum*, and then only to be dismissed as the best thing shown—in three or four words.

All the time your friends in the Royal Academy have passed on to the other side and never said a word. Now what all this points to is this, unless you make the best possible show of WORK and only that in Venice—American art will have such a knock in the face as it has never had—for they all—all Europe are afraid of it—hate its coming—and dread it—and they are only waiting for their chance—*dont you make a mistake*—every one's hand is against us over here—and unless we can knock them out, it will be fatal to us—I warn you—unless you can get the fifty best paintings and a group of the best water-colours and illustrations and etchings and sculpture ever made in America—unless you can do this, give the thing up now, but I know you can however—and for the sake of America and American art you must. This aint Spread Eagle —its God's truth.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Morris asked Pennell to hang the American section in Venice, Fradeletto confirmed the invitation. Before he started early in April, he had the satisfaction of telling Morris and the British committee that all the money had been obtained for the Whistler Memorial.

TO MR. DAVID CROAL THOMSON

3 Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street Strand W.C.
3. 7. 09

Dear Thomson

I have got all the £1500 in cash and sent it to Webb.

Really—I have missed my vocation—I ought to be in the City.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

In London, Senator Clark's exhibition was no longer heard of,—rumour said he arranged to hold it instead in Paris, at the Petit Palais. "BUT," was Pennell's comment to Morris, "until American shows are arranged—managed and run by American artists—American millionaires of the Clark type may pay the slot (bill) of course if they like—American art will not take the place over here it should—American art *über alles*—but American artists must be over—under—and all on deck—if they expect to come off—dont forget. 'Im not arguing with you, I am just telling you'—J. M. N. Whistler." In New York the reproduction of his drawings had begun. Much as he had to say on the subject, he could not keep out of his letters to Van Dyke his opinion of American senators and the organization of American art exhibitions.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

3, Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street, Strand,
London, W.C.
3. 17. 9

My Dear Van Dyke—Well, I thank God too that you are finished, and also that the drawings have come—to your satisfaction and Brett's—but where do I come in—I hope on my feet—those colour things are such a lottery but I do think these, however, ought to come off. Well take your pick—you have opportunities. Still you must be paid for your trouble, only I want the drawings shown in the Coming Show, and if you bring off the boom God bless you. As for Sorolla—well he's a back number—had an awful frost here—Zuloaga is, though narrower, a much better and stronger man and you dont hear the endless click of the kodak in his work. Some day it may be learned where all this Sorolla gang got their idea—from a forgotten—for the moment—person named

Mariano Fortuny

but he wont be forgotten for always—but Sorolla—why he's but half as good as Claus in Belgium or the Michetti or Marietti—what's their names—in Italy—and Favretto and that crew can clean em all out. It will be fun to see what the American Show in Venice pans out like. Apparently the Great and Good Copper-bottomed but dunder-headed Senator Clark made—or came near making—a mess of the American Show here—the impudence of these mere millionaires is magnificent—but the way artists take em lying down is extraordinary—if Clark had carried out his scheme—American art would have been damned in England for years.

Yes, the Whistler book, thank heaven has gone—even here they couldnt smash it and all gave in save . . . . . and Co. Limited for the booming of themselves and selling of their wares—I notice they have unloaded a Steer on the Metropolitan. Talk of graft. Ye Gods—why that lot could give anyone points and when Taft lifts the Tariff on poor art—well most of the Artists of America will simply have to emigrate over here—where they will starve—pictures are now being collected to dump on the country—and American patriotism, as exemplified in

Hearn

for example, wont pay $5000 for an American picture when a European artist of equal ability will be glad to send one over on sale or return for $500. You will see I am right in this as usual—the whole thing is suicidal unless you take the tariff off *studio rents*, *models—paints—colours*, *canvas*, *marble*, *bronze* as well as off finished works of art—you are going to finish for the time the American Art Worker. I never read such sentimental rot as the Guff of Free Art. I dont know if you said anything—I did not see it, but I did see more sentimental rubbish and toadying to Mr. More Gain and Mrs. Jack than I ever saw, it made me sick

Yours

Joseph Pennell

3 Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street, Strand
London, W.C.
4. 6. 9

My Dear Van Dyke—

I see from *The Nation* Zuloaga has had as you prophesied a complete frost or apparently so, the penalty of being an artist—if Whistler toured the country after Emil Fuchs, or Flameng, the same thing would have happened—or even after Sargent most certainly.

I wish I had seen the colour prints in the book—but I shall look forward to it with more interest and excitement than anything I ever had anything to do with. As to the blacks coming too strong i.e.—the key blocks—its only necessary to weaken the ink—though sometimes—in experiments I have lately made I have left the black off altogether—and the result is just like a fresh water-colour, if there is more of this trouble, try this game. Of course it dont look like the original but its bully—however please dont give the racket away to every one. Black kills, deadens the whole business, especially when, as here, they print it last—JUST what I do not do, in making the drawing.

Now YOU *are to freeze on to some of the drawings for your own work over the book*, only I should like them in Keppels' Show to make it complete—maybe Mrs. McClellan would send hers. I dont think Keppels want the show till winter, but they will be here in a day or so, and I'll talk to them. Their idea—or mine—or yours—or all our ideas—are—is—to have the book and the show open at the same time—only I am afraid the book will be out too soon. We shall be here all summer unless something happens, and expect you.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Venice—or the American section, upon which he expended so much thought, time, and energy, was a disappointment. The standard of the American work was not as high as he had insisted it should be, too large a collection for the space was sent, and to him the beauty

of an exhibition depended no less on the art of hanging pictures than the art of painting them. The disappointment embittered his first report.

TO MR. HARRISON S. MORRIS

Grand Hotel Luna
Venice
4. 15. 9

Write to London

Dear Morris—

I got here on Sunday night and last night I finished the hanging but it almost finished me—But it is all hung and we have two rooms really—all ours—in the Second which I got, save two foreigners—is the Black and White stuff. There is even another American Room—Paris American—for it turns out that Fradeletto without saying a word at any rate to me has invited Frieseke, Miller and Bartlett to give a show—while I have also discovered the inevitable Koopmann in the place—My first idea was to collar them all—and with Fradeletto's consent I did so—but I thought after all I had better let them have their room to themselves—though I must say their things are very interesting and *some* of them would have given us more light, colour and go. But this thing of Fradeletto is funny and he is playing in the papers Paris Americans—vs. American Americans—I certainly am not overpowered with our room—I mean the things—nor are the people here—I have done the best I could—but I fear the pictures are scarcely up to the standard of 1900 in Paris—in fact the show is away behind it—there is no doubt about this. And that Fradeletto is not enthusiastic or over pleased. I have however done the best I could with the hanging—but my dear Morris—I must tell you you have sent twice too many pictures—and *they* are *twice* too large—there are—and there is no help for it—two lines half way round the rooms—but the pictures are all hung. But *all* the black and white—save the prints and one drawing by Elizabeth Shippen Green is out—there was not an inch of space on which to hang it—even though I have the extra room—which I fought for and got—it was entirely too big. You have I think entirely forgotten the doors and with the Cecilia

Beaux, two McLure Hamiltons—among the best things in the collection—the whole of your scheme went to pot. Still the things are all up—but there is no Saint Gaudens or a lot of people—and really some or rather most of the American Americans are away.

Winslow Homer
Inness
Wyatt Eaton
La Farge
Chase
Alexander
Duveneck
and

so on—these are the men I hoped for and they are not—I fear it will not help us much in Europe—This is far the most important Show now in Europe as I told you—the most noted men are sending. Zorn and Besnard for example have each a room—and England, Belgium, Hungary, etc. each a building—My dear Morris if we want to keep abreast of Contemporary art we must work—something more than hustle—this time is the first time we show—we are not even in the procession—I am very blue over this. I am afraid this show will hurt us—

Far better would it have been for us than tinkering with the tariff.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

He returned to his disappointment again and again. The next day, April sixteenth, he emphasized to Morris the fact that "Fradeletto is greatly disappointed with us. So also are those artists whom I have seen—who have looked forward to the show with interest—They say however that I have made the rooms look well—anyway Ive tried—and I think they do that." If only the Americans had made as good a showing as Stuck and the Secession! was his regret to Doctor Singer, though in black-and-white at least, he added, they had.

To Doctor Van Dyke he was more outspoken: "America has NOT distinguished herself at Venice—possibly it would be a good thing to remove the tariff—some heaven born geniuses might then learn something suddenly—If you go to Venice you will see."

And to McLure Hamilton: "I have been for the last two weeks in Italy—In Venice—and am only just back—I was there—hanging you—and me and others of our compatriots in the International Show—and I gave you two centres—one for your Gladstone and another for your Cosmo Monkhouse. There! I certainly was not paralysed by the Show—it should have been far better—a big success. I am afraid it will not be—but it should have been."

At home in New York, Morris and the artists were apparently pleased, Morris congratulating him on his successful hanging. In his letter acknowledging the congratulations, Pennell expressed himself freely on the dispute over the site for the gallery which the National Academy has not yet succeeded in building. His point of view should be useful to the New Yorker who lives in fear of something or somebody encroaching upon Central Park.

TO MR. HARRISON S. MORRIS

3, Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street, Strand,
London, W.C.
5. 24. 9

Dear Morris—Thanks for your congratulations which I deserve. Now as to your letter—I have not got any checques for the Whistler Memorial from anybody lately. I should like some. As to the Park—

PREPARING A PLATE IN THE ADELPHI TERRACE STUDIO

Sketch by J. McLure Hamilton

why there is no question that we should be in it—Why dont you use the argument—if you have not—that there is scarcely a City in the world which has not a public gallery for the exhibition of modern art located IN the City Park.

Listen

London, the home of graft and hypocrisy, is almost the only exception in Great Britain—

Edinburgh Academy in Park
Glasgow Gallery " "
Bradford " " "
Birmingham " " "
Sheffield " " "

etc.

Paris—3 galleries for modern art in Park

Rome—gallery for modern art being built in Park

Borghesi Gardens

Venice—gallery for modern art in Park and only open space in the city—of which it takes up more than half—and to which admission is charged

Buda Pest—gallery in Park

Madrid—Gallery in Park. 2 of them and how many are there in America—Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Buffalo—and what else, isent it even the idea to move the Academy to the Park in Philadelphia—New York is a back number.

Now again

I ought to be allowed to work up the Brussels and Rome Shows, can I not, as before, write in the name of the Academy—will you bring this before the *Council at once*—Can I not write to the Brussels people whom I know and ask for space. And also to Rome—answer this at once.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

More than congratulations came. In June he was made a National Academician. In November Fradeletto wired that all his prints in the Exhibition—the Pitts-

burgh and latest New York etchings—had been purchased by the Municipality of Venice for the Public Gallery. In the Munich Exhibition that same summer he was well hung, "but the *collossal Schweinkops* of Munich neither gave me a medal, nor bought anything," he wrote Singer. But later, he could announce that the Berlin Gallery bought twelve prints; "for this honour I have to thank you . . . . . The Chicago Art Institute has been intelligent enough to buy a whole set of my things . . . and the Corporation of London wants a collection of those of the City of London for the Guildhall Art Gallery. Rather amusing is'ent it?" Greater triumphs: "The Luxembourg has got all my French Cathedrals." Florence acquired his "Road in Tuscany" drawings for the Uffizi, and, to quote his own words to Doctor Singer, "They have got some of my drawings to hang permanently—where do you think—in the house of Michael Angelo in Florence. Lor! me and Mike, and among the others are Rosselli (?) Bargioni (?) Genga (?) Lord! I am become an old master before my time. But it is a fact."

In Vienna the *Gesellschaft für Vervielfältigende Kunst* was preparing a monograph on his work, not merely reproducing a number of prints but buying two plates: "The Pavement, St. Paul's", "St. Martin's Bridge, Toledo" and one lithograph, "Zaandam." The plates, after he pulled an edition for himself, were steel-faced, many impressions probably sold, or strayed or stolen, judging from the unsigned prints that appear from time to time, to the confusion of collectors. Several of the Pittsburgh and recent New York etchings were in the June *Studio* with a "Descriptive Note" by Doctor Singer. Heinemann was getting ready for a fourth edition

of the "Life of Whistler", and considering German and French translations. The French was made and appeared in 1913. For the German I still wait. Early in September "The New New York" was published. No wonder Pennell, as he explained to friends, was staying in town all summer.

TO JOHN C. VAN DYKE

3, Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street, Strand
London, W.C.
9. 20. 9

Dear Van Dyke—The book has come and I write at once to say generally it looks well—and you read excellently—I went through it last night—and you are keen which is the best thing possible—and it must have a good effect—and make people see things as they are.

But surely the title page has been improved away! That was not what we so carefully concocted! And the black mourning borders are all around the drawings, in more than one case knocking them all to pieces—where, for example, there are no blacks in the drawings —while the ruled lines play the mischief with mine—its too bad—and if they hadnt put the lines on, the reproductions could have been ever so much bigger. But sich is fate! Have you seen the Keppels and the show—Im off to-day to Birmingham to do some more WORK—dont forget about that scheme—How are you now

Yours
Joseph Pennell

CHAPTER XXXI

THE SENEFELDER CLUB · THE NEW AMERICA DISCOVERED (1909–1910)

The one thing Pennell could not do was to stand still, to wallow in a rut, to tie himself up in formula. Illustrations in colour "are a new racket for me" he told Doctor Singer, when the book was published in New York and the exhibition opened at Keppels'. And in a letter a week or so later to Van Dyke, "The Wonder of Work", a title familiar through the years to follow, appears for the first time. He was going to Birmingham and Sheffield in its pursuit and for its expression was gradually turning from etching to mezzotint and from mezzotint to lithography, developing lithographic methods as new to him as coloured chalks had been.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

3, Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street, Strand.
London, W.C.
10. 5. 9.

My dear Van Dyke—Your end of the book has come off but I dont seem to have enough or too much "heart, soul" and other things that to me have no place in artistic organizations. While I am hasty and scrappy I learn—and do not make things as other people think they see em—and I wasent the first—and if Id done something else some other way in some other medium—why I would not have

pleased them any better—sich is *la vita*—and I scramble on somehow. Only Ive started the English end of

THE WONDER OF WORK

how would that do for a title and when I get anything to show you Ill send it along. You know you are to pick out some of the New York things for your very own. I do hope the whole affair—book and show—will be a go.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

3, Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street. Strand
London, W. C.
10. 17. 09

Dear Van Dyke, Well I suppose it is all right in the best of possible worlds—only the mourning borders did and do get on my nerves—now it must sell—the book apparently is out here—or about to be born—and we shall see what we shall see.

I have started in on the British Wonder of Work things—and have found some amazin' stuff and paralysed the middle classes—and whats more Heinemann, who if you like, would like to go in for it, he says—Now Im off to France Belgium and Germany to hunt up more plunder—but has it struck you that doing these work things is only what Claude did when he tackled lighthouses and such like—I shall send you these English things if they come to anything.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

3, Adelphi Terrace House
Robert St. Strand.
London W.C.
11. 7. 09

My dear Professor—I have shown the etchings to Heinemann and he is keen on the thing and he wants and has written to Doubleday about them—and they say they want a book.

I have told Heinemann that we have talked it over and he wants to know—I also told him that I must consult you about it. So now what will you do? and I told him I would do nothing until I heard from you.

There is I know something in the etchings for they are going to exhibitions all over the place—and staying too—yesterday afternoon I had a wire from Fradeletto—telling me the set you saw in Venice and didn't like—had been purchased for the public gallery—Yah!

But please do answer about the book.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Purveyor of Prints to Public Galleries

P.S. Have you seen the Lord What Ho [Walter] Armstrong's
History of Art
in which as an example of this great writer's thoroughness—one looks in vain for the works and names of Blake and Beardsley—but the modern machine made moderns—hoping for the removal of the American tariff—are all there and I note specimens of these perfect works are being dumped on the Metropolitan.

British art is worked by British critics like British beef—only like that commodity it no longer exists—But British artists are in the same blundering blind wilderness—of Cocksuredness that the British army was before the Boer war—and they are going to get or are trying to get a similar waking up.

But
mind you dont let their art affairs be messed up by meddling millionaires. The Guildhall Show I believe is wrecked—so the City Fathers told me—by these Yankee hogs—who may know a little about hogs—but nothing of pictures.

Again we havent even yet accepted the Italian invitation to Rome in 1911. The British (think of it) request for special pictures went out yesterday—

Oh Ye Gods—we are well up in der percessun and what's more we dunno where we was.

Fact
Joseph Pennell

When acknowledging Doctor Singer's praise of the Pittsburgh and latest New York plates, Pennell wrote of the mezzotints:

> Now as to what you say—or rather what you have found—I am overcome with blushes—is it true? Only I quite agree with you or rather with myself—Whistler is still the man and the artist—I have learned technically everything from—and the point is—I am going back to what I learned first—these things are more like my earliest things—they say one harks back—but he did not, he went on and on and on—only in one way I am trying to go on—that is in big—anyway I am trying for it—but it is so hard—big compositions of these big things—and now though no one has seen them I am trying them in mezzotint.

And the next letter he signed "Joseph Pennell who has Just done a London nocturne in pure mezzotint—if if comes off you shall see it."

The mezzotint, "Wren's City", did come off. So did two or three others from the studio windows. Much was done successfully with aquatint and sandpaper. An objection was the tedium of preparing the plates, especially for mezzotint, and though he could have them rocked by a professional, his dislike of letting others share the labour of his art increased with the years. When working for tone in his "big compositions of the big things" the needle, adapted to line and the small plate, failed. Russian charcoal might give the tone, but drawings cannot be multiplied except by reproduction. Lithography was the medium, if the problem of transferring and printing could be solved. Charles Goulding—brother of the better-known Frederick—to whom a few years before he took his first large lithograph, "The Transept at Rouen", succeeded in doing what Pennell

insisted could be done; it was part of Senefelder's invention, and the "Rouen" is "one of the first drawings of modern times successfully transferred to the stone and the original preserved." But Charles Goulding was getting old, the atmosphere of the Goulding printing shop invariably got on Pennell's nerves, and his experimenting ceased until the summer of 1909, when events conspired to lure him back to lithographic chalk and paper.

The interest rekindled by the Centenary Exhibition had promptly weakened, but lithography did not altogether die. A few artists remained faithful. Magazines occasionally reproduced, occasionally published an original lithograph. In 1907 the editors of the new quarterly the *Neolith* went so far in their enthusiasm as to lithograph text as well as illustrations. It ran, irregularly, through three numbers but is not quite forgotten, and, only recently, an artist told me of his surprise, chancing upon a copy in a litter of books, "to find how full of beauty it was!" Pennell, who contributed to the third number, May, 1908, believed it was one of the chief influences to prepare the way for the Senefelder Club and the Senefelder Press which he helped to start with A. S. Hartrick, F. Ernest Jackson, who had begun to teach lithography at the County Council Central School, and J. Kerr Lawson. The Press was for their use, also for "embryo lithographers" expected to flock to it in numbers sufficient to pay expenses and bring in dividends. A studio was taken, a second-hand press bought, two chairs and a table contributed by Hartrick. The studio was in Chelsea, convenient for Jackson and Lawson, but for neither Hartrick, who never or seldom

printed in it, nor for Pennell, who never turned the wheel of its press once. Few embryo lithographers materialized, no dividends were forthcoming. At the end of a year the four Utopians abandoned the press and concentrated their attentions upon the club. They formed themselves into a Council with Pennell for president; F. Vincent Brooks, in whose lithographic shop were no secrets, no mystery, became the club's official printer; and, some months later, John Copley was appointed secretary. Pennell transferred to the club the energy he lavished on the International before it lost its international character and dwindled into a stepping stone to the Royal Academy. He worked hard through the summer of 1909; meetings were held in the studios of the four men, by May third the name Senefelder definitely decided upon, vigorous preparations under way for the first exhibition the following January in the Goupil Gallery. As always, Pennell's standard was high, his policy broad. He was for good work and against every barrier of school or nationality. Again he turned to Doctor Singer.

TO PROFESSOR DOCTOR HANS W. SINGER

3, Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street, Strand
London. W. C.
11. 18. 09

Dear Singer—Messrs Goupils expect to hold a show of Artists Lithographs early in the New Year—we have formed a little club called the Senefelder Club. We want some good foreign work—would it be possible—if you have the time—to get ten or twelve German prints from the same number of men—They would have to be in London before Xmas—and should be sent unframed and

unmounted if possible—we will look after that. If you can help us either by sending things or inducing people to send—has Arnold any good things?—you would be a saint.

Can you help?

Yours
Joseph Pennell

German prints came, they satisfied the Council, the Exhibition opened on January eighth, from Goupil's it went on to Bradford in February, at last the hard-worked president found leisure for his own affairs. With Way he tried his hand at making decent post cards in lithography: a set of Rouen Cathedral, beautiful, but not popular. He lent his aid to Hugo Reisinger, an ambitious German-American, organizing an American Art Exhibition for Berlin and Munich, where no important show of American art had hitherto been made. "*What* is Hugo Reisinger—beside in art matters?" Pennell asked Van Dyke. That Reisinger was something of a hustler he quickly learned, and as the end of the hustling was to make American art better known in Europe he was generous with suggestions and advice. He stirred up McLure Hamilton to send his "Gladstone", and he was glad in the autumn to tell him that it had been reproduced in the *édition de luxe* of the Catalogue. For himself he arranged exhibits in the big exhibitions of that year at Brussels and in Chili, Gold Medals eventually coming from both. And, as I am speaking of medals, I should add that the Royal Society of Arts bestowed theirs for that year upon him, considered a great honour by the British.

As 1911 was the year of the Roman International Exhibition, Venice decided to hold its biennial in 1910

so that the two might not clash. Pennell was not only invited to contribute but given a room for his etchings and the privilege of hanging them. All this, his schemes for more Wonder of Work, and our refusal of an offer for a joint lecture tour in America, are duly set forth in his next letter.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

3 Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street, Strand
London, W.C.
1. 30. 10

My dear Professor—Thank you for all your nice long letters. As to McClellan—you never said where he would stop—and I never knew till I saw it announced in *The Times*, one day last week, that he had arrove at Morley's, so we wrote at once, got a reply that he was leaving "in half an hour, being suddenly called away" for parts unknown. It was a very nice letter—but that is all we got—or saw of him. If however he is going to Venice I dont know whether he will escape so easily, as they have, The Venetian Doges and Co., given me a room all to myself in the Show there to disport myself in. How it will work I dunno, but we will see. I am going on with the work thing—and going now to France, Belgium and Germany and am going to do the thing no matter what happens. No, rumour is as usual "a lying jade" and we aint on—or rather are off—of that lecture racket—fancy me as I might be to-day eating mince pie—at Vassar! and then at Bryn Mawr and so on to Los Angeles and or in a grave *via* Dallas from Salt Lake City—with intervening "receptions" at Indianapolis, Kansas City, Toledo, Cincinnati and God Knows where else, Id sooner—tackle the mountains!

—Fact—and I ought to be at this minute in Washington and Rome and am here and here I stick—till I get some more printing of belching chimneys and such done—and until J. McLure Hamilton finishes two more portraits of me—I believe he has one in Philadelphia now. But anyway you had better come to Venice—or to Paris where between whiles apparently I am to stop doing the ruins if

there are any ruins—or there is any thing left for here we know nothing. But anyway do come over this coming summer.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

He went to hang his exhibition early in April, hung his prints as nobody else could have hung them for him, had his reward in their purchase by the Italian Government for the Modern Gallery in Rome, and was back in London when King Edward died on May sixth. From that night until after the funeral on May twenty-sixth he had little peace. Our front door was besieged by newspaper, messenger and telegraph boys. The postman came heavy-laden. The *Daily Chronicle*, the *Illustrated London News*, the *Times* clamoured for drawings, and the journalist in him, long quiescent, awoke as of old. He would not have sought the work, he had done with this sort of illustration, but when it fell to him uninvited, he plunged into it with his accustomed go and vigour. He has told the story: the dark night of waiting for the end outside of Buckingham Palace; the days in Westminster Hall, he, the one illustrator to get in while carpenters and painters made ready for the Lying-in-State; his equal success on the day of the funeral with the aid of John Burns, triumphantly capturing building and point of view he had decided all along must and should be his. He revelled in the excitement, rejoiced when it was over, impatient to be away with copper plates and lithographic paper to Newport, Cardiff and Swansea in June; to Charleroi, Liège, Brussels, Mons, Namur, Mézières-Charleville, Lille, Tournai in July; to Düsseldorf, Duisburg, Oberhausen, Essen, Aix-la-Chapelle, Valenciennes, Drouai, Lens in August.

In September he sailed for New York, partly for the *Century* to illustrate an article on Chicago by Henry B. Fuller and a series on Western Cities, partly in pursuit of more Wonder of Work for himself. That he secured it in good measure, the prints are the proof. The fact that he was brought up against other things not so pleasant he could not keep out of his letters. During his visits in 1904 and 1908, he was struck with the astounding changes in America. He was not so foolish as to expect it to remain unchanged, but he did not expect it to cease to be American. In 1884 he had left his country an America for Americans. With the beginning of the twentieth century he found it an America for a ragbag of nations, with a tendency to develop into an American version of the southeast of Europe. The new emigrants refused to disappear into the overrated Melting Pot, as English, Scotch, Irish, Swedes and Germans had disappeared. The old long, lean, lanky Uncle Sam was as lost as the needle in the haystack; in his place, a fat, podgy, unhealthy Samuel of Posen. The change hurt and he felt it the more the further he travelled. The Quaker in him refused to suffer in silence. He spoke out in his letters to Mr. Johnson, and Van Dyke. Two letters call for a separate explanation. He had been proposed for the post of Roman Commissioner in 1911 and would have accepted it if appointed. To Van Dyke, he wrote early in February: "As to the Roman Show—if I am wanted I will do the work, but somebody has got to hustle at Washington—for the last horn blows on February 15th. But it would be fun anyhow."

And on August twenty-eighth, to Mr. Johnson: "I

suppose you know I did not get the Roman Commissionership. It is a calamity for America—but a happy escape—for me—from trials and tribulations, worry and waste of time."

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

The Blackstone
Chicago, Ill.
10. 5. 10

My Dear Van Dyke—This is the limit and no flies on it either—I never struck anything like it—Mrs. Potter Palmer and three thousand art students are going to receive me to-morrow night—and some Club another night—and Mr. Pork Packer and 2,916,418 and ½ jews, niggers, slovaks, dagos, irish, sicilians, scandinavians and one supposed native American—preserved in a bottle in a freak museum—make up the population of hustle—village—where there are no signs on the streets which are made of mud and filth, where the English tongue in Irish mouths is rarely heard—the American language never—all others all the time—where palaces of a sort blossom in a lopsided row called a "bulleyvar"—where O Lor everything that ever was said agin the place is gospel—and not the half has been told—anything said in its favour is a dam lie.

If this is a fair specimen of the West may I never see it—if these are "the plain people"—Gosh!! They eat baked apples and ice cream to the sound of trumpets and the cost of $2.00 for breakfast—and their hotels stink of millions and green cigars—and is it because of Theodore that everybody and every paper says I AM honest. In England—even in the East—only thieves and Frenchmen protest their honesty—a man used to be honest till he was found out—Still I have found some stuff.

Joseph Pennell

TO MR. ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

Chicago
Oct. 4th 1910

My dear Johnson—I have your two telegrams, the last saying you do not wish me to go to St. Paul. Of course it might be picturesque—

as this place is in a way—or it might be like this place—a gilded muck heap and foreign rubbish hole—Frankly I have never seen such a pretentious—gaudy—glittering—smelly—filthy—vulgar—cultured overgrown—and undeveloped savage village—save the lake front which is a bad version of one side of lower Broadway—I have told an interviewer most of these things and scared the life out of him—and two or three streets—I know not their names—and the City Fathers dont put them up—another proof it is a village—it is the most preposterously disgraceful aggregation of hovels and a few palaces dumped among them built on mud, on the face of the earth—Oh I dont know, the other Western metropolisses may be worse—frankly so far as I know there is nothing my dear Johnson—in this country away from the east—and south—and as soon as the middle west exhausts itself it will spread over the east and the Huns wont be in it nor the Yankees either—if these people—are the people—God help us—save as in this hotel—which is brand new—or the people like me—who are thought to be millionaires—there are no Americans I can find mating or born in the place—I know St. Louis is worse and I am afraid of Kansas City—I dont like the name—though they say it is picturesque—I hate the West!—and this place wants another fire

Yours
Joseph Pennell

And there are three thousand *art* students—in the Institute. If there was *one* student of Sanitary Engineering it would be better for the City Government.

Oct. 6th 1910

Dear Johnson—I have more or less got over "*my blues*" and have found some things even in the stockyards—

But I am not going to

hustle
or
hurry
or
rush.

I am going to try quietly to do some plates in Chicago. Will you send me a letter to the writer of the article here—and those in St. Louis and Kansas City.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Yesterday when I was at work—a crowd appeared—and it appeared that a wagon, two horses and a man drove off the absolutely unprotected bridge into the river—and in the words of the bridge keeper, "The hull shootin match is way down thar under twenty foot of water." O the nice plain people of the west.

Chicago
October 9th, 1910

My dear Johnson—

As these articles are to be done by various people—a gallery in which I dont like to find myself any longer—you might from *my* point of view just as well get a dozen people to write a book successfully—it cant be done—but what I want is this. Everybody tells me Kansas City is no good—let me do Cincinnati—that I am sure is—I cant do decent things without decent material. I have long wanted to go to Cincinnati—let me go there—there is no use in my making odd drawings any longer—I came here with a definite purpose to make a series of etchings—I am trying to do them—if they come off you can have a set of the proofs, if they dont its my funeral. St. Louis, Ill go and look, but I doubt if there is anything there. Kansas City is nothing to me and I dont want to go—Cincinnati appeals to me—of course there may be nothing—this place is worse and worse. I went to the Cliff Dwellers once—and havent been since—the Thackeray Article will be worth the whole outfit of these wooly villages. Even the driver of an auto took hours to go home last night—Golly what a town—Another "shorer" drowned himself in a bath—another ran into the river—I dont wonder—Ill do worse if I stay much longer—Im busted now. The Cliff Dwellers eat coffee with their dinner Eugh! As to the American Express Co.'s charges they are very—it seems to me—high—I return

their letter with comments—only I must do Cincinnati—or come back.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Revelations of the New America were as startling at Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, throughout the coal regions of Pennsylvania, in some places not a word of English spoken, little churches that might have been transported bodily from the heart of Hungary, hardly a face with a trace of kinship to Uncle Sam. But Niagara was too wonderful with Work for him to see anything else and he stopped for sheer joy in recording the Wonder in a series of six lithographs that appeared in the *Century* for May, 1911. His regret ever after was that he turned back when halfway from Niagara to Quebec, where Johnson had asked for drawings. He was tired. The journey had been strenuous. He engaged passage on the first steamer he could and spent the intervening days seeing friends and making plans in New York. Van Dyke was keen to have all the unsold New York drawings bought by the Metropolitan Museum as examples of Pennell the illustrator and a valuable record of the New York of the early twentieth century. Pennell did not object. "As I am already represented in the Uffizi by the drawings for Maurice Hewlett's Road in Tuscany and in the Luxembourg by the work I did on French Cathedrals," he wrote before sailing, "I really should like to find myself in the most important museum in my own country—where I believe I am not represented at all—though there may be some etchings in the Print Collection." And, on Christmas Day, from Adelphi Terrace House:

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

My Dear Van Dyke—I have no doubt you will do wonders about the New York Drawings with the Metropolitan As to not hanging drawings by old masters and prints by moderns—well they might change their plans—and cease hanging

RUBBISH

by certain modern British which they are doing.

Puzzle—find
The British.

They however are now back numbers and there is nothing but the

Post Impressionists

who are being boomed by a syndicate and as it is the most blatant example of German Jew British Shop Keeping yet seen—the poor old New English and International are out of it. And yet 20 years ago—I got intelligent people to buy Van Goghs!—

Yours
Joseph Pennell

CHAPTER XXXII

THE WALTER GREAVES AFFAIR · THE CORONATION OF GEORGE V · THE ROMAN INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION (1911)

In May, 1911, an incident occurred that cannot be passed in silence. The facts are fully set forth in "The Whistler Journal", therefore I shall not go into detail. But the whole affair made too great a noise at the moment to be ignored. William Marchant opened at the Goupil Gallery an exhibition of the work of Walter Greaves, described as "Pupil of Whistler" on the invitation card. Walter and Harry Greaves, a boat-builder's sons, were Whistler's neighbours in the early Chelsea days. They preferred art to boat-building and succeeded in being of great use to him. They rowed him up and down the river at night while he made his mental notes and studies for the Nocturnes. They prepared his canvases, saw to his colours, ran his errands to the art shops, carried out his designs on his frames, and painted in his studio under his direction—their relations to him not unlike those of the old apprentices to their masters. Both brothers exhibited in their younger days. Harry Greaves had now been dead for some few years. Walter Greaves had faded out of sight when mysterious canvases attributed to him were discovered in Mr. Spencer's bookshop, New Oxford Street, by Marchant, among

others, and the Goupil Gallery Exhibition was the result of the discovery.

To "Whistler's Pupil" on his first appearance critics were more amiable than they had been to Whistler on his. The pupil was declared to have surpassed the master. Some critics went farther. A painting with the title "Passing Under Battersea Bridge" was in subject, composition, colour, tone, strikingly like Whistler's "Battersea Bridge" now in the Tate Gallery. The Preface to the Catalogue stated that Greaves' picture was painted in 1862—date and signature were on the canvas—and exhibited the same year in the International Exhibition at South Kensington Museum. This, if correct, meant that Greaves had painted Nocturnes before Whistler who, therefore, was the imitator. The critics were enchanted. Many as were the things they had denied to Whistler, never hitherto had they questioned his originality in the Nocturnes. "Whistler Dethroned", "Whistler's Ghost", "The Crushed Genius", "An Unknown Master", flared from their headlines. Robert Ross of the *Morning Post* and E. F. Strange of the *Westminster Gazette* were almost the sole exceptions to the chorus of joy over Whistler's downfall. Whistler's representatives and most of his friends were strangely indifferent. But not Pennell. He could not sit in silence while the hounds were let loose on his friend, the great artist. He knew what fruit such statements uncontradicted would bear. He went to Mr. Alan S. Cole, still an official at South Kensington; together they looked up the catalogues of the International Exhibitions organized by Sir Henry Cole. No picture by Walter Greaves was shown in 1862, none until a few years later. Pennell

stated the fact in a letter the *Times* refused to publish, though its critic had set the ball rolling. Other papers did publish it, and, eventually, the *Times* printed one from Heinemann. To whatever heights the critics chose to exalt Walter Greaves, never again could they brand Whistler as the thief of his genius. And yet, only this year an English paper referred to Greaves as "the painter—inspirer of Whistler."

Here the incident closed, so far as Pennell was concerned. He cast no doubt upon the honesty of Greaves, who was old, whose later years had been a struggle, and whose memory might have failed in detail. He did not criticize the quality of the work shown. Nor did he question Marchant's good faith. But Marchant lost his temper. He prepared and published a pamphlet: "A Reply to an Attack upon a Pupil of Whistler." It was long, it was tedious, lacking in wit, published too late for it to tell, especially as Pennell's plain statement of fact made the critics timid. Little attention was paid to the pamphlet, but it figures occasionally in booksellers' catalogues and it is better that the truth should be known.

The Greaves affair was unpleasant but made no serious inroads upon Pennell's time. He had too many other things to think about. He had to see his "Little Book of London" through the press, a book of small reproductions of a group of his London etchings, published by T. N. Foulis in London and Edinburgh, Le Roy Phillips in Boston. It was the first in a series intended to reproduce his etchings of various places but after the fifth volume brought to an end by the War. He could not cease his activities in the International until the Whistler Memorial was a certainty: "unless those of us

who believed in Whistler hold on, a mess will still be made of the Memorial," he wrote to Morley Fletcher who, early in 1911, thought of resigning. "*You must stick to the derelict* and therefore I must ask you to withdraw your resignation before the meeting on Friday. You must." He was determined that the Senefelder should justify the promise of its start. Work had to be got ready for a Barcelona International Exhibition which involved meetings, lunches, dinners with the Barcelona delegates who were being shown their way about London and London clubs by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Withers, the English Commissioners. The coronation of King George V kept him as busy as the funeral of King Edward VII the year before. Mr. (now Sir) Robert Donald, W. J. Fisher's successor as editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, was anxious to have him illustrate the ceremony in the Abbey. Pennell was never without new ideas, and he put it on record in his Cantor Lectures that he "suggested to the editor who asked me for a drawing of the Coronation, first that several other artists should be invited to collaborate, which was done; and, second, that all the drawings be made in lithography." The artists chosen were Brangwyn, Hartrick, Sullivan, Pryse, Jackson, and, for the portrait of the King, McLure Hamilton. An edition of separate proofs issued in a portfolio was to make the fortune of paper and artists alike. In this he was disappointed. The idea was splendid, but the sale was small.

Not long before he had been elected to the Reform Club, proposed by Fisher Unwin and seconded by Sargent. He had fallen out of the club habit, had given up the National Liberal, went seldom to the Chelsea,

less often to the Cycling, or the Royal Automobile Club which succeeded it, preferring his own place to any club. His attendance had fallen off even at the Art Workers' Guild, objecting as he did to art critics being asked to talk to members about art. He thought this was the artist's business in a guild of art-workers. He showed his displeasure and a memorable evening is recalled when Clutterbrock—"Clutter-up", according to Pennell, with his talent for distorting names—fled before such straight criticism as he had never hitherto encountered. I have been told that, invited another time to speak, he asked anxiously, "Will Pennell be there?" before accepting. All the same, often since members have been heard to say, "We need Pennell to wake us up."

The Reform Club was another matter. It had no connection with art. It was ancient, conventional, tremendously British, with the solidity of tradition that appealed to Pennell and the good food and good wine that he approved all his life. If he wanted to be a trifle formal, he gave his lunches and dinners at the Reform, and Coronation Year he secured for the benefit of friends his allotted number of the seats erected in front of the clubhouse, from which the procession could be seen along Pall Mall on its return from Westminster Abbey to Buckingham Palace. He also offered to put up Van Dyke for the time being.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE,

3, Adelphi Terrace House,
London, W. C.
February, 12

Dear Van Dyke—I aint going to weep over Constantinople [a scheme that never came off]—it's more her loss than ours—and there

is much to do anyway—nearer home or rather yet at home. Wait till you see Niagara and Chicago—and the latest Noo New York in *The Outlook*—they will make Teddy sit up and be glad he used to be an American.

Yes Ill be in London in June and during the Coronotation will look like this

P.S. Do you want to be put up at the Reform Club—Ill get it done—Weve become horrid respectable. It will be amusing there this summer.

TO MR. J. McLURE HAMILTON

3, Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street. Strand.
London, W.C.
Monday—May 1.

Please say nothing about this!

My dear Hamilton—I have a letter to-night from *The Chronicle* asking if you will do

The King
You will you said—
therefore,

Will you see Mr. Robert Donald
Editor *The Daily Chronicle*—Whitefriars Street., Fleet Street—
Only
Write him first or you may not—find him—and arrange all about—sittings fees and everything with him when you see him.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

And do remember we are to have a meeting and dining with Ives as soon as I hear.

The mention of Professor Ives recalls a tragedy. He was to be in London only a very few days, and Pennell tried to arrange beforehand for him to see the people he would care to see. He arrived unexpectedly on May third, and they dined together at the Reform. Fortunately he and his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. McLure Hamilton and their niece Miss Raiguel, were free to dine with us at Adelphi Terrace House on May fourth. We found other artists disengaged and secured them for dinner on May fifth and they came, but Ives was not there to meet them. Two brief wires to Hamilton tell the story: "May 5th. Ives ill. Westminster Palace

Hotel."—"May 6th. It is all over. Can you come hotel 9.30." But they do not tell the responsibility that fell upon Pennell's shoulders. Ives was travelling alone, was to be joined in London by his daughter after a year's study in Berlin, and the two were to sail for home together. His illness was sudden and short. No one in the hotel knew him or his address. The one clue was a letter on Adelphi Terrace House paper from Pennell found in his coat pocket, and Pennell, who shrank from the sight of illness, who could not face death, spent his night at the hotel in a near room, was summoned when the end came about midnight, sent for Hamilton in the morning, with him notified Consulate and Embassy, made arrangements for the return to St. Louis, and, with me, braced himself to greet Miss Ives on her arrival. As I have said, his affection for Professor Ives was great. The two were sympathetic. It was not easy to throw off his depression.

Work alone could bring relief and the coming Coronation provided it in ample measure. For days before the ceremony he was in the Abbey getting his backgrounds. Meetings were innumerable, conferences with Vincent Brooks as many, no excuse lost for a dinner to talk things over.

TO MR. J. McLURE HAMILTON

3, Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street. Strand
London. W. C.
6. 1. 11

My Dear Hamilton—Donald writes you are engaged on Saturday and cannot—or will not—come to his dinner—*everybody* is coming

to get things straight—*they have all accepted*—so you must either come to the function—or look in during the evening.

Yours
Joseph Pennell
Are you going to
The Pilgrims
I hear you are asked
I am
J.P.
Write to Donald that you will turn up
YOU MUST.

After the great day, after the lithographs had appeared in the *Chronicle*, after the Portfolio was ready, the Senefelder Club in their turn gave a dinner—at the Cheshire Cheese—to Donald. They realized that no other editor of a big London daily would have been so sporting, would have hazarded so unusual an experiment in newspaper illustration, would have seconded them in their effort, "to encourage artistic lithography", sadly in need of encouragement.

Had Pennell followed his inclination he would have sailed straight away to Panama. For months the Canal had haunted him, the most astounding Wonder of Work of his day, wonderful above all in process of construction. He was impatient to be there, drawing the great cranes, the mammoth steam shovels in action, the deep caverns of the unfilled locks, the majestic height of their bare walls, the power of the huge gates, the picturesque life and ordered confusion of labour. The Canal built, the Wonder of Work for him would have gone. Early in the winter, February twenty-eighth, before the Coronation, he had written to Mr. Johnson on the subject.

TO MR. ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

I want to go and do the Panama Canal *NOW* while they are at work on it. I could make an historical record of the record work of the United States. Let me go and make a series of lithographs—come back by California or Mexico and do at the same time the Canyon of Colorado and the Yellowstone. I could come after the Coronation for which I am trying to get *you* and Mrs. Johnson seats at the Reform Club in Pall Mall, the best place on the route—me, I shall be in the Abbey—but you must be here for that function and let me do the canal. Col. Robert P. Porter wants to write it and J. C. Van Dyke wants to do the Canyon.

Can I say yes?

He returned to the subject on March twenty-sixth: "I did not I am afraid make myself clear about the Panama Canal—I dont want to do it when it is finished but NOW while they are working on it. Therefore if I go the sooner the better." And again:

3, Adelphi House Terrace
Robert Street. Strand
London, W.C.
April 2d.

My dear Johnson—

Not only apparently are my letters illegible—but unintelligible.

What
I want
Is
To Go
To
Panama
NOW

and do the picturesque side of the great engineering feat before it is finished—and ruined from my point of view. And return via the West and do San Francisco and

Grand Canyon. It would not be a very expensive business—only I want my expenses and *all* you will pay me. And I want to go almost at once. As to Chimneys as you call them—of steel works I am afraid they are the same virtually in form—general form—everywhere. It is only in detail and site that they vary as I have tried to show. I only suggest Porter because he has *just come back* from Panama and could write of what he has seen.

Yours Joseph Pennell

With every day he felt his chance to draw the building of the Canal grow less. On the other hand, he was bent on going to the International Exhibition in Rome, for, though not appointed the Commissioner, he had been put on various committees, and Harrison Morris wanted him there in the autumn. He decided to risk it. Printing and Senefelder more than occupied the summer months. Early in the autumn the Wonder of Work carried him to France—to Le Creusot, Schneider's great works, to Monceaux-les-Mines, to Dijon. By the end of October he started for Italy.

He enjoyed Rome. His interest in these big international exhibitions was enormous. The opportunity to see what artists were doing everywhere the world over stimulated him. Something was always to be learned. A feeling of life and energy was in the air, of endeavor and seeking. He was glad to escape from the staleness of London's art atmosphere. When not occupied with official business he made his two large lithographs "Old and New Rome" and "The Victor Emmanuel Monument" from the Palatine where it tells "the story of ancient, mediaeval and modern work in Rome." He fell among friends, artists of many nationalities, directors of galleries and museums as well as his own

countrymen, who this year were Mr. Harrison Morris, American Commissioner, and Mr. William Henry Fox, Secretary. He thought the standard of the Exhibition high, and his one disappointment is in a letter to McLure Hamilton.

TO MR. J. McLURE HAMILTON

Exposizione Internazionale D'Arte
Roma 1911

11.12. 11

My Dear Hamilton

Thanks for your letter. This is an awful fiasco—a total financial one—The Show is not bad—the Italians have done their best—but what can you expect with five International Exhibitions in one country at the same time—

Owing to the Administrative Complications—about insurance Morris thought best to withdraw the U.S. from competition, which I regret—as I think we would have got a number of awards—The Italians have been very good to me. The King bought *all* (20) of my prints and the Committee elected me to the final Jury of award. I am the only English-speaking person on it—The weather is awful.

Yours Joseph Pennell

About the middle of November, his jury work was done. He started for home, but stopped at Venice, the desire to see the Campanile as a Wonder of Work irresistible. It was finer than he expected, he was impressed, and he made his large lithograph, "The Rebuilding of the Campanile", used by the Venetians the next year as a poster for their Biennial and published with the "Victor Emmanuel Monument" in the *Century* for March. He ran into old friends—"stay in Venice, loaf in the Piazza long enough and you are sure to run into everybody you know", he often said. He was in high

spirits when he wrote his one letter from Venice, sprinkled with the Italian and Venetian, neither of which he ever pretended to master.

TO MR. HARRISON S. MORRIS

Grand Hotel Luna
Venise
Saturday 18. Nov.

Caro Morris—*Me trovarsi qui lontana de lei—nel mezzo del un mare de fiumi e amici—*

etc

Oh dam I forgot *you* dont know italian and hate the Italians—so much the worse for You—for *quest oggi* I have *cammadoed*—with the most charming young ladies—arrayed in gum shoes—who took me to a skating rink—the ladies that is—and illustrious descendants of Doges—who dident dodge (oh) two lunches—and a Secretary, an *Onoravole* Professor *e tutti quanti degli artisti Venezioni e poi ge zai* (phonetic)—but why waste all this on

You

Only I always have a good time here—and have arranged lots of things.

E poi addresso, andiamo a Londra—where I hope we shall see you—I am quite Too sober—Ive only had some

grasso di monte—

ask some one to give you some

Yours Joseph Pennell

Pennell could not yet sail for Panama. The Senefelder must not be left in the lurch. The yearly exhibition was to open early in January, and from London go on to several English provincial towns. He sought a wider sphere for its ambitions and triumphs and, as had become a habit, consulted Doctor Singer who never failed him.

TO PROFESSOR DOCTOR HANS W. SINGER

3, Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street. Strand
London, W.C.
Nov. 30. 1911

Dear Singer—A certain matter has turned up which I have been advised to refer to you and Dr. Lehrs—to you I write first—for advice.

We have here a little Club—the Senefelder Club small only in numbers—which for the last two years has been giving exhibitions of lithographs—we started in a mild way in the Goupil Gallery—but during the last year we have branched out holding Exhibitions in the English Provincial Galleries.

Manchester
Liverpool (now on)
Birmingham
etc.

Later we have further launched out and are now holding one (it is open) in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and it is going round the Country and to Canada. We have been for next year invited to Brussels *L'Estampe*—and are at work at others. What has been suggested is to ask you if it would be possible to have shows in German Galleries, preferably public ones. Will you let me know. if it could be done?

We could show work by all those artists who are now making lithographs in England, namely, Legros, Shannon, Brangwyn, Herkomer, Sullivan, Pryse, Copley, Hartrick, and yours truly whom you know—there are about eight or ten more good people whom you do not know—but whom I think you and other directors would be interested in. Could such a series of Exhibitions be organized?

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Satisfactory arrangements were made, thanks to Doctor Singer. In London, the Private View was on the seventh of January, the annual dinner in the evening. A fortnight later, the Senefelder "booming", his own work in order, Pennell sailed for New York and Panama.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE PANAMA LITHOGRAPHS · FROM SAN FRANCISCO IN THE WEST TO PHILADELPHIA IN THE "EFFETE EAST" (1912)

PENNELL, in his "Adventures", wrote that 1912 was the busiest year of his life. I would have said—I have said—the same of many others. All, in passing, seemed to the looker-on equally barren of leisure. But it is true that 1912 has to its credit his longest journeys and one of his longest periods of uninterrupted work for himself. It was the year not only of Panama but of San Francisco, the Yosemite, the Grand Canyon, Philadelphia, Washington. For eight months out of the twelve, press and easel in the Adelphi Terrace House studio were idle; for eight months Whistler Memorial and Senefelder Club missed his initiative and never-ceasing vigilance. He sailed on the twenty-fourth of January and in New York caught the first steamer to Panama.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

The Century Association
7 West 43d Street
2. 3. 12

Dear Professor—How was I to know about the publishers' function because this year for the first time I think they did not send me an invitation. R. U. J. told me of it yesterday and *he* seemed impressed with the solemnity of it.

As

For me I am off at noon to-day to Panama because its now or never —or rather if I dont go to-day, I cant go till the 22d of February.

Do you know any of the big guns down there to whom you could give me a line—my address is care of

J. B. Bishop
Secretary Canal Commission
Panama

I may be back sooner or later via San Francisco.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

He went to Panama because he believed that the greatest work of modern times should give him his greatest chance. His instinct did not mislead him. Panama proved all and more than he hoped, the building of the Canal was exactly at the stage where he would have had it. Everything was right for him from the hour he landed until he sailed away again. His impressions remain, vivid and picturesque, in the lithographs and in the notes he wrote to accompany their reproductions in "Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal" (1912). Compared with what he had seen and drawn in industrial England and France, Germany and Belgium, industry at the Canal was on a colossal scale. The locks, Gatun, Pedro Miguel, Miraflores, were yawning gulfs; their towering walls and mighty gates, their stupendous arches and buttresses not yet hidden as they would be once the water was let in. And the great cranes, the huge buckets, the Cyclopean steam shovels, the big engines, the army of workmen—all "was perfect, the apotheosis of the Wonder of Work." He was no less impressed with the order that went with the activity and the apparent

pleasure of every one, high or low, who played a part in this splendidly organized triumph of labour. He, who asked nothing better of life than work, had at last got to a place where workmen worked as if to work was neither a hardship nor an imposition.

His one regret was for the absence of Colonel Goethals, the genius who controlled the organization, who governed as despot, who was loved, feared, respected by everyone on the Isthmus. He got to know other officials, Colonel Gaillard, Mr. Williamson, J. B. Bishop, Secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission, "who made it possible for me to draw these lithographs", Pennell wrote in dedicating to him the "Pictures of the Panama Canal." Bishop, who was his friend at once, gave him his permits, directed him to his hotel, set him on the right way to see the Canal, asked him to dinner, helped him to select a suitable outfit for the tropics. Only for a single day did Pennell wear any one item of this trousseau—a suit of khaki. Coming home in the afternoon he just caught the last car, the workman's car, tumbling into it and down on a floor carpeted with mud. After that he returned to his tweeds, not unwillingly, for never did a man suffer less from heat than he. The tropical outfit, less the khaki suit, he brought home unworn, to add to his large collection of spoils from Russia, Hungary, Provence, Italy, Spain. To me, the caretaker, it had one great merit. The moths who feasted on the Russian *Schube* had little appetite for clothes adapted to the tropics.

Pennell's method of work astonished the Canal by its unworkmanlike air. He sauntered along, portfolio and campstool under his arm, his waistcoat pockets full of pencils, his eyes half shut in the artist's way which

suggests sleepiness to the uninitiated. "Don't look like much!" the man who worked the steam shovel said, when told that this was an artist of distinction—no big umbrella, no big easel, none of the paraphernalia by which the artist outdoor proclaims his profession. But the man of the steam shovel changed his opinion, before the morning was over, deciding that Pennell could draw. Pennell, in the end, presented him with a print; the two had learned to respect each other as good workmen, each after his fashion. The first afternoon Pennell dropped in at Bishop's, took two or three drawings out of his portfolio, set them up on chairs, and asked anxiously, "Have I got it?" He had indeed, as no one had "got" it before, as no one has "got" it since. Bishop marvelled at the keenness of vision, accuracy of drawing, quick appreciation of the right point of view in a man who that day was seeing the Canal for the first time. A few hesitated in their approval. An engineer told him that his lithograph of workmen being hauled up from Gatun Lock by a great chain was out of drawing. "What of it?" was Pennell's answer, "I am not a pitiful photographer." To suggest the effect of "the most decorative motive I have ever seen in the Wonder of Work" was more important than to rival the camera.

Pennell's pleasure, from beginning to end, was without flaw, his spirits undiminished, and the high standard of his work maintained. So long as work went well he could laugh at discomfort, the difficulty of getting a cocktail or a cigar, the nuisance of the horde of tourists let loose upon the Isthmus, the arrival of Richard Harding—"Dickie"—Davis, one who paraded the paraphernalia of his profession, and on the Isthmus went

ON THE WAY TO WORK IN PANAMA

His Tropical Outfit

resplendent in white duck, helmet, sandals, his green-lined white umbrella conspicuously in sight. The last day, excursionists more omnipresent than ever, Davis more important, Pennell sent a line to Bishop, to say that the news of Dickie's being there had got about, Dickie was being pursued, had escaped into his bath, but was not safe even there—an historic document that Bishop, whose sense of humour was keen, meant to preserve, but a giant cockroach of the Isthmus picked it out as a dainty morsel and that was the end of it.

Pennell returned by San Francisco and the Far West, hitherto unknown to him. His steamer from Panama was slow, dawdled along the coast, making long stops for freight at little Mexican seaport towns. From the steamer he wrote to Copley, and from San Francisco, the next day, to Van Dyke.

TO MR. JOHN COPEY

Off San Francisco

3. 17. 12

Dear Copley—I got your letter just as I was leaving Panama—*which was wonderful*—and where I got THIRTY lithographs—I forget if I wrote since, for *three solid weeks*—we have been coming North—stopping in Mexican ports—Mexico and Central America are wonderful and the dam fools—I mean distinguished American artists neither know nor see it—it is like Spain and Dalmatia rolled into one and running over, the mildest costumes are like this

If there hadnt been a dozen or so revolutions on I should have come back that way but as each is separately stage managed it was too complicated. Now I have to face an American customs which will probably be worse—but I get all that at one go. I hope things have travelled—I have not seen or heard a bit of news for three weeks. But have made some drawings. Write to me to the Century Club—7 West 43d Street, New York City.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

3. 18. 12

My Dear Professor—

I have seen the canal—it is immense—the most stupendous thing of modern times. To belong to a country which has done or dug or built the canal and invented the ski scrap is something. And I am awfully glad I went and *do you go* down this summer—they all say *là-bas* it is not hotter than in the winter and far more beautiful in the rainy season—but may heaven save me from my fellow countrymen who go to see it—fancy being dumped into a hotel, as I was, where you cant even get a cocktail or a cigar, but are forced to buck in with five hundred eminent citizens and citizennesses of St. Louis, Richard Harding Davis and two American Secretaries of State and millions of Germans personally conducted by an ambassador—it was fierce—but worth it—and if you dont go down *this year* you will never see the canal—the most stupendous thing on God's earth. GO. Now on my way back *I have half and more finished* the Illustration book. What do you think of that? And I am going to the Grand Canyon on my way east—and if there is anything I ought to see there please let me know—and write Care C. C. Moore, President Pan Pacific Exhibition San Francisco. I shall be in San Francisco some weeks probably, then Yellow-Stone and Grand Canyon to N. Y.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

In San Francisco, lithographic paper was exchanged for copper plates. The etchings he made there are not so well known as they should be—not so well known as the reproductions in one "Little Book" that got into a second edition before the War turned men's thoughts to other things than books, big or little. The Panama-Pacific International Exposition (1915) was beginning to be talked of and architects asked him for drawings of the buildings. His version is, "I had a big adventure, designing and drawing the Exhibition, a design that was never used, save as propaganda in Europe." The architects asked for more drawings, he hesitated, they were vague, and he was in the Yosemite before they realized he had gone. Long-distance calls implored him to return, but drawing from Nature was more to his taste.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

The Wanona Hotel
Wanona Hotel Co.
California
April 6. 1912

My dear Professor, I havent had a line from you—but am paddling my own stage coach—and railroad fairly well. To-morrow I take my auto.

This—or the Yosemite—is the most wonderful thing of the sort in the world—

and

There should be carven at the entrance *The History of Architecture should be written on the walls of the Yosemite Valley*—the people—dam em—are even more wonderful—they have taken two weeks to find out that I am necessary to the success of their old show—and now are howling and weeping and long distance phoning to get me—there is however only one way—your way—to see the Coun-

try—go it alone—and camp out—the stage ride—Yosemite here—is beyond belief—did you ever do it? Forest all the way and snow too—road dug out—superb—and only one person—we came over it—behind four horses. Just swell. Yes it is a great country—and has more cock sure asses in it than England even—they make me tired—To-morrow Big Trees, then Big Canyon—then the effete East which as a steady diet I prefer—Three long distance phones half of which unintelligible—other half deciphered by three relays—and three telegrams—no four—another has come, just of ninety words—each is too rich for me—especially as after it all—I dunno where I are—and letters too.—Golly what a people and they are mostly Jews—I wish I had seen it before. But I have seen a lot in my little jaunt of about 10,000 miles.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

El Tovar, Grand Canyon, Arizona

4. 18. 12

My Dear Professor—Beast! You never answered my beautiful letter from Mexico. Did you get it—maybe it was corralled or commandeered for the postage stamp. I am reminded of the fact because I saw

The Desert

there on the bookstall and all Ive got to say—is if—you still want to take me about here I'm on, if its anything like the rest of the country which is too wonderful and suggestive and inspiring for words, and no one in painting and drawing has touched it—and I have only seen the Rim. Now I know "some people are so crooked they cant lay straight in bed" (latest I got on). But the above is the truth. I am now going to the Cliff Dwellers—not of Chicago—and then to the effete East—but Frisco was, in ways, the limit.

Joseph Pennell

We met in Philadelphia at the end of April, he coming from the West, I from across the Atlantic. We engaged rooms in the Hotel Walton for an indefinite stay; the Philadelphia book, in the air since 1910, could not be

left there any longer. To me, the visit was far more of an event than to him. Except for one afternoon in 1908, I had not been in Philadelphia since 1884. I arrived the same day and hour as Mr. Taft on a political speechifying tour, a fact referred to at the beginning of the next letter. Pennell gave me time to get what I could out of the excitement and sentiment of home-coming. He had been through it before, and to transfer his drawings from paper to stone, to learn how they had survived the tropics and the long journey was excitement enough for him. But first, he reported his arrival to Mr. Johnson, his letter as buoyant, as abounding in suggestions as any he ever wrote in his impetuous youth.

TO MR. ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

Philadelphia
April 28 (1912)

Dear R.U.J.

I got here yesterday and eventually disentangled Mrs. Pennell from Taft and other things. All the drawings of Panama, the Yosemite, The Grand Canyon ARE FINISHED, but they are all on lithographic paper and I am going to the printers here to-morrow to see if I can have them put on stone. If so I shall go ahead—if not they must be photographed. Will you allow me to select them! I would suggest you have as many as you will stand of Panama without text unless I write it. I would be kind to the Pore ole government—as they were nice to me. If you are willing, who is the photographer here I should go to?

Ditto Yosemite and Grand Canyon.

San Francisco is all etchings. They are on the plates but not bitten—that will take some time.

Now for the other things. As you do not know, I came back by Mexico Coast and have seen Selina Cruz and Acapulco, etc—I made several drawings in colour—would you like them to reproduce in

colour? This is the country where the trouble is. Answer—please. Next I would like to draw and the Mrs. to write *Philadelphia after 25 years*—contrasting our first article in *The Century* with, maybe the last. We are going to Washington this week or next, why could I not make some lithos of him? Pictorial Washington or something of that sort?

Nextest. I stopped off at Pittsburgh and Beatty gave me an invitation from the Steel Co.—or said he'd get it to take a cruise from Pittsburgh to Duluth—is it worth while? I have never done the lakes—who has?—we would own the steamship. Finally—I am going west again some time—for there is nothing like the Desert and I guess Van Dyke—John will go with me—there.

Yours

Joseph Pennell

Pennell took the drawings to the Ketterlinus Lithographic Manufacturing Company in Philadelphia, where he found as Art Manager an old fellow Academy student, Mr. Robert G. Leinroth who was willing to let him work in his way—in fact, suggested that he should—astonishing after his experience in London lithographic shops. Mr. Leinroth was untiring in his efforts to make things smooth and easy, and his recent account to me of the work, Pennell's enthusiasm, and the results, has an authority that nothing I could write would rival. If my knowledge of the actual work done is second-hand, nobody knows as well as I how intense was Pennell's pleasure in getting all that was in the drawings out of them on to the stone and into the prints. For days he did and talked of nothing else. Prints, paper, chalks, were scattered over our hotel rooms in his usual disorderly order, spread as far as to my dressing table, to the dismay of Philadelphia relations unused to the ways of artists.

TO MRS. JOSEPH PENNELL

Jan. 31. 1928

My dear Mrs. Pennell—

On Mr. Pennell's return from Panama he told me that he had endeavoured to have the drawings transferred in New York City but found no one there sufficiently interested to do it. I understood that the J. B. Lippincott Co. advised him to try Ketterlinus. A phone message from J. B. L. Co.—was received by our Treasurer who got in touch with me, asking me if I would be interested. I asked him if he knew the artist's name and he replied it was something like Pennell. I said do you mean Joe Pennell. If that is the case by all means send him round to see me. Of course I knew very much about Mr. Pennell and his work and I embraced this opportunity with enthusiasm. Mr. Pennell brought a few of the Panama drawings with him and started to explain how he wanted the subjects handled. I told him why not come right into the printing room and direct the work yourself. I well remember his surprise and remark "You dont mean to say you will let me come into your printing room?"—I put him in touch with Mr. Gregor, one of the most resourceful printers I ever met. The rest you know. Yes, the Panama drawings were the first we transferred for him and in every case I saw to it that Mr. Pennell was present. If I recollect rightly all the Panama drawings were made on the Cornelissen paper (a coated paper) which Mr. Pennell brought from Europe.

It was in subsequent work that Mr. Pennell conceived the idea of making the drawings on a good hard paper (no coating) with a nice grain to it. It worked perfectly and with just the proper amount of dampening, the drawing was not only transferred but the original drawing was practically left intact. In some cases very black touches (solid black) may have lifted off in spots but these were very readily touched in again on the original drawing. I might mention however that the Panama drawings were made so long before transferring and under such adverse conditions that I doubt if they could have been handled so as to save the originals. The fact that they were made on the coated paper I fear would have been against them. I want to say that Mr. Pennell deserves all the credit of suggesting these experiments and fortunately he had the sympathetic support

and the technical knowledge of Mr. Gregor to help him in his good work—and I assure you that I derived an endless amount of pleasure in seeing these wonderful drawings develop so nicely and to me Mr. Pennell created a most welcome oasis in the desert of commercialism which unfortunately is so much in evidence in present day lithography . . . . .

Yours very sincerely
Robert G. Leinroth

Pennell appreciated Gregor, a German trained in the Berlin shop where Menzel worked: the best printer he ever had anything to do with, he often said. His letter to Mr. Leinroth twelve years later, when he heard of Gregor's death, finds its most appropriate place here as his tribute to the man who ensured the success of his Panama prints.

TO MR. ROBERT G. LEINROTH

Hotel Bossert
Brooklyn, N.Y.
January 4, 1924

Dear Mr. Leinroth—

I have only just received your note about Gregor—I am very sorry—for he was not only a good printer but a strong link between the old methods and the new—in fact I do not know of anyone who can take his place, or do the work he could do—He, as you know, helped me over many hard places and in the future when I get in lithographic difficulties I do not know to whom I can turn—still I think most of my lithographic work is done and Gregor helped with it greatly. I am very much disappointed in the School this year —the outfit is excellent, the output nearly nil—the average American Art student, is up on everything but art and the crafts—that he has to depend on men like Gregor for—I see the art of lithography disappearing in this country—with Gregor. I am sorry and sad.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

His success with the Panama, Yosemite and Grand Canyon prints encouraged him to use lithography for the illustration of the Philadelphia book, upon which he now set to work. Together we went on the old tramps, to the old haunts we loved in our young days so long ago: a sad experience, Philadelphia having begun its wholesale destruction of the beauty and character Penn bequeathed to his "greene city." Our depression reached the lowest point at Bartram's which meant more to us in its old neglect, the garden a wilderness, the house time-stained and worn, than in its new spick-and-span order as part of Philadelphia's park system. Other beloved landmarks had suffered, though a few, either still in the possession of the original family, or in charge of sometimes too zealous City Fathers or Devoted Daughters of This or That, had escaped. It was simply what happens everywhere, only we had not watched it in the happening—that was all. No artist's eyes have been keener for the picturesqueness of the modern world than Pennell's and if the new Philadelphia was not as "Unbelievable" as New York, architects and chance combined had provided dramatic effects and amazing contrasts. He was stirred by the arrangement of the tall skyscrapers rising, story after story, above the little red brick and white marble streets, stirred by the city of high towers and spires Philadelphia had become when seen from Fairmount Park or League Island. He did not waste his time lamenting the past; he drew what survived of it and got what he could out of the present. His reputation as lithographer was strengthened by the illustrations to "Our Philadelphia", an unrivalled presentment of his

native town as it was at the beginning of the twentieth century. He wished to have the prints safely preserved in the archives of the Pennsylvania Historical Society and offered them for an absurdly small sum. The Society refused—to change its mind in more recent years and buy them for a high price from a dealer.

Socially, Philadelphia amused him—amused both of us—so inclined was it then, though not later, to accept us as the prophets usually unrecognized in their own country. We were offered a steady course of dinners, luncheons, receptions, visits, ceremonies. Pennell went when they did not interfere with his work. When they interfered, I went without him, probably the beginning of his waning popularity as prophet. Those were the days when to be asked to meet Doctor Weir Mitchell "placed" one, and we were asked; when to figure in Peggy Shippen's *Ledger* column was a social certificate, and we figured; when Mr. and Mrs. Talcott Williams were expected to give an evening in their Clinton Street house to every distinguished guest, and they conferred this distinction upon us; when to be invited to the Penn Club was to have the Philadelphia seal set upon one's fame, and the Club not merely invited us but held a reception in our honour. The climax came when all Philadelphia was again invited to meet us, this time at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and a hero was made of the once unpopular student. It was an unhoped-for olive branch and Pennell was pleased, though the pleasure was tinged with humour. For me to stay on after this would have been an anti-climax. My material was gathered. My book could be written in London as easily as in Philadelphia. But for

Pennell the summer was scarcely long enough to finish the Philadelphia lithographs, and he had not begun the Washington series which he had proposed and the *Century* accepted. There was little for him to discover in Washington. He was sure beforehand of his points of view, sure also that much of the beauty of the town depends upon its trees. Therefore, he interrupted the Philadelphia work to run down for a few days and make his prints there before the summer was at an end.

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ANNOUNCES HIS TRIUMPH AT THE UFFIZI TO KEPPELS

CHAPTER XXXIV

IN THE LAND OF TEMPLES
(1913)

Pennell's imagination travelled faster than his hands. Before he finished one piece of work, sometimes before he started it, he was planning the next. In Panama, the Land of Cranes and Steam Shovels, his thoughts strayed to Greece, the Land of Temples. The contrast between the Classic and the Modern haunted him, and he played with the idea, developed it. While he drew concrete gates and walls in the Canal Zone, he could see on his paper the temples and shrines of the Acropolis. Visions of their grandeur sent his imagination wandering to those other ancient temples on the Nile. Greece and Egypt must come next in his Itinerary of Work. "In Greece," he wrote in his "Note to Joseph Pennell's Pictures in the Land of Temples", he wanted to see "what remained of her glory, to see if the greatest work of the past impressed me as much as the greatest work of the present—and to try to find out which was the greater—the more inspiring."

It was too late to think of going in 1912. He was in Adelphi Terrace House by the middle of September, but it was one thing to get back to London, quite another to get away again. Arrears of work reproached him for neglect, fresh interests entangled him. A number of his lithographs had to be transferred and printed. Gregor,

having taught him what could be done, it was possible to dictate to the Ways and to refuse to stay longer in that outer room while the printers did what they, not he, wanted. Days were spent with Bray, Way's printer, and a printer of resources under Pennell's direction. The Panama lithographs, as soon as seen, attracted the attention that could not well be refused them. Exhibitions were proposed—by Marcus B. Huish at the Fine Art Society's for December, by the Keppels in New York for October. The *Century* reproduced eight prints for their August number (1912), and eight appeared in the *Studio* for November. A set of the originals was promptly bought for South Kensington Museum, another set not long afterwards for the British Museum. The news of a third set sold he sent to Mr. Johnson, with a programme for next year's journey, destined never to be carried farther.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street. Strand
London. W.C.
10. 3. 12

Dear Professor—But I aint in New York, and am struggling here.

Is it true you liked what I did in the Canyon? because I did—and I am coming back to see more and try to do more of that most wonderful place. You are right about *That* and *The Desert*.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

P.S. Yesterday the effete government of this back number country bought

ALL

the Panama Lithographs for South Kensington. Fancy. Well. Sure.

TO MR. ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

3. Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street Strand.
London, W.C.
Nov. 7h. 1912

Well—Praise be to the Lord—Teddie is Busted! Hooroo! !

Dear Johnson,

Well I shall get at Quebec coming that way, and going on out to the Yellow Stone.

Gabrielle d'Annunzio *has bought* an entire set of the Panama Lithographs—He is building a palace to put them in! Next,

Yours
Joseph Pennell

What of San Francisco and Washington.

It can be gathered from this letter that Pennell was no admirer of Roosevelt who, to him, was "the American Queen Victoria." He had a fancy for picturesque descriptions of the kind: "a Western schoolma'am on the loose" was his "word-picture" of a famous dancer unexpectedly plain and provincial as he saw her at an evening party; "What Ho" for Walter Armstrong, "Clutter-Up" for Clutterbrock, art critic of the *Times*, did not seem inappropriate at the time.

After his long absence from London, on his return he redoubled his active interest in the Senefelder Club, renewed his correspondence with Doctor Singer.

TO PROFESSOR DOCTOR HANS W. SINGER

3. Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street. Strand
London, W.C.
Oct. 26. 1912

Dear Singer—It is ages since I heard from you—as you may know from Copley, I have been in America for eight months and as you

also know, you and he seem to have brought off the German Lithographic Shows. Have they had any success—I hope so. As for me I went to Panama which was wonderful—some little idea of what I did maybe you can get from the next STUDIO (Nov. No.) I also went to San Francisco, Yosemite and Grand Canyon, so wonderful I am going back next year.

Another matter—on my way East I stopped at Pittsburgh and the Director of the Gallery (Carnegie Gallery) John Beatty told me that they were going to start a Print Room shortly and wanted an organizer and Director—and I recommended

You

Did you ever hear from or of him?

Yours
Joseph Pennell

3. Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street. Strand
London. W.C.
Oct. 29h 1912

Dear Singer—What a high and mighty landlord proprietor and everything else you are become.

I

recommended you to the Carnegie people for two reasons—

First

Because you know your work and artists

Second

Because you are (or were, I hope you still are) an American

But

Fixed as you now are—I dont think I should—bother any longer about America—it is interesting there—amazing—*wunderbar*

But

you would I fear have a horrid hustling time—worry and work—here you can do your work in your own way—The Panama things have been a success—a big one—and I am very glad—for it was the biggest—and the most picturesque thing imaginable.

As to the Senefelder Club—why wont some of the German dealers take up some of the members—men like Pryse, Sullivan,

Copley, Miss Hope. I am looked after by Obach so am all right. But we mean that lithography *shall* come again into its own—

Yours

Joseph Pennell

For some reason the Senefelder Exhibition was held earlier this winter—before Christmas, in November—at the Stafford Gallery under the management of John Nevill. Pennell's Exhibition at the Fine Art Society's, opened at the end of the month. It included not only the Panama Series, but the Yosemite and Grand Canyon, a few New York and industrial subjects, and a number of etchings. He would not come to the Private View, convinced it would be a failure and not anxious to preside at a failure of his own. Had he come he would have seen himself succeed magnificently and it would have been strange had he not succeeded. The collection was impressive, well hung, for he had hung it. And people were impressed, showed they were in practical fashion. Few had wanted those charming little Spanish lithographs when he exhibited them in the same gallery, now everybody wanted the Panama prints. Critics who most objected to him personally praised the superb draughtsmanship, the poetic feeling.

From printers and societies and exhibitions, he snatched time, both before and after Christmas, to lecture here, there, everywhere—Reading, Brighton, Bradford, South Kensington Museum, the Royal Society of Arts, the County Council Central School. To Edinburgh, where the Senefelder show had gone, and Glasgow, Copley went with him and together they gave practical demonstrations of transferring and printing.

"The Edinborough Show looks very well," he reported to McLure Hamilton on his return. "There and at Glasgow drawings put on the stone and printed while you wait—Lithographers paralyzed—Professors delighted—public befoozelled—students all rushing it to lithografee . . . . Are you coming to the Circus at the Society of Arts?" The "Circus" was his lecture.

He had long given up lecture tours with an agent or manager. He was not a lecturer for the general public with whom, only occasionally in his wide experience, did he feel himself in touch. His method puzzled people who could not keep up with him. In the beginning he read his lecture, for him a mistake. To all appearances he too was puzzled, as if he had no memory of having written it, was wondering how it all got on paper. He stumbled, stammered, hesitated, became fluent only when a picture was on the screen and he could explain it offhand without need of text or notebook. As soon as he discovered his mistake, he gave up reading and talked. Here again he puzzled, often outraged the outsider, for he talked on the platform precisely as he talked at home to friends over the dinner table, as if he had made no preparation whatever—though he had, the most careful preparation. Fresh ideas came to him as he talked, he would argue with himself, at times contradict himself, apparently mastering his subject in discussing it. Over the dinner table Whistler would interrupt him often: "Hold up Joseph, you are talking shorthand." And I remember once Anning Bell, who had dined at Adelphi Terrace during my absence, telling me afterwards that it was a delightful dinner but he kept wishing I was there to interpret. In the lecture hall Pennell was with-

out interpreter, without a friend to interrupt. Audiences not in sympathy disliked the challenge to their intelligence, disliked as much the strong words with which strong opinions were expressed. But to an audience in sympathy, the earnestness of his endeavour to get at the truth was an inspiration. The very honesty of his contradictions convinced them. They liked to be taken into his confidence, to have him work out his problems for their benefit. His students understood, were responsive, which is always a help to a lecturer. And not solely his students. Mr. Edward L. Tinker, after one of Pennell's talks at the Art Students' League, assured me that he had never learned so much about the subject, which was etching, never been so interested, never so stimulated by a lecturer. Nor was he alone in his recognition, his appreciation. Therefore, Pennell was in demand at art schools, art societies, art galleries.

At last, early in March, 1913, he started for Greece, going directly to Athens, coming home by way of Taormina and Girgenti. Greece was as "wonderful", as "beautiful", as he pictured it in far-off Panama, though he had an idea that a knowledge of the language and the literature might have helped him "to see more." He was sure that, had he not been familiar with the greatest art of the rest of Europe, he could not have been so moved by what he did see "in the Land of Temples, the land where we have derived most of our ideas, ideals, and inspiration"—sure also at Segesta that, had he not been to the Grand Canyon, one of Nature's compositions, he would not have known how marvellous were the architectural compositions of the Greeks—man's work and finer. He was thrilled, as was to be expected

in a draughtsman whose sense of composition was unerring, by "that great feeling of the Greek for site in placing temples and shrines in the landscape—so that they not only become a part of the landscape, but it leads up to them . . . They were always composed—always different—and they were built with grand ideas of composition, impressiveness and arrangement." Greece confirmed his theory of the importance of tradition. "In our great works of to-day we are only carrying on the tradition of the great works of the past."

When friends he made in the British School at Athens asked what he wanted to see, "Temples that stood up", he said. To direct him was simple, for wherever he went they stood up, at Aegina and Segesta as on the Acropolis, at Delphi as at Corinth, at Girgenti as at Taormina. More than this, wherever he went, they arranged some special effect for him. Thanks to his habit of getting out of bed early, he had a vision of the Acropolis as the morning sun rose over it; thanks to his habit of dining when it suited him, he saw the façade of the Parthenon glorified at sunset. He "happened" to get to the Temple of Concord at Girgenti just at sunrise and once to the Acropolis when the Parthenon was white against the blackness of a coming storm. He drew the rocks "shining" at Delphi, because the light at the moment explained "the way the cliffs were built up", and only afterwards learned from a Greek authority that he "had shown one of the great things of Greece." The majesty of the Temple of Jupiter as he approached it in the gathering darkness was the inspiration of the most beautiful lithograph of the series. The one blot on the beauty everywhere was the indifference to it of archæ-

ologists and tourists. At Corinth the Americans had built a shanty on one side of the Temple and on the other stored their "stuff" in a bare barrack. At Taormina he waited days for the mists to clear and when at last they did, "I had it all to myself for it was tea-time." At Girgenti's Temple of Concord, "When the glow of the sunset falls on it, and when the shadows block out the great rifts on the walls—walls which are like cliffs—and when the tourists and archæologists have gone to dress for dinner and left one alone, one learns in the silence that the Greeks were divine artists." At Aegina, "the temple placed perfectly . . . . one of the most beautiful temples in this beautiful land", the guardian told him he was the third person who had visited it between January and April of that year.

From Athens, he travelled with a guide and a donkey. He disliked both, had never condescended to them before. But in districts he was going to, he would find no other means of transport save the donkey, no one else to cook for him save the guide. He got as far as Meteora, that extraordinary land of jagged, crooked, bare rocks, a monastery, and hospitable monks on the top of most of them, baskets let down to carry up the traveller, when road and footpaths failed. His correspondence languished. His daily notes to me were posted when and where he could, all lost in the London warehouse. The one letter I have been able to obtain is to Copley, from Athens, on Senefelder business, dateless, a breathless, unpunctuated paragraph to say why. He was never too engrossed in his own work to neglect his other responsibilities. As president of the Senefelder Club he felt personally responsible for its fame and fortune.

In The Land of Temples

TO MR. JOHN COPLEY

Hotel Continental
Athènes

I have no idea of the date—as you must understand—there is an unknown quantity of difference of dates between this heathen pagan lying courier-ridden swindling land and

civilization

and when one cant even read print its difficult to keep things straight—

Dear Copley
However

I have your letter of May 6th—I think the Bedford Street affair—is probably all right—EXCEPT the paying for advertisements which is all wrong and ruinous. There is no reason in it and an awful expense may be incurred. I am glad Brangwyn has come in. I expect to leave here next week—this is a Monday, and shall come back via Sicily, Naples, Rome—stopping to see the show and Florence. I have seen things here to make you dizzy—its a mad country. "Columns"—as they call them—be damned but there is other truck—have gone to dinner in a basket or been asked to and lived on top of this for days.

Joseph Pennell

I could never decide which was the greater joy to him, the successful journey of work or the successful days of proving and printing that came after. At Way's, in June, he was able to save the Greek originals in the transferring, in some cases with the paper slightly damaged and none the better now for the years of rotting in the London warehouse and much packing and unpacking, but in fine enough condition for a place in the Pennell Collection in the Library of Congress. The prints did not wait for recognition. Heinemann who, when he gave his interest, gave it without stint, immediately demanded a volume on the Land of Temples—for the Joseph Pennell's Pictures Series, and brought friends to see the prints, Mr. Gilbert Murray among them. Mr. George Macmillan of the Hellenic Society, Mr. Sydney Cockerill, Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Mr. R. G. Dawkins of the British School to whom the book is dedicated, Doctor Charles Waldstein—all these and other Greek scholars descended upon the studio and approved. Exhibitions were arranged for the autumn at the Hellenic Society in London, the Fitzwilliam in Cambridge, Keppels in New York. The Century Club and the University of Pennsylvania talked of exhibitions but got no farther than talk. Recognition of a different kind came from Belgium, where he often exhibited and oftener invited distinguished artists of that country to show with the International and the Senefelder. Writing to Mr. Butler Wood on July twelfth he signed himself: "Joseph Pennell, *Membre de l'Académie Royale de Belgique*, to which I have just been elected." These facts, or some of them, are sufficient clue to the following letters, if I add that he was hoping to return to Panama in 1913.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

3. Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street Strand
London. W.C.

10.7.13

My Dear Van Dyke—No—I did not get to Panama they advised me not to come saying that they could not wait.

You are very good about the amenities and the Century and I have written Keppels to take the matter up first consulting you.

My brother-in-law Edward Robins secretary of the University of Penna has got at it there. The Cambridge show will open here in a few days, and with it all I hope something may come off.

You are very good about it all.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

3. Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street. Strand
London. W.C.

11. 22. 13

My Dear Professor,

You are very good. I am arranging all these matters. Of course I should like to show at the Century [Club] if it can be arranged and is not too much trouble for you to bother about.

I shall probably come over next summer—if it had not been for that muck up in *The Century* [magazine] I should be there now. But if you want my mountains why could you not use some of the Yosemite and Grand Canyon things and I have Greek mountains and Italian mountains. Would any of them come in. The mountains of Carrara which I have done are amazing

Yours
Joseph Pennell

In loyalty to the Senefelder Club, Pennell reserved a large group of the Greek lithographs for their autumn exhibition, which this year moved again—to Goupil

and Company's in Bedford Street, with Mr. Tinson as manager. The Club had branched out into a scheme of Honorary Members of whom nothing was required save their names, and Lay Members who, in return for a small subscription, received each year a proof of a lithograph made especially for distribution among them by an artist member. In the summer he could announce Bénédite's Honorary Membership. He was not an admirer of Bénédite, the man, but he understood the value of Bénédite, Director of the Luxembourg.

TO MR. JOHN COPLEY

3. Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street Strand
London W.C.
7. 11. 13

Dear Copley—Bénédite—Luxembourg—writes he will come in under the circus tent.

Yours

Josephus Academicus
Pennellopolipois
Philadelphios

He hoped by now to be free for the winter in Egypt. But London was more impossible than ever to get away from. J. E. D. Trask, Art Commissioner of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, came to London early in the autumn, stayed there off and on until Christmas, and depended for many things on Pennell's experience of international exhibitions and knowledge of European art and artists. Mr. Imre Kiralfy, organizing an Anglo-American Exhibition for the summer of 1914, at the White City, Shepherd's Bush, sought Pennell's coöperation and Pennell, ever ready for any scheme to make American art better known in Europe, joined the committee. As the American Government, to his disappointment, would take no official part in the coming Exhibition of the Book Industry and Graphic Arts in Leipzig, Pennell, when asked by the British Government, agreed to work on the British committee. Altogether, for him, 1914 could not have begun with greater promise of interest and a more unclouded horizon. No time was left for worry and anxiety over the change of proprietorship and management of the Century Company, though it meant the end of his close and intimate relations with the magazine which had given him his start in life.

Scene
Salunda
Reporter

ANNOUNCES TRASK'S DEPARTURE ON BOAT TRAIN
TO J. McLURE HAMILTON

CHAPTER XXXV

THE LEIPZIG EXHIBITION THE WAR (1914)

I would like to linger over the first six months of 1914. They more than fulfilled their promise, while the tragedy that overtook the world in July never altogether lifted its shadow from his life. If he could not leave London, there was no possibility of idleness in his studio from which he seldom would have strayed had not his subjects forced him to. Etchings were always waiting to be printed, experiments to be made. For one thing, he was seeking to free himself from the lithographic printer. A lithographic press and stones would be too cumbersome an addition in the largest studio to an etching press and copper plates. One day he was drawing with lithographic chalk on an aluminium plate—aluminium is a pleasant surface to draw on—and it suddenly occurred to him, why not prove the plate on his etching press? If he could get a decent proof, one of the problems of lithography for the artist might be solved. I cannot forget his excitement as he threw the blankets over the cylinder, carefully lifted the print from the plate. The press could not have played up better. It gave him a proof that might mean, he said, a revolution in artistic lithography. But he could go no farther with the experiment just then, interruptions were too frequent and too many.

His water-colour box in those years was never out of reach. Every day, every hour, every minute lent a new loveliness to St. Paul's and Westminster, as he looked upon them from that great semicircle of windows at the river end of the studio. In the early morning, in the late evening, in fog, rain, sunshine, Wren's City and the Houses of Parliament provided him with ever-changing effects of light and colour and atmosphere; Charing Cross Bridge became as decorative as any bridge in Hiroshige; the shot tower and brewery opposite, on the Surrey shore, were transformed into things of beauty. Note after note was made; no one saw them, they were for his pleasure. Other impressions were in oil, very liquid as he used it, not better adapted but as sympathetic a medium, and from it he got a different quality. His canvases were small; effects in London pass quickly. I do not know how many he painted, but I can still see them as they stood three or four deep along one side of the studio, their faces to the wall. Like the water colours, they were solely for his study and delight.

To-day, I think it a pity that the interruptions from outside were incessant. The smaller interruptions were bad enough: people coming to seek advice, to submit drawings, to ask an opinion in a well-nigh endless procession. Augustine had orders not to admit them, but with her native sense of politeness, objected to turning them away and, as the door of my little work-room was directly opposite the front door, she would turn them over to me instead. Mr. Ernest Dressel North reminded me recently of his experience. He came with drawings, or prints, said to be Whistler's. I knew Pennell's interest in anything concerning Whistler and

thought this one of the occasions when he should be disturbed. I caught him between two printings. Mr. North described his sudden appearance, in long grey blouse covered with ink, his arms with sleeves rolled up to the elbows as inky. He gave one glance at the drawings: "Damned rubbish!" and was gone. It may sound rude, but any printer of his own etchings will sympathize.

Augustine, unknowingly, was sometimes the offender. Her special pride in the flat was the studio floor, a superb brown in colour, and waxed and polished until it was clear as a mirror, slippery as ice. I remember Pennell descending upon me one morning, shutting my door carefully, and "What does Augustine think that room is, a studio or a damned skating rink?" He would not have said it to her for the world. He appreciated her pride in her work of art and I am sure rather shared it.

The larger interruptions were more serious because not to be escaped. The Anglo-American Exposition was to open in May and Pennell's correspondence as Honorary Secretary of the London Committee was enormous. He sent out special invitations to the American artists in England whose work would give distinction to the show. To men he knew personally he added an informal line, asking for certain works with a view to the decorative effect of the galleries, to him an important consideration. "How many of those busts and other sculpturesque things have you got and how many can you let us have? They are just what we want for the long gallery," he wrote to McLure Hamilton, and the writing of many such notes, short as they were, swallowed up time. More correspondence was with Hugo Reisinger, who agreed

Joseph Pennell
in his Studio which
was a real Studio
Thus to Tinker
Joseph Pennell

to bring his American collection from Germany to Shepherd's Bush. Committee meetings made further inroads. Besides, Trask appointed him Honorary Secretary to the London Advisory Committee of the Panama-Pacific International. John S. Sargent was the chairman, John McLure Hamilton and Paul W. Bartlett the only other members: three men he felt it an advantage to work with. Meetings were held in his studio. I remember the amazement of Sargent who had never seen it before—he did not know there was anything so wonderful, so beautiful in London. Pennell had learned from experience that Hamilton and Bartlett did not take their responsibilities on a committee lightly; now he discovered that Sargent was as conscientious, attending all meetings, going deep into questions of packing, transport, insurance—a valuable chairman.

San Francisco was less urgent, Shepherd's Bush less important than Leipzig. To promote a fine exhibition of any art, he considered no labour, no fatigue too great, and the graphic arts were his particular province. The opening of the Exhibition was down for the end of April, preparations were made in the rush he objected to. German delegates in London early in the year came with Mr. Campbell Dodgson to see him and to lunch, the lunch table to Pennell being the best place to talk business. The Board of Trade, in charge of the British Section, put him on the general committee, then on sub-committees where he was with friends, Heinemann and Morley Fletcher; fortunately, for all was not clear sailing.

Despite endless meetings and countless complications, he found or made time to lecture to the Architectural Association in March, and, on February sixteenth and

twenty-third and March third, to the Royal Society of Arts, giving the Cantor Lectures, considered the Society's most important lectures of the year. His subject was Artistic Lithography and the lectures were published almost at once not only in the Society's *Journal*, but in pamphlet form.

To his great satisfaction, he and Morley Fletcher were chosen by the Board of Trade to hang the prints in Leipzig. The two men had been together on international committees, held the same standard of hanging, understood each other, were equally enthusiastic in the cause of art. He started on the journey with pleasure and he enjoyed every minute in Leipzig. He learnt much from other sections in the Exhibition—he was always learning; he saw much in the town, above all the School of Graphic Arts, to him the model school, and he hoped to the last that something of the sort might be established in the United States. He made friends—Doctor Volkmann, President of the Exhibition, and Herr Wagner were helpful and hospitable; he and Fletcher were dined, made everything of by the Baedekers. Both came away with a delightful impression of Germany and Germans. Moreover, everywhere on the journey and at Leipzig were industrial subjects, Wonders of Work, but the White City could not wait. He was in London by the third of May, from then until the opening, May fourteenth, was rarely at home. But, once the Exhibition was opened, he hurried back to Germany. The appeal of the subjects he had seen was not to be resisted, the Gurlitt firm of Berlin offered him a commission for a series of lithographs in that town, a series of exhibitions in German towns was arranged for.

The Leipzig Exhibition

TO MR. FRANK MORLEY FLETCHER

Hotel Sedan
Leipzig
June 9h 1914

Dear Fletcher—I have turned up here again—to-night—I have had a fierce time. It has poured in spots—to begin with daily—and ended in a deluge.

I came by Cologne—and went to the Exhibition there—*You* should see it—if you come. The whole of the German art schools have taken up Post Impressionism—and you cant tell one from the other and that is the outcome of it. There is simply no character—and incidentally no art—in the whole shooting fest—or if that is art—I am so glad I am such a back number—I can only appreciate the Botticellis—Leibls, Degas among moderns—Renoir—Courbet—Böcklin—Isaye—to-day in Frankfort—in the museum. I was to have done some work there—but owing to rain—want of subjects—and grabbiness of dealers—I left in twelve hours. You should also go—to Meinz—Mayence—or however you spell it—and see the Gutenberg Printing Museum—it is stunningly arranged—and a perfect give away on the Crafty Arty British artists' assertion that Morris Ricketts Crane and Co. have had any influence—on German printing—they—the Germans have prigged the tricks and ideas from Morris—that he

Stole

from them—and they are now on their own—going to do good lettering and design and printing because they are going back to their own *German* traditions that they forgot for a while—and which Morris never understood and did not know enough to practice properly.

Old Humbug
he was
!

But if you come—look for yourself—I hope this show will pan out properly—I may very likely re-hang the British section or the part we put up on Brown Paper. I only got in at 8.30 P.M.—

I am everywhere more and more impressed with this new concrete architecture—I have seen wonderful things—only here they have built in that splendid arch of the station and spoiled the

effect—they work like Hell—and get through. I am on my way to Berlin—where I dont believe I will do anything—and then back—if you want to kick me for this—write to London.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

They had even forgotten us here in this pothouse.

TO PROFESSOR DOCTOR HANS W. SINGER

Hotel Excelsior
Berlin S. W. 11
June 25—

Dear Singer—I am going to work in this city—There are some things here to do—I want to know also—if the scaffolding on the big church in Dresden has been taken down—I believe it was a while ago covered with it—if it is still there I want to come and draw it—I have to-day seen Herrmann—and he wishes to be remembered to you.

Please make my excuses to Mrs. Singer for not answering her card—and not waiting to see her in Leipzig.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

I am so sick, that I did not get together a good show of American work—and in it a good show of my own things.

J.P.

Pennell feared that Berlin would be empty of subjects; he found it full of more than he could use. He transferred his lithographs at the Pan Press, working there for a fortnight, Professor Paul Von Herrmann etching him, hands in his pockets, cigar in his mouth, eyes fixed on the last proof pulled. When that proof was just right he trusted the edition to the printers, returned to Leipzig to draw the railway station, the zeppelin shed and zeppelins; went on to Cologne and drew the new railway bridge; to Oberhausen, Ruhrort, Kiel, Hamburg; saw

the launching of the Bismarck, but nothing as extraordinary as a monster grain elevator in the harbour, the motive for his most dramatic lithograph. He was in Germany when the Sarajevo murders startled the world, he was there when Austria sent her ultimatum to Serbia. He was conscious of war rumours, of nervousness among his German friends, but no more soldiers were about than usual, war talk was no more threatening. Before he started for London, Germany and Russia were at war, and he had been in London only a day or two when Great Britain joined the Allies.

Pennell's attitude during the war was so misunderstood, so misjudged, so distorted, that, in justice to him, I must do what I can to explain it. I cannot sufficiently emphasize the fact of his extreme sensitiveness. Most artists are sensitive or they would not be artists, but few to the same degree, few stirred to the depths as he was by beauty on the one hand, suffering on the other. The child who wept for joy in the loveliness of Cresheim Creek grew into the man whose emotion his first year in Italy was almost pain; who longed to stay forever in every Cathedral town he made drawings of, because to part with its beauty was such sorrow; whose chief consideration in choosing a place to live in was the outlook from the windows. Pennell knew almost every inch of Belgium and that part of France of which war was making a vast slaughter house; he had cycled many times, alone or with me, from the Vosges to the British Channel, through the rich agricultural country, along the stately, poplar-lined roads, into the cities, each more picturesque than the last, which were now the prey of war and its horrors. Liège, Louvain and

Antwerp, Nancy, Soissons and Reims, were the names that figured in the first bulletins and each bomb that fell on towns where he once worked peacefully, lovingly, day after day, left a fresh wound in his heart. It was torture to think of the destruction of beauty begun in wholesale measure, and to go on who could say how long? misery as acute to think of the wholesale bloodshed. He, who would faint at the sight of blood, could not stand the vision each day brought of supposed-to-be sane men, in a long bloody line of four hundred miles, murdering each other without mercy. He was sickened, his whole soul in revolt against the crime. And what reason was there for it? One day, shortly after his return, he met John Burns in the Strand. Burns, with Lord Morley, had resigned from the Cabinet on the declaration of war. He did not believe in Great Britain's responsibility, it was almost as if he looked upon his country's treaty with Belgium as the scrap of paper Germany's seemed to Bethmann-Hollweg. "A most unnecessary war! most unnecessary!" he said to Pennell, and I wished he had not, for the word stuck in Pennell's memory—unnecessary this laying waste of fruitful country and ancient towns, this slaying of men made for better things—a word of despair as he spoke it.

It must also be remembered that Pennell was a Quaker. He might never go to Meeting, might never use the plain language with the world's people, might think his obligations fulfilled when he sent his yearly contribution to Germantown Meeting and met the demands of Germantown Friends' School. But in instinct and principle he was Quaker through and through. Many Friends, in America and England both, had grown

slack when persecution ceased to be a goad to a profession of faith in deed as in word. Their interpretation of peace was qualified. I realized the change when, later in the war, a prominent Friend wrote to the *Times* to boast that every man of his well-known Quaker name, neither too old nor too young, was in active service. But Pennell could not throw off so easily his legacy from many generations of Quakers, from forefathers who since the days of George Fox had been men of peace. To him, whatever the reason, war was unjustifiable, unpardonable. Some of his earliest recollections were of the Civil War and he remembered, no less vividly than the soldiers in the street, his father saying he had not been drafted because he was over age, but, anyway, he would not have fought nor would any other Friend.

At times it was as if Pennell could not endure the iniquity of the war and, being a Quaker, he had to give his testimony, to speak the truth as he saw it. Silence would have been a criminal acceptance of the world's crime. A power within him was beyond his control and he knew it. I remember in those early emotional days of the war Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Unwin asked us to dinner to meet an American champion of the Allies who was writing patriotic verse and winning laurels for it.

"No," said Pennell, "I understand the type—the American who toadies to the Briton and will talk war. I should have to tell him just what he is and I like the Fisher Unwins too much to make a scene in their house."

Of another man he kept telling me in good strong language what he thought until I warned him: "If you go on saying it to me, you will presently find yourself saying it to him." Not long after, I came home one

afternoon to find him waiting at the front door. "Well, I have said it to him," and his face shone with relief. He hated the puerile sentimentality and timidity that prevailed for many months after war was declared. He refused an invitation to dine with a group of War Cartoonists because he did not approve of war and would be compelled to let them know it. A company of photo-engravers in which he held shares warned him that they were changing their German name. "Folly," he said, "you might as well talk of changing Hanover and Guelph," which seems prophetic in view of what was done before the end. People must hear the truth from him if it pleased them or not and, as a rule, it did not, especially at a time when everybody's nerves were more or less on edge. They resented it, not understanding. I understood and my days were full of anxiety.

At first, innumerable distractions saved him from brooding over the horror. London was chaotic, most things at a standstill, most people in a bewildered state of uncertainty, extraordinarily restless, as if they must be about to see what was going on, to hear what was being said. Close as we were to Charing Cross, our flat became a centre for wanderers and friends. We seldom sat down to lunch or dinner alone, were seldom alone during working hours. I recall as typical a day when Fisher Unwin, as a rule tied to his office in the morning, appeared at eleven o'clock, and in the afternoon Heinemann, as busy a publisher, dropped in because he had nothing to do in his office and thought he might as well come and do it with us. Americans crowded London, hurrying from all parts of England and the Continent, depressed, excited, frightened, some

without luggage, some without money, some without steamers, theirs having been taken over by the Navy. Relations turned up; friends not seen for years and friends seen in London regularly every year; people we knew by name and people we had never heard of before; American artists without end—Walter McEwen on the San Francisco and White City committees for Paris; Jules Stewart, broken by the things he had been living through these last weeks in France; James Morrice who thought, if he had a wife, he would not have stirred from Paris, but to be shut up in his studio alone after eight o'clock in the evening was too much for his nerves; Oberteuffer, the Peixottos—it was all but impossible to count them. American artists who lived in England dropped in to ask "What of the Panama-Pacific?" "What of Shepherd's Bush?" An American committee of relief was formed by Ambassador Page; Pennell offered his services, attended meetings at the Hotel Savoy, did what he could.

The two exhibitions he had worked so hard to open called for harder work to close. Nobody knew what was happening in Leipzig. Exhibitors worried, more particularly those who contributed valuable collections—Mrs. T. R. Way, who sent her Whistlers, Mr. Frank Emanuel who lent his historic series of lithographs. That Leipzig was doing the right thing was learned later, when the report came that Doctor Volkmann had stored the British exhibits from private owners in one of Leipzig's Museums. Herr Wagner did more to lift the load from Pennell's mind by a personal letter, stating that the English collection was in a safe place, insured until the end of the war. No less worrying was the question of

insurance—war insurance. Kiralfy was compelled to wind up the White City Exhibition. No one went to exhibitions, the grounds were used for drilling, the buildings turned into barracks. The honorary secretary faced a bigger correspondence than ever, the more complicated because Reisinger had disappeared somewhere in Germany, and died there before the White City business was in order. San Francisco would go on, war or no war, and it added to his burden of correspondence. So did the Senefelder Club, with exhibitions in Italy, the United States and at the Camera Club, London, to organize. In his rare free intervals he watched from his studio windows the darkening of London's peace-time lights and the coming of war's searchlights, the first set up at our end of Charing Cross Bridge. He made etchings and lithographs of them, thought of suggesting a poster to Mr. Pick who, with a fine spirit of enterprise, had commissioned members of the Senefelder to advertise the Underground. Pennell's large, striking St. Paul's had been hanging on the Stations' walls, and the Lights were a more effective design, but also might supply facts to spies with whom London was said to be crowded, and the plan fell through. Some of these are the subjects that fill his letters.

TO MISS HELEN J. ROBINS

3. Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street Strand
London W. C.
Sep 9th

Dinner time to-day
1.15. P.M.

Dear Helen Dont worry—there is a search light across the street, there will be a quick firer apparently behind it—

Unless
the Army of business dont fire straight or the army of the
Kaiser
dont know 3. Adelphi Terrace House from Buckingham Palace
Dont worry
but get under the Carnegie Wilson Bryan Bryn Mawr Circus Tent
Do you want any cash

Yours
J.P.

TO MR. J. McLURE HAMILTON

Anglo-American Exposition
9. 16. 14

Dear Hamilton—Kiralfy is going to close on Saturday—and I have—I hope arranged everything with McEwen who goes to Paris to see about things.

The Reisinger stuff will be shipped immediately to New York. The Paris American things are to be stored at Bourlet's.

The London American: I have asked Yardley to get out a circular to Exhibitors—asking if their things are to be returned to them at once or stored at Bourlet's till—the San Francisco Jury meets—if it ever does meet.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

3. Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street Strand
London W. C.
9. 29. 14

Dear Hamilton—Fisher Unwin has discovered that the Ways still have your Gladstone on Stone. He wants to print it in a new Edition of *Lithography* and *Lithographers*—are you willing?

Only they say they do not know where the colour stones are. I wish you would come and talk these things over and get your silver.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

P.S. They are building a fort outside the window.

TO MR. JOHN COPLEY

3. Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street Strand
London W. C.
Oct. 1.

Dear Copley—The Camera Club people came here yesterday—will pay all expenses—*want to open the show Monday*—reason—had an Austrian Collection—seized—held up or something—want us to fill the gap—so we must select works at once—If you cant get up to-morrow send word to Bourlet's—what things—if they have them—you and Mrs. Copley want to send—they want them framed. It costs nothing and will do no harm. They want functions too—We therefore called the meeting at once

Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO MR. ROBERT G. LEINROTH

3. Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street Strand
London W. C.
10. 28. 14

Dear Mr. Leinroth—I am glad you have become a lay member of the Senefelder Club. You would have got a fine print I imagine but Spencer Pryse has gone to the front and got slightly hurt, so I dont know who will take his place—I have just been signing for Rosenbach some more of the Philadelphia things and now after two years I am struck by them anew—they are much better—my part than I thought—and Mr. Gregor's work is very much better than anything done over here—anything I can get done over here—This summer I was for some time at Leipzig—and saw a good deal of Lithography both as a member of the wonderful Book and Graphic Art Exhibition Committee, and in the shops and schools where I was invited to give demonstrations. I also went to Berlin and worked for two weeks at the Pan Press—and learnt many German methods—learnt also that Mr. Gregor is a far better craftsman than the men he left behind in Germany.

But all that is too awful—everything smashed up—all the people I knew—disappeared—my work in the country—and I had work and shows there for near a year—stopped and all for this cursed, damnable military doctrine—and we—under T. Roosevelt are as bad as the rest—and its going to be far worse—South Africa has gone in this morning—I did expect to be home ere this for a show in Philadelphia and work at San Francisco but its knocked—Rosenbach's however will probably want some more drawings put on the stone—will you and Mr. Gregor look after this.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

P.S. I send you my Cantor Lectures on Artistic Lithography
P.P.S. Please remember me to Mr. Gregor and all the boys.
J.P.

TO MR. J. McLURE HAMILTON

Panama-Pacific International Exposition
San Francisco. 1915
Joseph Pennell
Hon. Sec.

London, 12.24.14

Dear Hamilton—Are you going to send any paintings. I must ask for an answer—Both Sargent and I have—and McEwen—been working our heads off—and the show will be all right and is being packed. But what are you going to do?

I shall probably, as soon as I hear from Sargent as to time, call a meeting at Bourlet's—Monday most likely—

Yours
Joseph Pennell.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE BELGIANS IN LONDON · PENNELL FINDS HIMSELF ON A ROYAL ACADEMY COMMITTEE · THE SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION (1915–1916)

No IDEA of London in 1914–1915 can be given without mention of the Belgians who invaded it in their flight from the invaders of their country. Pennell's sympathy was great for the artists who had flown with the crowd: for Baertsoen, bitter, hopeless, crushed; Emil Claus, violent in his indignation at the wanton cruelty of the invaders; Paulus, humour now and then breaking through his black despair; De Broika, the horror of the war in his terrified eyes; Delstanche, busying himself in the politics of art to escape his misery; Rousseau, the sculptor, a sad-eyed little Jew:—horror, sadness was in all their eyes. Pennell felt they would have been wiser to stay at home, but now they were in London, what he could do to lighten their exile, he did. He opened his doors wide to them, advised them, put them up at clubs, introduced them to dealers and colour men, was their guide to the beauty of London, which his studio windows first revealed to them. They would stand staring out, as the twilight deepened and the searchlights played, all *très émotionnés*, they would say. Later on, Claus, asked by some one what impressed him most

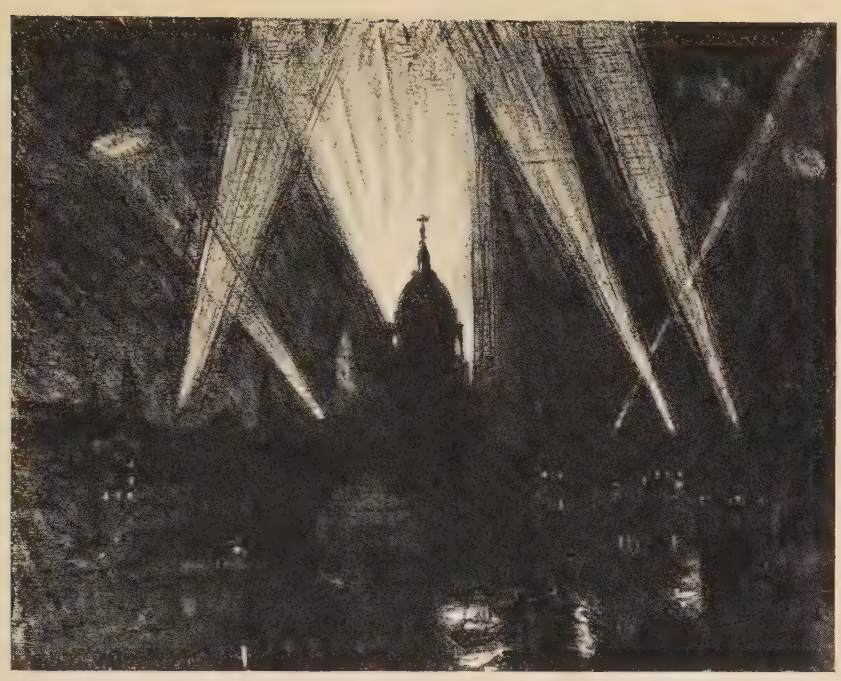
in London, the Tower? St. Paul's? Westminster? No, was his answer, he had seen nothing in London more wonderful than *l'atelier de M. Joseph Pennell.*

Pennell treated them not as refugees to be kind to, but as friends, fellow artists with whom it was good to talk, over his dinner table, as in France or Italy or their own Belgium he might have talked with them over coffee at the *café*. Gradually, they became interested in lithography, and the talk was of stone and paper, chalk and stump, transferring and printing. Nothing could have been better for Baertsoen and Paulus, who went to the County Council Central School to study the technique of the art under Ernest Jackson, entering their names in the morning and again in the evening, as in their student days, sitting next to little young lady amateurs, they said. It was the first awakening. It led them back to work. I am glad now to remember that they appreciated Pennell and his practical help. One evening in his absence Baertsoen, dining with me, praised the generosity of the English artists who got them into clubs, at the Chelsea provided a free lunch for the penniless, obtained credit for them at the dealers in artists' materials—it was wonderful. But, somehow, he and the others could not forget that this kindness was charity; friendship did not enter into it. The only two artists who had done things for them as friends were Sargent and Pennell, both Americans.

To his surprise, Pennell found himself that autumn on a Royal Academy committee. Artists were "doing their bit" for war charities:—an auction sale at Christie's; a show in the Guildhall Gallery; and now, for the Winter Exhibition of 1915, Sir Edward Poynter, the

Academy's president, proposed a War Relief Exhibition, to which the numerous societies of artists in London were to contribute, their presidents to serve on the committee, and half the profits to go to war funds and collections. Pennell was asked as president of the Senefelder Club, "one of the most extraordinary things the war has accomplished", he thought. He was in no great favour in Academic circles, where to express an honest opinion eloquently was either heresy or bad form. Poynter, however, got a new idea of him after a few committee meetings, realized that he could work, that his standard was a fine exhibition, that he could be relied upon. Pennell did not fail, even at the special Private View for Royalty. To him a second time fell the task—or honour, as you will—of personally conducting Queen Alexandra. Royalty was expected to buy and she selected an insignificant little bronze group. Did he not think it amazing? she asked him. "Amazing indeed, Ma'am!" as he could say with truth, without her suspecting what the truth was.

The Belgians, after making an admirable showing that summer in Venice and in Milan, now had the collection on their hands and were wondering if it might not be exhibited in the Academy. M. Paul Lambotte, Belgian Directeur au Ministère des Sciences et des Arts, was in London and came with Delstanche to consult Pennell and to talk to him also about San Francisco. It was too late for the Private View of the Academy Exhibition, January seventh, 1915, but at the moment when everybody was doing everything for the Belgians, Poynter could not refuse. Rooms seldom opened in the winter were opened for Belgian art and a second Private



SEARCH LIGHTS FROM THE STUDIO WINDOW

Lithograph by Joseph Pennell

View was held on the twenty-seventh. For Pennell this meant another committee and more work.

The British Government decided not to send to San Francisco. The French Government, for whom the difficulties seemed insurmountable, were sending the work not only of French but Belgian artists. M. Armand-Dayot, Inspecteur Générale des Beaux-Arts, journeyed over from Paris for the final arrangements with M. Lambotte. Both appealed to Pennell who, as was his habit, invited them to lunch and to discuss and settle transport and insurance at our table. A memory lingers with me of M. Lambotte, the emotion of the Belgian breaking through the correct demeanour of the minister, and M. Armand-Dayot, dazed by his glimpse from the train of Northern France. Would Normandy remain an English province, Boulogne an English town? The English were too solidly planted ever to be uprooted. And I wondered if an English Normandy struck him as a less offensive prospect than a German Normandy? "For Heaven's sake, do not let us talk of the war," Pennell said to me before they came. There was no keeping them from it.

When his evenings were free, which was not often, he delivered promised lectures to the Junior Art Workers' Guild and the Art Masters, and, at home, made his prints of searchlights from the studio windows, newspapers disputing for them as well as for the lithographs of zeppelins he brought back from Germany. Even church papers begged for them. With the first bomb on Reims messengers were at our front door asking if he had drawings of the Cathedral, and throughout the war while he was in London, somebody was forever wanting

his work. With the *Times*, the *Graphic*, the *Illustrated London News*, the *Sphere*, he was in constant demand. From his letters and notes a faint idea is to be had of his duties and responsibilities and the energy with which he shouldered them.

TO MR. J. McLURE HAMILTON

Panama-Pacific International
Exposition.

1. 20. 15.

Dear Hamilton—I am glad you have sold your lithograph at the R.A.—I am informed by the secretarial "humble servant" of that institution—that I also am sold.

Write Yardley to the White City or rather to
Exhibition office
Anglo-American Exposition
Shepherd's Bush

I have not bothered you over all the complications of this show but there have been *some*—I hope things however are working out.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO MR. JOHN COPLEY

The Senefelder Club
2. 12. 15

Dear Copley—I find the Florentine people agreed to *pay transport both ways on our works and to insure them against fire*. I also learn from Tinson that the Roman people have paid up.

Of course under these conditions we have nothing to pay and must try to get damages.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

P. S. As Bencevenga has paid up you might ask if he wants any works by the Club this year—

TO MR. J. McLURE HAMILTON

Panama-Pacific International Exposition
2. 26. 15

Dear Hamilton—Everything of ours got on the Jason by the help of generally the American Express Co.—and specially Mr. Kimpton the Freight Agent who stayed in Bristol till the hatches were battered down.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

She sailed this morning.

Not until the third of April could he leave London. He sailed on the *St. Louis* of the American line, Mr. and Mrs. McLure Hamilton his fellow passengers. I was not sorry to have him escape from the war atmosphere of London, and on an American boat, I felt he was safe, the Germans not having yet revealed to a horrified world the extent to which they would go. After a day or two in New York and Philadelphia, Pennell went straight to San Francisco. His jury duties at an end, he travelled through parts of the West he had never been to before—Portland, Oregon; Seattle; Butte, Montana,—on part of the journey Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bartlett his companions; afterwards back to the East; a new Western journey, including Chicago and Minneapolis; eventually a return to New York, with a short visit to Philadelphia to talk about Whistler to the Contemporary Club. The object of the journey west was a "western book" with Van Dyke, which "attracted" the New York Macmillans but never came off. The story is in his letters, all except the welcome meeting with Frank Duveneck in San Francisco after many long years and his part in awarding Duveneck a Special Medal, an honour which

Duveneck well deserved; also his efforts to obtain for Miss Cecilia Beaux the Gold Medal she did not receive. Because she was a woman he did not consider her ineligible. His share of awards was the usual Medal given to jurors, who cannot sit in judgment on their own work, and a small "Souvenir" Medal from the Argentine section. If these and other incidents were omitted from his correspondence, he was eloquent in giving his impression of his countrymen's attitude as neutrals.

TO MR. J. McLURE HAMILTON

Palace Hotel
San Francisco, California
4. 19. 15

Dear Hamilton—You can thank your stars *I deserted you*—I have prevented you from rushing out here as I stupidly did! Nothing in the art department is ready, even the hanging is not done, there is no proper catalogue—they have so much work accepted—it has not all arrived—they must put up additional buildings—I have no idea when the Jury will be able to meet. As soon as I have got things a little straight I think I shall leave—I cant stand this. I am at the above hotel.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

I have no idea where to write you

J.P.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

Bohemian Club
San Francisco
5. 23. 15

Dear Van Dyke—I heard yesterday from Brett—he says the idea of the *Western* book impresses him—"attracts me immensely"—that's all right—but of what so far as I am concerned is it to consist? What is to be done? If I am to do it I must know at once—as this Jury business will be over in a week or so—and then I want either

to do this book—or come back. So please let me know what your ideas are? and what you would treat of. And please write as soon as possible.

As

for this place the buildings and their setting in the scene are wonderful most of them—and it is also the best arranged and the most concentrated and compact show that has ever been given—As to the management—and the displays in the buildings those matters are even more wonderful—not to say incredible—how this Jury business is going to work out the Lord knows—and he knows if I can stand much more of it. So that is why I want to hear from you straight off.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

Century Club
New York
9. 6. 1915

Dear Fisher,

I am sweltering here—and doing mighty little. Everyone has the Dumps and is in a deadly funk—if you say German—the country is GAGA—the people are GAGA—the old American spirit is gone—School mams, base ball, movies and comic Illustrations are *it*.

All so-called business people only do the easiest stunts they can, take the longest holidays—the places are now shut *all* Saturday; scratch the surface of things, screech or run away if any one criticizes them. How are you? I am more or less all right. Remember me to Mrs. Unwin.

Though out at San Francisco Mrs. Spreckles bought Whistler's caricature of Leyland, *The Gold Scab* for $25,000, no one, including Freer, who was out there, has had the brains to buy the really good pictures Mrs. Sanderson sent. The whole San Francisco business, however is utterly mismanaged and for daring to tell them so—they have acted like cads to me.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

San Francisco served as a distraction, not as a cure to his melancholy and in New York his spirits were at low ebb. "What I am going to do dont matter much," he wrote to Harrison Morris. "My life in Europe is ended with that of every man who dont run away from responsibility—or his country—even though he is ashamed—of the people who are running it—or ruining it—I am back and I am going to get my belongings back here as soon as I can—if I can." However a flash of humour relieved the letter he wrote the same day to my brother, who was contributing a series of articles from California to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and who had used his influence in behalf of a Belgian professor introduced to him by Pennell. It was merciful that there were some few distractions to help him forget, if only for a moment, the horror that haunted him.

TO MR. EDWARD ROBINS

The Century Club
August 24. 15

Dear Ned—Your war stuff is excellent. I agree with the whole of it—save the reporter's flourishes—I thought however your art criticism abominable, who told you the Tower of Jewels was anything but ice-cream—and that the colour was anything but mud. But if you will stick to the war business it will be worth while—I saw the Belgian Professor man—I forget his name and he told me you had given him a job at the University—I think he wanted me to give him a dinner—but he was dressed so much better than I—said he had imported his family—that I thought such an impressive refugee—who was also at Columbia—might stand *me* one, but he did not offer to—only to fall on my neck—and I saw him no more. I'll be over some day.

Joseph Pennell

TO MR. HARRISON S. MORRIS

Minneapolis Club
Minneapolis
Minn
9. 29. 1915

Dear Morris—I am working, teaching and preaching, here—I dont know much about the converts—the place is too good and dry—but the people are all right—oh yes.

Yes
I can do a Whistler talk with or without
pictures

If you want it. I only got your letter here this morning. When do you want it? I want to stay out here if possible—in the West—I mean for some time. I go to Chicago early next week—please write there.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Or if you like I could do a talk on the Picturesque Possibilities of
Work

Lippincotts are bringing it out.

Joseph Pennell

TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

Century Club. New York
10. 10. 15

Dear Fisher—I have your letter of September 23d and am glad "business with you is much as usual"—It certainly is NOT here—piles of ungodly, unholy swine are making lots of money out of this war—but go and try and make any arrangements whatever to do anything whatever—and you are up against—"in these war times" which is one of the ways now used to get the better of one—to refuse to pay bills, etc. etc. etc. Now that I have again visited the Northwest quietly—I dont think people are in a funk—they havent been made to think they are yet—by the papers—in fact they dont know and care mighty little about the war—it hasnt touched them

scarcely yet—mind this—the East is not the West—and is mighty little influenced by its thought—that is the people—and with the exception of those who have relations in Servia, Bulgaria and Slavonia—they dont get much excited apparently—and as they dont talk American and get all their news from papers in their own language, I dont know what they think—and it may interest you to know that these people, who are the most numerous and prolific and hard working in the country, extend from North Philadelphia to the Barbary Coast San Francisco—a fact utterly concealed from busy bodies of the type of Dr. Willie White—the other doctor I never heard of—busy bodies whom this country has little use for—and apparently France had *no* use for—otherwise why did he come back?—or was it only a holiday?

Book reviewing is in the hands of girls and reporters—a German Count does it for Hearst's papers—also the art criticism!! On another page by the way Hearst prints the squawks of J. L. Garvin—you pay one cent and take your choice. In publishing as in everything else—there is so much to be done easily—and so little space, any more, or thought, or time for anything save movies, comics and ball games, all the people think about—Wilson presents his finance yesterday at a base ball game—that anything that has to be pushed dont get pushed—and too the publishers have turned authors—and the bankers—prophets—and the dealers—artists—they are all become amateurs—and the only serious thing is golf—save the vital question of "wet and dry"—luckily both sides keep lockers, so nobody bothers or they buy booze by the bottle if they have to take their motor car into another state to get it—and shut up their shops from Friday to Monday to do so—as they do in New York in the summer—there—if however you buy a sandwich you can get all the drink you can carry.

Oh I am getting on all right—but I've no idea when I shall get back.

Joseph Pennell

Pennell, certainly, was seeing enough of his country to speak of West as well as East with truth, even if it was not always palatable.

TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

University Club Chicago
November 14. 1915

Dear Fisher,

I believe the skunks who are preaching neutrality, and selling munitions are making millions, but I havent seen any—and have seen in fact nothing but trouble to get any money—but I go on somehow.

I dont think the average American people, the plain people who are trying to mind their own business, are very happy. That is those who are able to think for themselves—I do not know Dr. Prince and if he is the same breed as Dr. W. White—dont want to—I have however seen that tribe in Philadelphia and listen daily in the papers to the squawks of our

Schoolmam
President—

And, politically, though I have always despised him—I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that W. J. Bryan is the only man in the country who has any sense left. . . . —Had we had Cleveland or Champ Clark as President I dont believe there would have been a war now—if we dont stop it the Carnegian crowd will have us in it. I am sick at heart of the whole affair—and so is everyone with any sense—Oh well I dont see any more of the neutrals than I can help.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO MR. HARRISON S. MORRIS

The Art Club of Philadelphia
12. 12. 1915

Dear Morris—I have got here—do you want to see me before the function [the Whistler talk]—If so let me know to-morrow morning.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

I shall be pretty busy all day—at other things.

Century Club. New York
1. 6. 1916

Dear Morris. I am much obliged for the cheque just recd. I suppose I am doing the right thing in going back—to try to get things out—but it is all black ahead of me.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO MR. EDWARD ROBINS

Century Club. New York
1. 11. 1916

Dear Ned—As you will probably hear that I was in Philadelphia last night—I write to admit the fact—I was to have had a show at the Art Club and done lots of things but everything is on my nerves and I left this morning—with my passage on the *Philadelphia* for Saturday and that for a while will be the end of me—till I can get Elizabeth and our belongings out.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

CHAPTER XXXVII

WAR WORK IN ENGLAND · PENNELL SELLS HIS LEASE AND LEAVES ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE (1916–1917)

In London, at the end of January, Pennell was as convinced as ever that "the place for an American at the present time is at home." Our lease had thirteen years to run and we commissioned Hamptons, the house agents, to find some one to take it off our hands. Muirhead Bone, lured by our windows, wanted the flat, but a Red Cross Duchess, seeking an occasional refuge from her hospital in the North of France, applied before him. It did not suit her, which was not astonishing, but she stopped on her way downstairs to see Sir James Barrie in the flat below, and he was up the same morning to ask for the first refusal.

Having got so far on the road home, Pennell changed his mind almost over night. The great munition works were made, he felt, for him to draw. The Wonder of Work had never been so wonderful in his day, probably never would be again. He believed, not that his drawings could help to win or end the war, but that, if people could be made to realize the expenditure of labour as well as life war to-day demands, it would be the last time they would permit their Government to plunge them into it. He applied to Lloyd George, Minister of

Munitions. Ministers move at a slow and dignified pace and he filled the interval of waiting in preparing an exhibition of his lithographs of zeppelins and German industrial works at the Leicester Galleries, the Private View falling on that gloomy Saturday, February twenty-six, 1916, when the newspaper posters announced "Verdun Fort Stormed", "Verdun Fort Fallen." The zeppelin prints went on afterwards to an airship show planned by Lady Drogheda. And no official answer as yet materialising, he got out the long-neglected notes and manuscript of his "History of Illustration", engaged the one typist he could work with, and, in working, tried to forget, which was not easy.

London, the "Business as Usual" myth exploded, was not a cheerful place even for the man without nerves, without conscientious objections to war—London, black by night, searchlights playing, bombs falling too often for comfort; by day, the streets full of recruits and soldiers and the convalescing wounded in their hospital blue. Virtually next door to Charing Cross, as we were, we could hardly go out and not meet ambulances hurrying to the station or, worse, crawling away with their freight of broken and mutilated men. Policemen invaded us in search of forbidden lights seen from the street below, and detectives in search of evidence for or against harmless enemies or neutrals stranded in London. For Pennell the horrors culminated in the arrest and internment of Georges Sauter, with whom he had worked through so many art exhibitions and art movements, who had lived in London nearly as long as we, who had married an Englishwoman, John Galsworthy's sister. Pennell would

have endorsed Galsworthy's letter to Sir Sidney Colvin had he seen it: "Sauter has rendered real service to British art and artists for many years; he is the soul of honour, and I am absolutely certain that there is no chance of his doing anything prejudicial to the country of his wife and of his chosen residence for over twenty years." When a petition was got up for Sauter's release, Pennell, though he thought it wiser for him as an American—we were not yet allies—not to sign it, did what he could to secure the signature of influential Englishmen, and he succeeded. This letter to Butler Wood is one of many in which he wrote his thanks, regretting that a few other Museum directors did refuse.

TO MR. BUTLER WOOD

3. Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street. Strand
London. W.C.
4. 5. 1916.

Dear Butler Wood—

I am very glad you are willing to sign the petition for Sauter's release—I knew you would understand—and I have forwarded your name to the framers of the petition. It, the world is all so horrible to-day—but a better day will come—"Peace will break out" as some one has said. And things will go on again—Not as they did it is true—but let us hope better. I am not

morally
mentally
or
physically

very well—But when you come up look in

Yours
Joseph Pennell

It was July before Pennell got his permits and for most of them he would have waited longer, had not Mr. Page, to whom he appealed, extricated him triumphantly from Government red tape. His correspondence with the Ambassador is a record of the official deliberation he had to contend against.

TO JOSEPH PENNELL

London, July 15th 1916

Dear Mr. Pennell:

I hope you got your permits all right. It gave me great pleasure to answer some questions asked concerning this matter by the Government the other day. If there is any way that I can serve you in this or any other matter, of course you must not hesitate to let me know.

With my kindest regards to Mrs. Pennell,

I am
Heartily yours
Walter Hines Page

TO MR. WALTER HINES PAGE

3. Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street. Strand
London, W. C.
7. 18. 1916

Dear Mr. Page. Thank you for your letter, I expect at last they will send the permits—but it is months now since they commenced to talk about it—The changes in the Ministry doubtless had something to do with it—I am glad you felt able to answer the Government's questions as to my harmlessness—If I can only get the permit—I have got it as a matter of fact—but not a sort of programme of a kind of circular tour they are arranging—I think I can do something worth doing. I hope I shant have to bother you about it further.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

3. Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street. Strand
London. W.C.

7. 26. 1916

Dear Mr. Page—You will be—as I am—surprised to hear that I have got the personal backing of the War Office—through Sir Reginald Brade—and that I am going—with the engineer of the Midland and Yorkshire Division of the Ministry of Munitions to see the works next week.

Still I have had no answer from the Navy Department—no acknowledgment even of my letter. Could—or would it be too much to ask—as you offer—if you could help me with them. The munition and war are all right. Is it true you are going home as I have seen in the papers?

Yours

Joseph Pennell

What I want is a permit to visit Dock Yards—and also ship building yards when under the control of the Admiralty—J. P.

The permit from the Admiralty never came, but he was able to begin work at the aeroplane factory, Farnham, in July, had been there, indeed before appealing to Mr. Page, as he happened to know the commanding officer. The next three letters will be more clear if I state the following facts: Just before leaving town he had been asked by Sir Edward Poynter to serve again on the Royal Academy Committee for the Winter Exhibition, which, at Pennell's suggestion, was to be devoted to Black-and-White, half the proceeds of the sales to go to the Red Cross. The Senefelder Club was getting together a collection for the exhibition in Zurich. I cannot say who "Redherring" in the third letter is—probably an English subject with a German name which he had been in haste to change—nor who "the ladie", though the advice in her case was characteristic.

TO MR. JOHN COPLEY

3. Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street, Strand
London. W.C.
8. 3. 1916

Dear Copley—All right about the Tinson letter—which I return.

Will you work out the enclosed with Wilson—only be careful, but you did the Paris job. There is nothing from Lee Warner,

and now

I have something to tell you—that this afternoon at the Royal Academy, Sir E. J. P. in the

Chaise

I, having as President of the Senefelder Club, suggested we should have a show to take the place of the antiques—it is accepted—and the Show will be held and Lithography—"which God Bless the Day I invented it" will have a room to himself—Oh Lor, Warner, Lawson and Company do make me tired—but its DONE.

Joseph Pennell

Never do nothing till you have done it.

TO DR. J. C. VAN DYKE

Queens Hotel, Leeds
8. 6. 16

Dear Van Dyke—Its all off again, for the moment—after months of waiting I have the chance to do—or try to do—an important piece of work—and it was while waiting that the book was got together—now it must wait—a month or so anyway—it is impossible to get the illustrations over here—and there are a lot of important things to verify which must be verified in New York and Washington. But I hope to be able to bring the Mss. to you shortly—I could send it now—but I want to add certain things.

You never answered about the *Steel Engraving* Chapter—I suppose it will have to go in—But we never had a steel engraver that was worth anything—for that matter there have only been two or three who could do anything in the whole history of the world—Sartain is our only one—and he was not American. If as a detail I

can show by this book how little real feeling for art there is in this country which is evinced by our

Greenbacks
Postage Stamps
and
Exposition Diplomas

I may do something—yet these and our

Murals

are the things we—in art—are most proud of—one other thing the getting of the book together has proved to me, that the serious—I would call him "Garroblous"—Dunlop and some of the early birds in painting like Jarvis—had the real Cellini feeling—while from last summer's experience I find the new artist in America—deals in art as he does in clams, stocks, and butter.

Golly what a lot
are the painters

Save Duveneck and Chase

and a few more,

They are the limit.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

MR. JOHN COPLEY

Royal Victoria Station Hotel
Sheffield
8. 17. 1916

Dear Copley—Dooks dont sit along side hell fire making drawrins—nor must artists neither.

I did today

and Stanhope Forbes tried to—his truck—it was done some time ago—was rot—mine was mine own anyway.

All right

about the frames—only you say nothing about

Redherring

or whatever he calls himself now—there is no reason to pay for him. All right about War Office and Zurich.

You had better attend to the enclosed—say I sent it to you—there is evidently a snarl—for it was being arranged otherwise—No I am mistaken—I dont see why we should supply the ladie with material for her lecture

But do what you like

Yours
Joseph Pennell

To neither Van Dyke nor Copley did he write of the more critical adventures on his "circular tour", when it seemed as if permits, passes, badges, letters would prove of small avail. At Leeds, munition workers at the lunch hour took him for the enemy brazenly making notes for all the world to see and, during an uncomfortable half hour, he "learned how it must feel to be a condemned murderer or a captured spy." At Newcastle doubt was his hourly companion, for the works were partly in Durham and partly in Northumberland, partly under the Admiralty and partly under the War Office, while the river was controlled by the Tyne Conservancy, and his permits did not help him to know when and where he might be on forbidden ground. At Middlesbrough an engine driver pointed him out as a suspicious character, a company of soldiers marched down upon him, and what would have become of him there is no telling had not the officer been a man with a glimmer of intelligence. But to Pennell the privilege to work was worth the risks he ran. After he had been to France he wrote: "I had all of the Front I wanted, all the horrors I wanted, all the misery and pain, but I could not have enough of the teeming, seething energy that the War brought forth."

He saw the Land of Iron and Steel as all mist and

mystery in the morning, glitter and glare at noon, fire and fury at night—a land where work never ceases. The furnaces in long rows were so many work towers, work palaces, work castles along the banks of a river of work; or else work temples, the endless roar of their Looms of War the music, their workmen the acolytes, their great ladles of fire moving to and fro the ritual procession. In the Munition City was the true record of our age, and he could not understand why artists should be blind to the wonder, why few writers save Wells should have felt its inspiration. "Art to-day is joined to science, not religion, and the effect is just as fine." Only one shadow fell over the Pageant of Work: "it fascinates, but is intolerable, when you think that all this is done to kill people. But you must not think—if you do you will go mad. The world is mad to-day."

From this sort of madness he was saved in London where, for months to come, he was not allowed time to think. He had no doubt about the merit of his drawings. The surprise was its immediate and generous recognition. He realized that without Mr. Page he might still be waiting for his permits.

TO MR. WALTER HINES PAGE

3. Adelphi Terrace House
10. 15. 16

Dear Mr. Page—I learn—or see that you are back. Everything—every letter you wrote was of the greatest influence and use—and the whole series of drawings have come off. And I should like to show you—what you have enabled me to do.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Mr. Page's delightful answer might have been written of himself:

TO JOSEPH PENNELL

London. October 17, 1916

Dear Mr. Pennell:

I congratulate you on your success in getting what you wanted, which I have noticed is a way you have and a way that only successful men do have.

With my kindest regards

Sincerely yours
Walter Hines Page.

The drawings made a stir, kept him in a whirl of excitement, his nose fast to the grindstone. Officials from the Munitions Department came to see them, were impressed, must show them to Lloyd George, who caught the excitement, must exhibit them for propaganda, not merely in England but in France, in Spain, in the United States. M. Henry Davray came, and, being a Frenchman, was more frankly excited, determined that Pennell should go to France, anywhere he chose. To Reims?—No, said Pennell, to the shipyards at Brest and Toulon, to Le Creusot and the other munition works—if he could not go there, he would not go to France at all. Mr. (later Sir) Alfred Temple came: no other such record of war industries had been, could be made, the series must be exhibited in the Guildhall Art Gallery, the Exhibition opened by the Lord Mayor after a lunch in Pennell's honour at the Mansion House—"the City is the centre of everything, crowds will be there, the success will be enormous". Heinemann came, his enthusiasm not unexpected—he was always enthu-

siastic where Pennell's work was concerned—and he must make a book of the drawings—a new volume in Joseph Pennell's Pictures Series. Mr. Mayer of Colnaghi's came, joined in the chorus of praise, must publish the lithographs—fifty sets of fifty prints; Sir Henry Trueman Wood came, must have a lecture, with slides, at the Society of Arts. Messengers from newspapers came, from the *Times* to demand drawings for a *Supplement*, for its "*History of War.*"

Other people came out of curiosity. One day it was Hall Caine, so interested that Pennell let himself go a bit, talked of the dignity, the spaciousness of these great works—how the men who built them were building the things of their day as were the Greeks, when they built their temples; he didn't believe the Greeks thought of the beauty, only of the need of temples in the people's life, and, "but, of course, you will use all this!" And the great man—to-day has forgotten how great he was yesterday—roared with laughter. "Why, of course, I will, that is what I am here for."

Another day it was Bernard Shaw, running over bareheaded, from his flat on the other side of Robert Street, discoursing learnedly upon photographic perspective, until Pennell interrupted in his disdain of anything photographic, and Shaw reminded him, "Why, Jo, I never could deny you your own particular merit," which I suggested was too inadequate a word.

It was not all clear sailing. The question of expense was a problem for every one concerned. Government officials, war or no war, work as if time was theirs to play with. Temple, Heinemann, Mayer, Davray worked as if a minute lost was fatal. Davray, naturally, placed

France first, and was for Pennell crossing the Channel at once with Gosse, under the guardianship of M. Kahn, acting as I hardly know what, for the French Government. This roused the Munition Office to action. They would not hear of it. I was kept running back and forth between Adelphi Terrace and Northumberland Avenue, where the three big hotels were being turned into munition headquarters. Proofs were perpetually coming and going. Pennell was held fast in Vincent Brooks' Printing Shop, printing his fifty sets of fifty prints and, though the printers of the text threatened trouble, Pennell inspired the printers of the lithographs with such zeal that they spent several Sundays in succession at the press. H. G. Wells showed his appreciation by writing the Introduction to the Guildhall Catalogue. Haste being imperative, he allowed himself to be shut up in the studio one morning until it was finished, when, as a reward, we provided one of Augustine's inimitable omelettes for lunch and Robbie Ross for company—the best company in London. Visits to British camps in England and France convinced Wells that the trouble with the British Army was "red tape and spurs" and this was the peg he hung his Preface on. The censors cut out one or two passages but overlooked the chief hits at "the gentlemen in red tabs, gold lace and spurs", who were quite unconscious, Wells thought, of having been superseded by the industrial forces that produced the subjects of Pennell's drawings—the forges, workshops, cranes, "as inhuman and as wonderful as cliffs or great caves or icebergs or the stars. They are a new aspect of the logic of physical necessity that made all these older things, ... it has been wise of Mr.

Pennell, therefore, to make his pictures of modern warfare not upon the battlefield, but among the huge industrial apparatus that is thrusting behind and thrusting up through the war of the gentlemen in spurs."

The Exhibition was opened on December first; Temple's proposed luncheon given at the Mansion House, Pennell sitting at the Lord Mayor's right, afterwards the whole party, the Lord Mayor in his coach with Sword and Mace, adjourning to the Guildhall. Mr. Montagu, Minister of Munitions, made a speech, chiefly to say that the drawings were beautiful, which was obvious to the least observant, and that the country would keep on turning out munitions at the same pace until Victory was assured. The Lord Mayor, shy, ill at ease, insignificant in his gorgeousness, declared the Exhibition open in a well-meant but rambling speech. A city man, as shy, said a few perfunctory words. Mr. T. P. O'Connor moved a vote of thanks, saying nothing of the least account. And Wells, who could have said something worth while, was standing there silent. Hall Caine, also there, also not called upon, would have spoken to better purpose. However, the prints spoke for themselves. The day was for Pennell a triumph.

Exhibitions were held throughout the country—in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Oxford, Brighton, a second in London at the Fine Arts Society's, a third at the American Women's Club. In New York, the Keppels were ready to open theirs in February (1917). And there were others, we hardly knew where, for the business was in the hands of Pennell's agents, the Colnaghis. He was invited to only one or two Private Views, and to speak only at Brighton, where the Mayor gave him a lunch

and a copy of the Catalogue bound in red morocco. Heinemann published the book in time, the first edition was promptly sold out and a second called for early in the new year. But not even yet was Pennell free to pack up and go home. As usual, the annual Senefelder Exhibition was to be held. He managed somehow to do his share in preparing it, trying to secure American work, the subject of a letter to Mr. Leinroth:

TO MR. ROBERT LEINROTH

3. Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street, Strand
London. W.C.
11. 28. 16

Dear Mr. Leinroth,

I am much obliged for your letter and the cutting from *The Ledger*. It is proposed that the Lithographs I made of munition factories in England should be widely shown and arrangements to that effect have—I believe been made between my agents and the British Foreign Office and it is the wish of the latter that they should be exhibited in the United States.

I am very glad to have Mr. Sandzen's lithographs—save Sterner's—they are the only ones I have seen done in the U. S. which have any character—and these have—and I shall send them to the next exhibition of the Senefelder Club, which opens early in January, and I would ask a further favour of you, if you can secure from artists, either on loan or for sale, any other proofs by Americans, could you post them to me—if you have them at once, and we will, if approved, have them framed and exhibited—send more Sandzens. Did you print a design by George Bellows which I saw in this months *Scribner's*, it seemed good—if you can send me any more—by post—please do so.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Before and after Christmas, the Royal Academy claimed many hours, for meetings, for selecting and

hanging the Black-and-White. He was amused when he was chosen to open the course of lectures which, also at his suggestion, had been planned in connection with the Exhibition. His subject was Lithography and the other lecturers were Campbell Dodgson, Frank Short, Morley Fletcher. The Academy claimed him too for a committee which was considering a Bill in Parliament to prevent masterpieces of art going out of the country, the exodus having already begun. These matters, however, were not so engrossing as printing, getting a book ready for the press and published in a rush, attending to the details of his own show. He now had time to think, and thinking was his undoing. The newspapers were full of war; wherever he went the talk was of war. If he left town he had to produce the Identity Book required of "the alien who wished to circulate." War had made of him an alien, he who had lived and worked in London for years. The horror of war could no longer be overshadowed. It was ever before him. His nerves went to pieces. He gave up the flat and sold the lease to Barrie.

Packing was hard work but not the sort to help him forget. The pulling to pieces of the place he had built up with so much care and love was daily torture—torture to empty the chest of drawers and many shelves he had designed to hold his prints and drawings and beautiful old paper—torture to direct the men who were filling packing boxes with these treasures and his books. Outside affairs conspired to deepen the gloom. Differences in the Council of the Senefelder led to his resignation as president. He felt this deeply, but he realized that all the members of the Council were no longer in sympathy with him.

TO MR. JOHN COPLEY

3. Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street Strand
London W.C.

3. 1. 17

Dear Copley—They have accepted my resignation they say with regret. I regret it too—but there is consolation in the very nice things you say.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

3. Adelphi Terrace House
Robert Street. Strand
London. W.C.

4. 3. 17

Dear Copley. I appreciate your letter and all that is in it more than I can express. I have tried—and with your invaluable help, inspiration and suggestion to do what I could to the best of my ability—doubtless I was not always right—but somehow the Club succeeded and in leaving it—or active work in it—I have the satisfactory knowledge that it is artistically—and also financially in a strong position and you and I should be proud of what we have done—We do not grudge the time and trouble we took over it—and my only hope is that it may continue in the future, to prosper as it has in the past. Do come and see me when you are in town.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

In America he could be of little use as secretary of the Whistler Memorial Committee. He handed over papers and documents to Heinemann, asking him to call a meeting at once, and on the ninth of April wrote to Mr. Croal Thomson:

Dear Thomson—I have let this place and am returning to America. There has been some correspondence with Rodin, through Bénédite

regarding the memorial, which he now wants to do in marble, a method never contemplated. I have asked Heinemann to call a Committee meeting at his place as soon as possible, but I should like to see you before, when can I?

Yours
Joseph Pennell

With Mr. Thomson he went to the Pilgrims' Dinner a few evenings after and on the thirteenth wrote him a "dinner letter", about as sad a dinner letter as was ever written:

TO MR. DAVID CROAL THOMSON

Dear Mr. Thomson—I want to thank you for a most interesting evening—which otherwise I should have missed. I am afraid I was not very cheerful or brilliant for things have rather got on my nerves—but I only hope there is some way out, and that there may be some end to these horrors—To think of the cities of France laid waste and the Country a desert—the cities and the country and the people we know is too awful—and all this country involved in the catastrophe, and mine too coming in. And that these mad-men will have to be driven back one hundred miles—before they even reach their own frontier—and how on their retreat they will wreck and ruin other cities—that the country towns will be razed. Isn't it all too horrible? Yet somehow we must go on, so I hope you will turn up at Heinemann's on Tuesday next—the 17th at 4 to discuss the Rodin situation—of course after himself writing that he was only waiting for the bronze founders—and after getting Lowell's subscription for a replica in bronze—to suggest marble is a little too much. Again thanking you for your invitation believe me

Yours
Joseph Pennell

He was stripping his London life of all the old interests just as he was stripping his London flat of all that made it home. There was nothing anywhere to lighten

his misery. His nights were sleepless. He had tasted the bitterness of existence before, but never in such abundant measure. And the packing was not done when the United States came into the war. "We need not have gone," he kept saying. It is a period which I would like to forget. On one of our last days in the Terrace he gave his lithograph of St. Paul's and the Thames from our windows to Mr. Thomson with the inscription: "J. Pennell to D. Croal Thomson, the last man to ask me to make the last drawing I shall ever make from the most beautiful studio in London."

And the day before we left, on May sixth, he wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Copley:

Dear Copleys—We flit to-morrow and now that things are as they are we should have stayed. Instead we go to Morley's Hotel for a little while and then to the U. S. Thank you for your long enduring with me. Maybe if we get there, I can do something for the Club or you. I shall never forget.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

There is a beauty all over the place that I never saw before and never shall see again, to-day—It is all so sad, sad for Mrs. Pennell, sad for Augustine and for everyone—I cant really stand it.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE FRONT IN FRANCE AND BLACK DESPAIR HOME AND WAR IN AMERICA (1917)

At Morley's in Trafalgar Square (1917) Pennell was not wholly without the outlook to him indispensable. But the beauty he had lost haunted him and he could not stand hotel life in a town where for many years he had a home. At this crisis the University of Pennsylvania offered him a Degree. Recognition from Philadelphia, always rare, pleased him when it came, and the new honour was a ray of light in the darkness. The Degree was to be conferred on June twenty-first when his presence would be indispensable. In the interval he could escape from Morley's by going to France, M. Davray, patience itself all these months, assuring him that the French Government still expected him, M. Albert Thomas still waited to prepare the way for him. Even for me M. Davray obtained permits, the *Century* having asked us, as in the old days, for articles on the Front together. A date was fixed, one that left him time for two things that remained to be done. He thought it advisable for us both to make new wills. In his first, drawn up many years before, he had bequeathed his prints, books, property to the New York Public Library. After seeing the Print Room in the Library of Congress—the finest Print Room anywhere, he thought, though rather empty

as yet of fine prints—he made a new will in favour of the Library. Washington was the capital of his country; the Library of Congress was a national institution; and thirty-three years in London had not lessened his loyalty as a citizen of the United States. His collections had increased enormously, our Whistleriana alone had become an important item, the gift called for detailed conditions and therefore again a new will was indispensable.

The other business was more complicated. Zeppelins had destroyed many things in London, no one could tell how much more they might destroy. Why not save the Whistleriana, our greatest treasure, by presenting instead of bequeathing it to Washington? Mr. Theodore Wesley Koch, then an official in the Library of Congress, was in London, the necessary arrangements were made through him. The boxes had gone to the warehouse with the others, they were got out, and placed in the charge of the American Express Company. Mr. Skinner, Consul-Gerneral, saw that the details of shipping were as little tedious as possible. Only Americans in London during the war can know how inexhaustible were the kindness and consideration, of our Ambassador and Consul-General for Americans. Their duties had multiplied to formidable proportions, but they were never too preoccupied to lighten the burden of their fellow citizens.

These two matters settled, Pennell started for France on May twenty-seventh, alone, for I gave up the plan of going with him, seeing that the mere thought of it added to his anxieties. He wrote me on the twenty-ninth: "Its much worse than you could have imagined—I have no guarantee that anything will be done—and nobody knows what to do—Had I—oh you can say

what you want—I should have gone home instead of here—it could not have been half so awful—I never should have come and now when I am here—I hate it—what I am to do or when I can get away—I know not—but it must be just as bad for you. Mess after mess and I suppose they will not end till there is nothing left." Then, on June first: "I am coming back, I have failed. J.P."

Before the note reached me he was in London. He wanted to go to factories and shipyards, as he told Davray; the authorities wanted to send him to the Front. He had no desire to draw the horrors of war; they had nothing to do with art. Again, his nights were sleepless, his days torture. The doctor said, "Get him away" and advised me to let him go without me, without any one to whom he could talk freely and revive his despair with every fresh burst of confidence. He prepared for America, M. Davray begged him to reconsider it. Friends implored him not to give up France: never would he have such an opportunity again; who else could do the work, waiting there to be done, with such distinction? The Degree could be postponed as, indeed, the Provost had already assured him. The result was his return to Paris. It was arranged for him to work not at Le Creusot, not at Brest, not at Toulon, but at Verdun, and for Verdun he was kept waiting. Paris depressed him beyond endurance—Paris, full of memories of etching with Whistler; of gay days in the *Salons* with the group of artists and art critics from London; of talk and more talk in the *café* with Paul Bartlett, Morrice, a long list of old friends; of evenings with Salis at the *Chat Noir*, with Aristide Bruant at the *Mirliton;* of days

with Sauter, Lavery, Harry Wilson, hunting for good work to make each new International Exhibition finer than the last. The contrast was unbearable—Paris in wartime, dark, friendless, men unspeakably crippled everywhere, our old hotel, the Saint-Romain gone to pieces, bombs falling. He could not stand it. He was sent on excursions, with journalists mostly, as near the Front as possible, excursions that interested him, but this was not his way of working. His daily letters were reports of daily disappointments. On the fifteenth he wrote: "I have been kicking my heels at the office but not a thing has happened—It was the greatest mistake to come—and I have no idea of the result—Davray dont even seem to have written them." On the eighteenth: "The complications and the heat are awful . . . I wish I was back for nothing gets done. And everything gets more and more difficult every day. And I am getting, with the heat, very seedy too. . . ." On the twentieth something did happen, though not what he was waiting for: "I am just back from a most delightful excursion—but its no use whatever . . . There was a stunning article for you—and had I had time to draw wonderful stuff for me. But its all horrible—so is my existence." On the twenty-first: "The deep waters are going over me—I dont see any way to do the work—Ive had one afternoon and of course nothing was done." On the twenty-third, however, it was promising: "At last, I am to start on Monday," and on Monday, he got off to Verdun after his days of waiting.

In England, away from the Front, he could draw; in France at the Front, he could not. It was impossible to make anything of the abomination of desolation which

War is, and in his opinion "No one who was out there, who was at the Front any where, did anything that gave any idea of the War." Besides, in his case, the Quaker was to be reckoned with, the man of peace to whom war was the supreme evil, also the man of nerves so sensitive that he shrank from the sight of blood. He knew Verdun in its serene days of waiting for the war no one thought would ever come again; his heart sank within him to see it reduced to ruins and rubbish; Cathedral, Bishop's palace, old balconied houses that once overhung the river, factories—everything desecrated, destroyed. Officers were charming to him, he lived in their quarters, shared their mess. No one disturbed him as he sat drawing in the bomb-broken streets or the Cathedral wreck. But it was no good trying, he could not draw what he hated. Had he been allowed to draw munition works and shipyards, France, no less than England and the United States, would have had its noble record. He was not the artist for Verdun, his enemy there not the German, but war itself. He shrank not from bombs and explosions, but from the iniquity of what all his training had taught him to abhor. He could not stay out his alloted week. "I am back," he wrote me from Paris on the twenty-ninth, "and the stuff's no good—mine I mean. It was wonderful but I could do nothing," though, when he turned in what he had finished, "they seemed to like the few poor drawings I did."

New complications confronted him. His passports and permits did not allow him a fourth voyage across the Channel in so short a period. "I have never been so wretched, so miserable, so unhappy and lonely," was

the cry that letter after letter brought me. He could get back to England only by way of Bordeaux and America if indeed, once in America, he did not decide to stay there. He did not ask me to join him, did not suggest it, knowing that not inclination but business detained me. After years of residence in London, everything could not be settled over night. We had always respected the business side of our partnership and at this, of all moments, I could not shirk my share of our responsibilities. The first boat from Bordeaux was the *Chicago* sailing on the seventh of July. To wait, idle, in Paris was unendurable. His birthday made him more conscious of his homelessness, "To-morrow will be America's day here but I feel I have no part or place in it," he said in his letter of July third. "This is the saddest birthday of my life. Even my dear old watch smashed this morning." The sadness deepened in the daily letter. It was a relief to get one, dated the sixth, from the Paris station, for I hoped that on the boat, at sea, he would escape the constant reminder of what he called his failure. It was high time. He had sunk to the lowest depths in his Slough of Despond when he reached Bordeaux:

> I am here and I have not the slightest notion why, I am going to New York and I do not know why, and I have chucked up the great work offered me and I dont know why. The future is a blank. I do not know where or how we are to live. . . . . It is the end of everything . . . . the future has nothing for me . . . . . when we ought to be together we are the furthest apart . . . . what are we to do? . . . . What will be the end?

This was the frame of mind in which he sailed after twenty-four hours' delay "on the rottenest boat I have seen for some time."

New York, at first, was no great improvement, except for the fact that war was more remote. "I see nothing ahead of me here," was the best he could write me on July twenty-third; "war is the only thing—it would have been better had I stayed in France—for I am out of things here." And the contrast, between the invaded country and the country as yet feeling only the excitement of war, hurt. "I have come back from working France to shrieking America," he said. On the twenty-fourth it was the same story:

Kamli Pen—Yes, I should have fought it out in France—for if I had done so—it, or rather they—the drawings would have come off—but I did not—and now there is no place for me here—there is nothing to be done for it is all being done—my game by others—we are out of it—and I do not see any way to get in again—While the whole place is changed—I do not know where to turn—or how—and the expense is horrible—and the returns—nil. France was my chance and I threw it away . . . . . .

But there was a place for him, as I knew there would be. Nor had America so changed that he was not still at home in it. A letter, only ten days later, brought me the news I was waiting for: "Well they will give me a chance at Washington and I go there to-morrow. I hope that may not be a fiasco . . . . . There are lectures wanted at the Metropolitan and Chicago," and the rest of the letter was full of details about sending over his lantern slides and trunks. He had a good friend at headquarters in Doctor Frederick Paul Keppel, late Dean of Columbia University, the Third Assistant Secretary of War. When the work Pennell asked to do was done and he was making acknowledgments in an Introduction to the Catalogue of the Exhibition at Keppels', he said:

"And finally I wish to thank above all the man who made it all possible. He knows—and I know—I never shall be able to repay him—he is working and I am trying to work for our country—Dr. Frederick Paul Keppel—"

He had got into his stride again, nerves forgotten. Not even a missing cheque and the failure of my letters to reach him were exaggerated into the mountains he would have made of them less than a month before. His next letter was from Norfolk, Virginia.

8. 19. 1917

Kamli Pen. I have not heard anything from you for two weeks—the first week nothing came and I am now waiting to get back to New York for letters, as everything, seem to have gone wrong. I am working away here—they are letting me do just what I want and I seem to be doing it. When are you coming over? I have heard as I told you absolutely nothing of that second cheque—I do not know if it has come, been lost, or stolen—you had better find out. When I get back to New York I will look into the affair. Its pretty hot—but the nights are all right. I have been to lots of places—I have made no plans yet—done nothing save work—If I could do nothing in France I can do things here—What of Augustine and the rest? Write to New York—but apparently the post is all wrong and will be worse—for they mobilize next week—

Joseph Pennell

His letters now were taken up with his ideas and plans for work. He was thinking of nothing else.

TO MR. EDWARD ROBINS

Washington. D.C.
8. 29. 17

Dear Ned—I have only just got your note of the 12th—I have been all over the place with Uncle Sam—I got in last night—I shall be in Philadelphia shortly. By the way I am going to talk in Chicago

this fall and the Director of the Art Gallery there writes me that Dr. Jastrow is in search—of stunts or rather Search Lights.

I am one—as you know,
I have a talk on the
Wonder of Work in War Time,

in Europe and America. Do—you warlike Quakers—feel any interest in hearing what the one person in the world who has seen—and also drawn—knows about it? please say nothing to the papers about this. But can you arrange things—if he wants me, with Dr. Jastrow?

Yours
Joseph Pennell

The same story of work was in his letters to me, that is, when he could spare the time to write of anything save details of the business that was detaining me in London:

TO MRS. JOSEPH PENNELL

Washington. 8. 31. 17

Kamli Pen—I have got to work and everybody has been decent and am trying to arrange things. I have seen most people from Secretaries up and down and have more to see to-day. I hope I can arrange some shows and publications—but its either the rush and push which I wont go in for or very slow! I have seen a great deal of Fred Keppel and nothing of David—the latter is going in for a Commission—every one is an officer now—

I have arranged nothing about a place—that must wait—except that the house I wanted to get into on Brooklyn Heights is let. Anyway I am not sure I want it. Or any other house or flat. It is very comfortable living in one suit case—I have escaped a lot of official functions here. I have not seen Koch since I came back from Norfolk. I probably will go to Philadelphia Sunday and stay some days—then New York and Boston where there are things to do. I have all sorts of ideas and schemes. The Bartletts have been very nice—and I have seen a lot of them—but kept away from other people—

J.P.

Anywhere and everywhere, it was a pleasure for him to be with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bartlett. That summer, at the end of a long day's work, he knew he would be welcome at Bartlett's studio and he would go late in the afternoon, in time for the moon flower in their garden to burst into its nightly blooming and fill the place with its fragrance. "I have come to see the miracle," he would say to Mrs. Bartlett, and they would keep him to dinner, and to be with friends rested him after his hours of drawing and went far to complete the cure begun in the munitions works and docks.

On September ninth, he could write me from Philadelphia: "I never was so busy—drawings—shows—lectures—and Lippincotts will do a book—when will you sail? I shall go to New York in a week or so—and then Boston and here to print and back to Washington and its just rush, rush. Something may come of it. They say the drawings are good. Philadelphia is all sky-scrapers—"

On October sixth from New York: "The work is done—the drawings—or will be to-day—and so am I—I never got through so much in my life—Monday I start in at Ketterlinus." And the same day, to Edward Robins, "I am *coming back to-night*—I have finished, but it has almost finished me. Its the most strenuous job I ever tackled."—The fatigue of work, however, was a very different thing from the fatigue of nerves. In America war and the signs of war were very far away. He could work and, working, all was right with his world. Printing was not the least strenuous part of his strenuous job. At the Ketterlinus Press, Mr. Leinroth and Mr. Gregor were waiting for him and the printing went so

well that when, at last, I got back from London at the end of November, the Exhibition of the Lithographs had opened at Keppels' and many other galleries throughout the country; the "American War Work" in the Joseph Pennell's Pictures Series was on the eve of publication.

CHAPTER XXXIX

AN ATTACK UPON PENNELL BY THE PHILADELPHIA ART CLUB AND THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA (1918)

I FOUND him in fine spirits, himself again, too overladen with work to meet me on my arrival either in New York or Philadephia, too busy to leave the Art Club where he might "live in one suit case" but could not have got away in less than half a dozen stout packing cases. I put up next door in a small hotel which he chose chiefly, I think, because originally it had been three private houses, and still kept the old red brick fronts and white marble steps rapidly disappearing from Philadelphia. The arrangement amused him. "I am running two establishments now," he told Paul Bartlett.

He was in neither of them often. More lectures carried him to Boston, Harvard, Rochester, New York, where he talked at the Art Students' League, the National Academy, the Metropolitan Museum. In Philadelphia he lectured at the University of Pennsylvania, sat to Wayman Adams for the portrait now in the Chicago Art Institute, went to innumerable receptions and dinners, Philadelphia inclined to kill the fatted calf for us a second time. Men half his age could not have kept up the pace. Whatever his private engagements and commissions, everything gave way to his work for the

Government. He was one of the vice-chairmen—the others were Herbert Adams, E. H. Blashfield, Cass Gilbert—of the Division of Pictorial Publicity, Committee on Public Information; Charles Dana Gibson, the president, F. D. Casey, the secretary, H. Devitt Welsh, the assistant secretary. Headquarters were in New York, business meetings held on Friday afternoon, "open meetings" on Friday evening, at Keen's Chop House, and he attended whenever he could, though it meant an afternoon train going and a midnight sleeper coming back. He was among the many artists who made the war posters which the Government scattered broadcast through the country. For his first he chose the lithograph "Ready to Start", reproduced in his "American War Work." He enlarged it, the title was changed to the "slogan" "Provide the Sinews of War. Buy Liberty Bonds." He supervised the printing, and, presently, in three different sizes, it was to be seen everywhere, from one end of the land to the other. He suggested artists who had not been asked—Sargent, McLure Hamilton, Violet Oakley. He went so far as to pose for the movies, which he loathed, when they undertook to show the artists outdoors, drawing their posters, or indoors, printing them—that is the few who condescended to print their lithographs or supervise the printer. He made his point of view clear in a letter to Devitt Welsh:

TO MR. H. DEVITT WELSH

The Art Club of Philadelphia
1. 31. 1918

Dear Welsh—Are you coming back to Philadelphia tomorrow night. Casey wrote me to come to a meeting to-morrow—why I do not

know—but I thought if you were coming back we might get a section in same night train—if you could do it—Can you telegraph me to-morrow morning? And if I do not come—remember and tell the Committee what I feel about Trask and his presence at Committee meetings—There is one other matter—as we all were—I was grievously disappointed with those movies—the most commonplace I ever saw—but is the Government going to be paid by the Theatres to show them? and who is issuing those posters? The Government or these movie people? This I must know. For while I am willing to do what I can for the Government I am unwilling to allow the movie people to use my prints unless I receive a fee for permission to do so from them—If it is a private enterprise. Besides which I know nothing as to what the other artists are to receive, who have been asked to do similar things, I understand. I should like some more definite information—if things are satisfactory I should like to start the work on Tuesday when I shall be at Ketterlinus.
Yours

Joseph Pennell

He returned to the subject on February thirteenth: "I am expected to work days and weeks, and am willing to for the Government, yet these people will do nothing without an order, a contract, and, I suppose, a profit—we artists are willing to *give* our time and brains."

I have emphasized the fact that his work—unpaid for—had been during months and was still for the Government because this was the moment chosen by the Philadelphia Art Club to cast doubt upon his patriotism in a petty, ill-natured attack which cannot be passed over in silence, so loud was the noise it made at the time. Prohibition had already been invented for the Army and the Navy. American officers could neither drink nor be asked to drink. To the club British officers, in the country on the war's endless propaganda business, were introduced by that curious type of American who

JOSEPH PENNELL WITH THE PICTORIAL
PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

hopes to gain social salvation by toadying to the British and who, to curry favour, plied his guests with wine and the whisky-and-soda of their country. Pennell thought it an insult to American officers, often present, a breach of courtesy on the part of host and guests, and, thinking it, I need hardly add, said so. Timid and toadying members were horrified. Pennell was suspended, summoned before the Committee in charge of such matters. He considered this an outrage and resigned immediately. He had not yet had the leisure to move or to hunt for a place to move into. But the same day his accumulations were transferred to my crowded quarters and we engaged additional rooms in a hotel where neither of us cared to stay one day longer than we were obliged to. This happened early in February; on the twenty-second he was to receive his Degree at the University. "You will see," he said to me, "the University will be frightened. There will be no Degree." I refused to believe that a local club scandal, the dirty work of unimportant busy-bodies, could affect a great University. The exasperating thing about Pennell, his friends used to tell him, was not so much what he said but that usually he turned out to be right. Certainly, in this case, he was.

He was looking forward with pleasure to receiving the Degree for, if he never went out of his way in search of honours, neither did he scorn them when given unsolicited. He appreciated his election to the Belgian Royal Academy, he and Paul Bartlett the only two American artist members. He would boast gaily of his privilege to sport a cocked hat and sword at State functions, though it was a privilege he never took

advantage of. Simplicity itself in his mode of life, he respected formality when the occasion demanded it, and to receive a Degree at the University of his own State, his own town, impressed him as an occasion that did. He referred to the subject in many letters.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

The Art Club of Philadelphia
2. 1. 18

Dear Professor—I wanted to surprise you. The book is about done—but I cant get a lot of my stuff over and that is holding it up. We are very glad the Whistler stuff appeals to you—I showed your letter to Mrs. Pennell—do what you like with it so long as you give us credit—There is a tribe of artistic and literary thieves around this place who are the limit—there is nothing they wont steal and they steal so badly. I believe the Whistler book is out of print but the publishers I dont believe will do anything about reprinting it . . . . I was in New York, as you know, a week ago and must come over again soon—I am doing a Government poster in New York. We shall be here all the month and on the 22d I am to be solemnly received into the arms or the buzzum or some of the vitals of the University and they say it will be most impressive and imposing and instructive and arty. You had better come—and holler,

Yes Europe is ruined—and I imagine they put some final touches on Paris yesterday—The whole world is mad—and they have ruined everything—and our life, the life we knew is over. The world may be made safe for democracy but it won't be fit to live in—dry and dreary and safe—Yep.

Joseph Pennell

TO MR. EDWARD ROBINS

The Art Club of Philadelphia
1. 18. 1918

Dear Ned—I will humbly obey your instructions and commands—there are only two details more—Do I wear a cap and gown—I

have not my Academic togs which are like this

blotted oh Lor—I should be real cute but if I am to look like this, where do I beg, hire or steal 'em?

Please let me know

Also

I think it would be fun to reserve a whole row of seats from side to side of the building for members of the family. Yours

J. P.

Doctoribus Futuribus

If he dont break down.

He would not hear of hiring cap and gown. It would be wanting in respect. He had them made, the best, the

most expensive of their kind. They had been sent home, tickets for the function had come, the last directions given when the blow fell. The secretary was the provost's messenger and I was alone to receive the message. The gist of it was that the time was inauspicious—so much talk—best to avoid scandal—unpleasantness—another postponement was wiser—until next June—and—might not Mr. Pennell think it more agreeable to be called out of town for a few days—and write to tell the provost?

"You know Joseph never takes things lying down," was all I said.

Nor did he make this an exception to his life-long policy. He was hurt, naturally, but knew that in the end the University's reputation, not his, would suffer. He was puzzled. Through three years of the war he lived in England where Englishmen called their generals bunglers, their statesmen blunderers, if they thought so, openly attributed their blunders and failures to "the hidden hand" in high places, were praised rather than condemned, their loyalty unquestioned, and were quite as free with their Allies as with themselves. However, hurt or puzzled, Pennell went on with his work—he was printing at Peters at the time—as if nothing had happened. On the twentieth of the month the provost supplemented his message with a formal note:

TO JOSEPH PENNELL

Office of the Provost
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia
February Twentieth 1918

My dear Mr. Pennell:

I am advised by the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania that the degree of Doctor of Letters voted to you April second, 1917,

with expectation that you would be present, June twenty-first, 1917, to receive it, will not be conferred on University Day, February twenty-second, 1918.

With cordial regards I am

Sincerely yours
Edgar F. Smith

Pennell answered, posted his letter so that it would reach the provost by the first delivery on the twenty-second and sent copies to the leading Philadelphia papers in time for publication that same morning. This is the letter:

TO THE PROVOST OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, February 21, 1918

Sir:

I am in receipt of your letter dated February 20th advising me that the degree of Doctor of Letters voted to me on April 2, 1917 will not be conferred on Washington's Birthday as arranged.

I note that in your letter you carefully avoid referring to the official communication verbally delivered to me on Monday, the 18th and again repeated on Tuesday. May I, therefore, remind you what that communication was? That in view of certain protests received the University wished to withhold until June the honorary degree which they had voted to me on April 2, 1917, and had proposed to confer upon me on June 21, 1917, when I was unable to receive it owing to my being in France at the invitation of the Government of that country. May I further remind you that you later proposed to confer the degree upon me on Washington's Birthday of this year? May I also remind you that I have received from the University no intimation as to the nature of the protests which have caused this action to be taken, nor do I know the persons from whom these protests came, nor have I been given an opportunity to reply to them? I was also informed in your official communication on Monday that the authorities were in sympathy

with me; that they still wished to confer the degree, only they thought it inadvisable for the University to do so at the present moment, and, therefore, asked me to wait until June next when the protests they have acted upon should be forgotten. You yourself were so thoughtful as to suggest that I should write you a letter regretting that I was obliged to be out of town on Washington's Birthday.

It seems, therefore, that the authorities of the University of Pennsylvania were so fearful of running counter to certain local prejudices that they were ready to sacrifice me, or rather, let the stigma of their decision rest upon me until they saw nothing to fear for themselves by removing it, though why a course of action which will be just in June should not be just now, is not easy to understand. I should have supposed that a degree awarded by an Institution of the antiquity and dignity of the University of Pennsylvania, in recognition of work which they considered worthy of the honor, would have been beyond the reach of local gossip. But it seems that I was mistaken, and that in the authorities' fear of local clamor, they would have left me its victim until the last echo had died away.

In your letter of yesterday you say nothing whatever as to the postponement of the conferring of the degree as was verbally suggested to me on Monday. I am, therefore, unaware whether you now wish to postpone this, or to refuse the degree altogether. But, Sir, to enable you with the best grace possible to escape from the complications which have been brought upon your head and the heads of the Trustees, I would say that I owe nothing to the University of Pennsylvania, and that I refuse now or at any future time to accept anything from an Institution so lacking in courage and justice.

Very truly yours,
JOSEPH PENNELL

His honour vindicated, the University's cowardice exposed, he was ready to take the University's action lightly. Doctor and Mrs. Morris Jastrow were giving us a dinner that same evening to celebrate the Degree.

We suggested that this was the occasion when Hamlet not only could, but should be left out. They would not hear of it, which showed that Pennell was not without friends even in the University where Doctor Jastrow was both professor and librarian. To spare our embarrassment—or hide his own—some one muttered in greeting something about having the celebration anyhow.

"Oh, no," said Pennell, "it's not the celebration, it's the wake."

The newspapers made capital of the affair, exaggerating, misrepresenting, embroidering. Correspondents wrote in defence, correspondents wrote in attack. Prominent Philadelphians were interviewed. Bertram Lippincott, the publisher, said that General Pershing might as truthfully be called a Pro-German. Harrison Morris, old friend, found in the incident another example of Philadelphia's attitude to her distinguished artists. Walter Taylor, the illustrator, referred the whole business to "the stupidities of clubdom and the narrow hypocrisy of academic jugglery." Devitt Welsh added his testimony as one with practical proof of Pennell's loyalty. The Sketch Club sent a testimonial of confidence, including in it Charles M. Burns, Pennell's "companion in crime" who offered to appear before the committee, only to be promptly turned down. When, later, Paul Bartlett was asked to join the Art Club as non-resident member, he said, "No. You had one artist in your Club once—Joseph Pennell—and you threw him out. I wouldn't run the risk." And McLure Hamilton has put it on record: "No one in the country excelled this Anglo-American Quaker in enthusiasm and self-sacrifice in

aiding the American Government and the people in that critical time." Artists' faith in him was not shaken.

Looking back dispassionately, emotions cooled by time, the University's action is to me no less incomprehensible. Here was a man whose work was sought by the Government; who was serving on Government committees; whose War Lithographs were approved by the Government for exhibition in public galleries throughout the country; whose posters were being made for the Government as spurs to popular patriotism;—a man to whom the President, the Secretary of the Army, the Secretary of the Navy, Army officers, Navy officers, war officials of every kind were writing to acknowledge the interest and value of his work;—a man whose aid was in demand for almost every war undertaking in which art could be a factor;—a man honoured everywhere for the gift of his time and energy to the nation; and the institution which in his own city should have been the first to recognize and acclaim his art and his practical devotion to his country in its hour of need, instead, heaped contumely upon his head at the bidding of petty local gossip. It was grotesque.

Throughout the talk and turmoil Joseph Pennell kept his poise admirably, going his way outwardly unmoved, working on steadily for the Government, serving on still another Government committee—to select eight artists to send to the Front—visiting the School for Disabled Soldiers which W. A. Rogers was managing in New York. On the twenty-second of February he was rejected by the University. On the twenty-sixth he was lecturing for the War Emergency Fund at the Academy of Music; on March third, lecturing at Mr. Charles M.

Schwab's New York house for the American War Hospital at Neuilly, and offering, through Mrs. William Henry Fox, Secretary of the Committee, to sell fifty sets of his War Lithographs to Mr. Schwab, for distribution in various institutions, the money to be handed over to war charities. On April first he was in Washington to attend a luncheon given to Directors and Publicity Men of Government Departments. When in Philadelphia his almost daily engagements were "Government Trip to Shipyards", "To Hog Island", "To Chester Shipyards", "To Pictorial Publicity Meeting." When he left Philadelphia for the West in March, it was to hold exhibitions of his War Lithographs, to talk about American War Work, and in Chicago to consult with the Chicago branch of the Pictorial Publicity Committee.

The first town on his route was Columbus: "It was not much of a success," he reported on March fifth—"a stodgy crowd at the talk—I dont think most of em caught on—no formal opening of the show—no catalogue—but a good gallery not so badly hung. On the other hand some of the people very decent—lunch today and visit to big quarries—and then to Chicago—and what??"

The question was answered in his first letter from Chicago where, as on earlier visits, he stayed at the University Club (March 6). "Everything is all right—though I was afraid it might not be—but it is—and I shall get at the hanging to-morrow—and there will be speechifying the next day and everything seems O. K. Have seen Alice Rouiller and their show is ready and altogether I am on the town. Did you get my telegram

to send on all the Government Committee things at once by special delivery?"

On the ninth he wrote to Devitt Welsh: "The Chicago meeting is arranged—the Exhibition is arranged—get those posters here—for it—the meeting will be backed by all Chicago. Incidentally even my show is open. What of the other two posters?"

Illness could make no difference, and he was very ill throughout his stay in Chicago. On the ninth, the day of his urgent letter to Mr. Welsh, to me he was writing: "I am pretty seedy, grip or malaria or something, I dont know." And two days later: "I dont think that much will come of things—but maybe that is because I am seedy, seedier than I have been". And in another letter the same evening: "I am better but going to bed—try to talk to-morrow." And on the thirteenth "Am all wrong again this morning and should go to bed if I did not have to go to a meeting."

He went to the meeting for the Government but the one piece of work he had undertaken for himself—a commission from Ketterlinus for lithographs of Armour's stockyards to be used as an advertisement—he was forced to give up. I knew how ill he was when I received his note of the fourteenth:

> I tried to-day at Armours and had to chuck it—Its horrible, magnificent in a way—in the stock yards and killing places—but of course what *I see* they dont want *people to see*. If I can I shall talk Tuesday and Wednesday. Incidentally not a sign is out either at the Institute or Rouiller's about the show—not a thing is sold—they are flocking I understand to these English cribs which are all over the place—I have seen but one notice of any importance—there is not a copy of the book on the Lake Front—there is not an ad in the

papers—not a notice—but they have Billy Sunday—the comics—gossip—Base Ball—what more? I picked up a copy of the *Temps*—4 pages of news; in the 48 to 98 *here*, there may be a head line or so."

He was worse on the fifteenth: "I went out yesterday—and am near dead to-day—I'm all to pieces—so am in the house—and now some one has stolen my hat!" And yet on the sixteenth he could forget his really quite desperate physical condition to write a business letter to Devitt Welsh.

TO MR. H. DEVITT WELSH

University Club of Chicago
3. 16. 1918

Dear Welsh: The letter and the middle-sized posters have come—the little one is a brown mess utterly ineffective

Because

it is utterly killed by the lettering—this is a failure—as to the cranes—the middle size one—as the printers have virtually eliminated the brown—it came very well but had they used the offset press it would have been a million times better—The blues are *vile*

I

have asked to have the big one sent out. The meeting is coming off—I expect to attend Friday. Why cannot that meeting of Vice Chairmen—or the Committee from among them be called earlier the same day—Consider the circulated report!

Yours
Joseph Pennell

After this he gave in, saw a doctor, postponed the Armour work but not the new Government commission. His few lines on the eighteenth outlined his plans: "Leave Thursday morning—stay over night in N.Y. Welsh telegraphs me they want—the U.S.—a new series of ship yard things. I have said I would do them.

Also they will pay expenses. But I'll have to feel better *before* I do them. I have arranged to come back and do the Armour things later—whether I shall is another matter."

He did not get off on Thursday, and on Friday: "Its been one demnition grind and its not over—lunch—then meeting—then dinner—then drink—then meeting lunch then meeting then talk 4 speeches and another dinner—Cincinnati—Sunday—Detroit—Tuesday—may be back at once and maybe not. Its snowing and slushing hard." From New York a wire came: "Bartlett has cured me shall be back to-morrow afternoon J. Pennell. I know I have and I hope Phila will not nullify my efforts Paul Bartlett."

Whether Bartlett was not so good a physician as he thought, or the fault was Philadelphia's, Pennell had hardly returned before he went to bed, stayed there four or five days, with the doctor coming twice daily. His vitality to me was a never-ceasing miracle. He was no sooner out of bed before he was in New York, working on his Liberty Poster and writing me his programme for the next week or so: "I am going down to Washington to-night—shall stay there till Tuesday—then either back here to finish printing or stop over in Philadelphia—maybe movies Wednesday—Thursday—and Friday New Haven—Saturday and Sunday ship yards—Tuesday Lowell—Wednesday Grolier—Whats the use of talking about my work?"

He stopped over in Philadelphia long enough to arrange a fine show of his War Work lithographs at Doctor Rosenbach's. Then he was off to the South.

CHAPTER XL

TRAGIC DISCOVERY IN WASHINGTON · THE ARMISTICE · RAILROAD ACTIVITIES SERIES (1918–1919)

At any other time the disaster waiting him in Washington would have broken him down completely. The boxes containing our Whistleriana had arrived at the Library of Congress, been opened, and the collection we spent years getting together was found on the high road to ruin from damp. A few items were destroyed; from all, as Doctor Putnam said, the bloom had gone. Only those who knew Pennell's interest and joy in each separate treasure, in each new possession, in his voyages of discovery, in his bouts of extravagance at sales, his bargaining in old bookshops, could realize his despair. But, despairing or not, he could not delay his journey to the coal regions in West Virginia, could not afford the luxury of leisure to be miserable in. He wrote to every one who might be responsible for the damp and damage or able to find out who was—to Mr. Skinner, the Consul General whose help had seen him through his dark days in London, to the American Express Company who had the shipping of the boxes in charge, to Brown and Stevens who had taken them over from Whiteley's, to Whiteley's manager. He could do no more at the moment and he went on to Charleston, West Virginia.

He carried his depression with him. The town struck

him, May twenty-third, "as a pretentious, bumptious stupid hole—like the world will be . . . they gave me a room with nine windows—I suppose I shall pay nine dollars—the niggers are the limit for laziness and stupidity—there are no mines near—no motors to get to them. The country coming was stunning—I am wasting the day—I go to-morrow to Huntington, then to Athens—then Columbus and then Chicago—to do the packers—the heat is pretty fierce—but its worse to find nothing."

On the twenty-fifth: "This army man is a pest—he would not take the things if I did them—and after an avalanche of notes, letters, phones, telegrams, I sent him a collect message—saying it would be impossible to do anything for weeks. . . . And now they are going to rout me out in the middle of the night to sketch on the river—this is the last of going anywhere or doing anything for anyone but myself." And, the final word of disappointment: "I do not know what day it is—I have had an awful time—heat, dirt—no, stinking filth—worst I ever saw—this place is pretentiously commonplace—missing trains, putting up in villages—yet something is done—go on from here slowly to Chicago."

In Chicago he was at home, he had friends, he had definite work to plan without interference from fussy officials who knew nothing of art and could not understand artists. "As an artist how can I tell when I shall get to and how long I shall stay at a place I want to work in?" was the way he expressed it to Mr. Devitt Welsh, "they treat me like a photographer or lithographic commercial manufacturer."

Though he could and did say harsh things of Chicago,

JOSEPH PENNELL DRAWING IN THE
STOCK YARDS, CHICAGO

of some of the people, of many of their ways and manners, he never lost a Chicago friend through his honesty. His regret was that he could not meet all the proposals of work Chicago lavished upon him. Mr. David A. Robertson, of the American Council of Education, President of the Renaissance Society of the University of Chicago and Director of University Public Lectures, was anxious to have him talk to the Summer School but he was obliged to refuse. "I am very sorry," he wrote, "for I always find talking to students most interesting and I am always sorry to miss the opportunity." One pleasure that made no inroads upon his time, Mr. Robertson was able to give him. It was already difficult to obtain a complete series of the Lithographs of Greek Temples, editions of many of the single prints having been exhausted. By a fortunate chance, a set had just turned up at Rouiller's. Mr. Robertson exhibited the prints in the Classic Building and raised the money to purchase them as a Memorial to Frank Bigelow Tarbell, the former Professor of Classic Archaeology.

The Ketterlinus commission could not be postponed a second time while lectures and talks could, and, if Pennell had got rid of Government officials, his trouble now was with the red tape and formalities at Armour's, where he was "pestered to death by permits." And the stockyards and his other subjects were miles away: "I start at seven and got back last night at nine thirty . . . . . and there is no end, and when the end comes I shall be ended too." It was impossible to write letters; his notes to me were concerned solely with business details I was attending to for him in Philadelphia.

After Chicago, he went on to Detroit where "I have

done Ford's motor place or rather, there was little to do." And, a week later, "I have finished here with a launch and leave at 6 to-morrow for Cleveland."

The Government ordered so huge an edition of his Liberty Poster that the printing was divided between Ketterlinus in Philadelphia and Heywood, Strasser and Voight in New York, and Pennell, during the late summer, was kept going and coming from one printing house to the other. His subject was "New York City bombed, shot down, burning, blown up by an enemy. A fleet of aeroplanes fly over Lower Manhattan, flames and smoke envelop the burning skyscrapers, in the foreground Liberty, from a pile of ruins, rises headless on her pedestal, her torch shattered." His title was "Buy Liberty Bonds or You Will See This", which explained. But the committee, like all committees, knew better and printed instead: "That Liberty Shall not Perish from the Earth. Buy Liberty Bonds." which explained perhaps the citizen's duty but not the poster. If he was irritated, at least he had the pleasure of making the drawing, the excitement of printing it in colour, for him something new. The printers were enthusiastic, Mr. Heywood of the New York firm offering him every facility, encouraging every experiment. He arranged the colours so they would print more or less like a mosaic, the usual way being to mix them through repeated printings. "Artistically, the poster must stand or fall," Pennell wrote. "But technically it was in the printing one of the most interesting of the experiments and experiences of my life," so interesting that he chose it as subject for the sixth volume in the Joseph Pennell's Pictures Series, the second brought out in 1918.

In the course of the year's many journeys he had begun his Railroad Etchings in New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, though spare days for printing the plates were few. He went on with this work in the autumn, making short trips to Pottsville, Mauch Chunk, Shamokin, Wilkesbarre, Mahanoy City. His letters were more hurried, he had less time to spare, winter was so near. Therefore, when he wrote from Shamokin simply: "Got some things to-day," I knew work was going uncommonly well. At Wilkesbarre, by the end of September, he found the poster "all over the place—it is better than I expected—but the rotten Christie and the Green soldier—the worst of the lot—are twice as popular—these people are hopeless—sightless and senseless." A Pictorial Publicity meeting in Chicago, a lecture to the Woman's Club in Cincinnati meant another trip West in November, the visit to Cincinnati saddened by the illness of Duveneck whom he loved and with whom his friendship dated back to 1885.

TO MRS. JOSEPH PENNELL

Cincinnati
11. 24. 18

Kamli Pen—Got in here to-night to find the town waiting with *fêtes* and *festas* for a week, but I shall leave on Tuesday morning for Detroit—I expect—write there to the Hotel Statler. They tell me Duveneck is dying—beastly—and sad—his end—if it is so.

Waked up Chicago and kicked Gibson all over the shop—and carried the crowd with me. Had a decent time and arranged the show with Rouiller—who is pretty bad—but things are moving there. Grover and Clarkson O.K. They have hung me in the centre of their celebrities—truly the prophet—and call me a permanent resident. Dont send anything of importance to Detroit—as I may

have to go from here to Washington or New York—to a meeting with Creel—

From nobody's shoulders did the Armistice lift such a load of horror and despair as from Joseph Pennell's. No less than the men in the trenches he had passed through the Valley of the Shadow. Working for his own country alone saved him. He was sincere when he wrote: "it was wonderful to be able to do something at this time for the Government, something that may in its way help to end this wicked war—for all wars are wicked." But he could not get back to his work at once. The Division of Pictorial Publicity was not dissolved. And whoever lived through the first few months after the signing of the Armistice cannot forget the excitement over the reception of the troops on their return, the hard work done to ensure success for the launching of the Fourth Liberty Loan—the Victory Loan. Pennell was on the committee for the decoration of the town. He invested in the Loan, did whatever he was asked to do to induce others to invest as liberally. He led the revels by which Philadelphia artists sought to lure people into Camac Street, not to let them out again until thousands had been promised and signed for. Camac Street, when we were young an alley where labourers lived in the small two-storied red brick houses, had of recent years been converted into "the Street of Little Clubs", artists, writers and advertising men moving in for the sake of low rents, cleaning up the houses outside, adapting them inside as homes for the Sketch Club, the Plastic Club, the Franklin Inn, the Poor Richard Club, the friendly dining club with the French

name, *Le Coin D'Or*. For the benefit of the Loan, they opened their doors wide and made a playground of the street. Teas and dancing were traps for the unwary. Boxers had their bouts in the cause of patriotism and elephants paraded. No absurdity was too absurd if bonds were sold by it. Some mornings art students were let loose and of Pennell, with a pretty young girl hanging on each arm, confetti flying, photographs were made for the papers, films for the movies. The last night, in the large upper room at the Sketch Club, he sat to Wayman Adams—the sketch to-day has a place in the Club's gallery of portraits—and the curious who wandered in to stare were bondholders before they got away. And Camac Street was glorified by the managers of the revels as "the Biggest Little Street in the World."

Pennell, when needed, had never been found wanting, but it was a relief to be once more his own master. He was not at the end of his lecturing—in Washington, Memphis, Trenton, the Friends' School in Germantown, Brooklyn, the Library Club in Atlantic City, and so it kept up. Something was continually calling him to New York. In February (1919) it was the annual dinner and conference of the Academy of Arts and Letters—he was then a member of the Institute. The Academy made a great year of it, for its annual celebrations finding a reason in the hundredth anniversary of the birth of James Russell Lowell. Jacques Copeau at the *Grand Colombier* was part of one afternoon's programme, a Barrie play part of one evening's. Pennell, who never went inside a theatre if he could help it, escaped Copeau, but not Barrie and, as luck would have it, the play was "Dear Brutus" its sentiment especially calculated to

annoy him. He was fairly restrained through the performance but afterwards he could no longer contain himself and John Galsworthy, whom we met in the lobby, bore the brunt of his boredom. "I say, Galsworthy, when you get back to London tell Barrie, with my love, that of all the damnedest rot I ever saw, that's the damnedest." In May the call to New York was for the annual convention of the American Federation of Arts which for several years he attended regularly, going with hope and coming away with disappointment. In between he posed to Wayman Adams for "The Conspirators", that amazing group of three men as different in type as three men could possibly be—himself, Charles M. Burns, J. McLure Hamilton. He sat to Doctor Tait McKenzie for a medallion. He talked for the Fellowship at the Academy, for Doctor Rosenbach at the opening of a fine Beardsley exhibition. Not until July could he settle down to finish his Railroad Activities Series.

The greater part of July and a week or two in August he worked in the New York stations and ferries, little in his notes to me except his often repeated, "I am getting on but am near dead with rush and heat—especially the first", for, in addition to etching, he was seeing many publishers; helping to organize the New Society of Sculptors, Painters and Engravers; giving John Flanagan sittings for the medallion which is one of the best of the many portraits made of him. And, labour of love, he was contributing Notes to the Catalogue of Doctor Walter H. Jessop's Collection of Whistler's Lithographs, sold the following November at the Anderson Galleries. This, as he wrote to Mr.

THE CONSPIRATORS: JOSEPH PENNELL, J. MCLURE HAMILTON AND CHARLES M. BURNS

Portrait by Wayman Adams

Mitchell Kennerly in a Prefatory Letter he was glad to do, "as I knew Whistler, knew Doctor Jessop and knew his Collection."

His impressions of his railroad subjects he reserved for his exhibition at Keppels' in the autumn. It was his habit to add a few comments to the titles in his Catalogues and in this year's notes he declared that no other station in the world was so well worth doing as the Grand Central—the Temple of Travel—the swing of the bridge leading to it superb, the Concourse the finest hall in the modern world; that mystery filled the ferry houses; that beauty was in the lines of the tracks at Weehauken. "The dignity of usefulness" was to him the charm of the Pennsylvania Station and nowhere was there a more pictorial train shed than in Philadelphia. He was no less enthusiastic in the autumn, at Altoona, Mauch Chunk, Scranton, Pittsburgh, farther south at Memphis, farther west at Chicago and St. Louis. From Pittsburgh he wrote to me, September fifth, "I shall clear out for St. Louis to-morrow . . . . there is no day train so I must go to-morrow night—it's all a part of the whole scheme—to make you take a sleeper and to prevent you from seeing the country—though no one wants to do that—scarce anyone looked at the Horse Shoe which is fine—but they just loved the cute signs—we are a great people. I have not read Wilson who from head lines seems to have dropped his league and is talking treaty."

From Chicago, on the eleventh: "Its been pretty hot—but is all right to-day—it was awful in St. Louis. They want me to talk there. Went to a meeting last night—MacCormick and Johnson Senators made fun of the

Woody Willy—and the people yelled, 'impeach him, turn him out,' and hissed the blessed name." He found Mauch Chunk "still picturesque"; in Memphis, "steamboats, levee, niggers, cotton, quite the old thing"; in St. Louis, "subjects but no weather"—this was in November—and a day or two later: "The weather is as black as London with thunder and at 10.30 A.M. I am writing by electric light and its pouring." But he stayed for several days, making drawings for a St. Louis newspaper, and on the eighth: "I have got through them and they seem to like the things which is amazing and really more than I do—all of them."

When, in London just before the war, Fisher Unwin arranged to bring out a second edition of "Lithography and Lithographers", it was with the idea of making it the first volume in a Graphic Arts Series, etching to be the subject of the second. To this scheme the war put an end. But during those free months of waiting, at the beginning of 1916, Pennell wrote his "Etching and Etchers", so as to have it ready if, with peace, an interest in art returned. The Macmillan Company in New York, American publishers of "Lithography and Lithographers", undertook the publication of the new book and Fisher Unwin agreed to take an English edition. In the autumn Pennell, despite his wanderings, was seeing the book through the press, and it was published before Christmas. The Lippincotts called for a sixth edition of our "Life of Whistler" and we took advantage of the chance to revise it thoroughly. They asked for a second book about him to supplement the "Life" and we decided to publish "The Whistler Journal." It was while we were thus once more occupied

with Whistler that Pennell bought for our Whistleriana in the Library of Congress the legal documents in connection with the Whistler *v.* Ruskin case, including even the brief and Whistler's letters to his solicitor, Anderson Rose—"amazing", Whistler would have said. These are the subjects of the last letters written in 1919.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

Windermere Hotel
Philadelphia. 11. 30. 1919

My dear Professor—May I say *howdy* across this drear, dear dry desert—and I never see you any more. What I want to know—of course I want something, is to know where "in praise (of him) in the Early Eighties" you wrote about Whistler, as you say, on 172 of *American Painting* a very interesting book, and I really mean it—and understandable. But where and what did you write? I write because we are doing a new Edition of the Life, about which you say nice things, and a *bran new* book on him as well, but I want to get this early appreciation right, and give you the credit for it. So far as I know the first intelligent article was Brownell's in *Scribner's* also in the Early Eighties, so please let me see your article or tell me where I can find it.

I hope it may interest you to know that I have become the proud possessor of all the Ruskin Whistler documents. One does not have to be a millionaire to make a fool out of millionaires, by proving to them they dont know a good thing when they see it. What would we give now for Rembrandt's case—but I got it. . . . But please let me know about this article of the 80's. We both appreciate the nice things you said about us.

I am yours
Joseph Pennell

I am going to have a show at Keppels on the 10th and a big book out on Etching and a lot of other things soon—I am.

Windermere Hotel, Philadelphia
12. 15. 1919

My dear Professor—Of course I wanted you to have the book or I would not have asked that it be sent you—but I always have designs on everybody—have I not—am I not always and endlessly told so and I hoped and now hope more, it may incite you to say something about it in the charming way publicly in print that you have said it to me in your letter. I too was asked to go South to North Carolina—and we might If I could have gone—played the parts of the two Governors—but I aint going—I was in the Club two or three times last week but you werent. I may come—probably shall to the Institute meeting in January—If I do can I hope I shall see you then. But remember I wanted you to have for your very own the book.

Joseph Pennell

Windermere Hotel, Philadelphia
12. 4. 1919

My dear Professor—I never, never, never meant to put you to all that trouble. But I am very glad to have the information at hand. I have the *Art for Art's Sake*—you gave it to us. But I do propose to make use of what you say in your letter about your early appreciation, unless for some unknown reason you object to my giving you credit for what is due to you, in the book which is now under way.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

CHAPTER XLI

A PHILADELPHIA INTERVAL
(1920)

Our hotel changed hands and was the worse for it. We were reduced to going out for every meal, including breakfast; in our rooms we could barely turn round for the accumulation of studio properties. Philadelphia gossip said that Pennell had lost all his money and appearances justified the gossip. What Philadelphia could not understand was that he would settle nowhere until he found an outlook to rival the beauty of the Thames out of our London windows. Brooklyn continued to haunt him. He remembered how from Brooklyn Heights he had seen the skyscrapers of Lower Manhattan towering above the East River, the ships coming and going in the upper bay, the sky aflame with the sunset. But pressing work had to be finished before the Brooklyn experiment was possible.

Philadelphia was not without compensations. Old friends did their best to make us forget that we were waifs and strays in our native town. The Street of Little Clubs, recovered from its orgy of bond-selling, was a refuge. The Sketch Club had not feared to proclaim aloud its allegiance to him when the majority of Philadelphians hesitated to whisper theirs, and now often in its basement, fashioned into an American version of a German *Bier Kellar*, we dined, often in its

tiny Philadelphia back yard, transformed into a formal garden, we spent the summer evenings. We were never alone, sure to meet Charles M. Burns, years older than the oldest, immeasurably gayer than the gayest; or Doctor Zimmermann, Walter Taylor, Devitt Welsh, Edwin H. Fetterolf, the librarian, with a love of books that won Pennell's friendship from the first. And Pennell would bring friends with him, Miss Agnes Repplier, the McLure Hamiltons to remind us of our London evenings of good fellowship and good talk, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Morris and their daughter Catherine—I cannot count all whose friendly companionship helped him through those homeless years. Or we dined at the *Coin D'Or* where in its dining room or miniature roof garden everybody knew everybody else. Or we went to the Art Alliance, its big Walnut Street back dining room gloomy but, as a rule, Walter Taylor and his wife were wanderers with us, and congenial company can temper despair with humour. To-day Americans have the habit of wandering for their dinner and are hardened. Pennell could not reconcile himself to it, still less after prohibition made so dreary a function of dining. To him, as to most intelligent men and women, wine was as essential to dinner as bread or salt.

At times, we gave up the clubs, tried other places until there was hardly a hotel in Philadelphia that did not know us. Reluctantly he ventured into tea rooms that made a boast of "home cooking". One stands out in my memory. The tables were covered with oilcloth. He had borne much, but this was beyond endurance and he sat silent, the picture of woe. Suddenly he drew a lithographic pencil from his pocket and began to draw

on the offending cloth. "As good a surface as stone," he said, and handed another pencil to Walter Taylor. Both men spent the evening drawing, at rare intervals swallowing a mouthful of they hardly knew what, which perhaps was just as well. The next day I bought oilcloth. Pennell drew on it, hurried to our friend Joseph C. Fraley, the patent lawyer, who shared the excitement, saw a new lithographic method, was eager to patent it—only, what was there to patent? Nothing could stop anybody who wanted from buying oilcloth, drawing on it, pulling prints on a lithographic press. To Mr. John F. Braun, who was interested, Pennell wrote: "I doubt very much if the invention can be patented, it is so simple, yet artistically it revolutionizes Lithography and makes possible what we have been looking for." But he was less hopeful after later experiments with Charles Locke at the Art Students' League. Occasionally, Pennell, a member, lunched or dined at the Franklin Inn, a Camac Street Club but with an air of superiority, separated from the others by the width of Locust Street and no women admitted. He was a member of the Triplets, a club of men who met once a month to dine. Also of the T. Square Club, the Philadelphia Chapter of the Institute of Architects, both with regular weekly or monthly meetings; also of the Philobiblon Club where, at the request of the secretary, Mr. John Ashhurst, he would now and then give a talk. And he was president of a club named after him.

The Pennell Club was neither for dining nor lunching. It held no formal meetings. Its sole interest was in books and the making of books. It originated, in 1918, with Mr. George J. C. Grasberger, dealer in prints and old

books, keen about Pennell's etchings and lithographs, enterprising, full of ideas. A small group of men who cared for books and collected them often met in his office. He suggested that they should issue books themselves, and they agreed. The members of the Club were William West, John Ashhurst, Ellis Ames Ballard, S. Boyd Davis, Colonel Henry D. Hughes, Walter Taylor, Henry Thouron, Pennell of course, with Grasberger as secretary and publisher. Pennell designed the Club's monogram, the first publication was a hitherto unpublished manuscript by Edgar Saltus: "The Gardens of Aphrodite." So far, five Pennell Club books have appeared.

In England Pennell was a foreigner, with no right to interfere in national affairs. In America he was at home with the right and, moreover, he felt that the knowledge gained by a long lifetime of varied experience might be of use to his country. Local schemes for War Memorials were very much in the air. He suggested instead the Lincoln Highway converted into a great National Memorial, to which States and cities could contribute: a great National Avenue—a *Via Sacra*—across the continent from New York to San Francisco, on either side memorial trees and memorial monuments, the work of the most distinguished American sculptors. A few praised; many laughed; and recently the idea has been borrowed, with no credit to him, and limited to a Memorial Road for one State. His suggestion, if adopted, would have created beauty.

He was as eager that the beauty already in existence should not be destroyed. He started a crusade against billboards, whose screaming colours and vulgar de-

signs defiled country and town alike. He endeavoured to rouse the public to their ugliness and their unwarrantable intrusion upon the landscape. He wrote to the papers, made drawings of the worst examples, had them reproduced in the *Magazine of Art* and other publications, showed them as films in his lectures. Again the few praised, the many laughed, nothing was done. To-day, here and there, action has been taken, but that he initiated the movement has been forgotten. In Philadelphia, his righteous wrath was roused by the sorry spectacle of rows of wooden seats left propped against the State House after some civic ceremony, at the imminent risk of fire; still more by the condition of the building at the east end, the Old City Hall with its windows filthy and broken, its front doors battered and black, its bricks dislodged, a shabby fruit stand leaning up against its dishonoured walls. He exposed the neglect in public and in private, but to no avail. And it was the Mayor who got the credit when, inspired by Pennell, he urged the eventual restoration of the building. And Pennell mourned the ruin of the little old park by the Fairmount Water Works into which the builders of the new Art Gallery were cutting and digging. He attended meetings of the Fairmount Park Association, he etched and lithographed the park, exhibited the prints with appropriate legends beneath, and Philadelphia discreetly held its peace. He protested in the press, and no one came to his support save Miss Agnes Repplier and Mr. Albert Rosenthal.

TO MR. ALBERT ROSENTHAL

Hotel Windermere, 9.2.1920

Dear Rosenthal—I am very glad you wrote that letter and I am very surprised that *The Ledger* printed it. I hope you sent copies of it to the other papers. I think what we should do and do as soon as possible—is to call a mass meeting and expose the whole conduct of the city art affairs and public affairs generally. The trouble is not with the politicians—not with the Mayor—he is only a poor wooden-headed newspaper reporter who has got in a round hole his square head wont fit. Its the highbrows in this town who are cowards and wont stand up for anything and dont care so long as they can hide in their Borie Trumbauer Cret built palaces on the main line. It is their fault—let us get together at once. Agnes Repplier will help and we can show up and show off this down at the heel, decayed city magnificent as that Harvey Shippen calls it . . . . . We must get at it and do something—but how they allowed your letter in and my name to it is beyond me. Dr. Keene too is on our side. If we stand together we can do something—

Yours

Joseph Pennell

Peace did not lessen the demand for his lectures. In 1920 he was invited and went to Bethlehem; Boston; Fall River; Washington; New York where, in February, he began his annual course of four lectures to the National Academy students. More important were the Scammon Lectures at the Chicago Art Institute in April. A short-hand writer took them down as he talked and they were published by the University of Chicago Press, "The Graphic Arts." "It will be quaint, this book, just my talk," he wrote me. I followed his progress in his daily notes: "5.30 P.M. Lecture just over," is the note for April sixth. "I have done the first one—a pretty big audience and they seemed to like

it." On the eighth: "I give the second to-day . . . Koch came in yesterday and says they want me not only at Evanston—where they are getting up a dinner—but at Ann Arbor Mich.—but I dont think I shall go—I dined with Rouillers last night . . . I am to go to Grover on Saturday but that is about all—They have given me a contract—which I have made all right."

Of this second lecture he wrote me again on April eleventh: "much smaller audience last Thursday—suppose they did not find they could learn everything in an hour—so they left—no matter—I'll get the book in order—the University people seem all right." "The third one (April 14) went better I think—there was a big crowd but the trouble with these lectures and all the country and all the people in it is—they have really nothing to do, no ideas, and they bustle about trying to pick up something and when they have swallowed it, it disagrees with them and they blame you for their rotten internal arrangements which protest against all the junk heaved into them." With the fourth he was better satisfied (April 20): "I seem to be waking things up—There was a big crowd at the Lecture but I talked badly." And on the twenty-fifth: "I am all through save talking to the artists to-morrow and I guess maybe they will wish I had not spoken when I get through. As that Senator Capper says we are nothing but Thieves and Robbers."

In June he went West as far as Des Moines, to speak at the Convention of Women's Clubs where he hoped to expose the iniquity of billboards with such eloquence that the women would flock to his support. The eloquence was not wanting, it was the women who failed.

Shorter journeys were to Brooklyn, Springfield, Smith College in the autumn; further encroachments on his time were his duties—the sort of duties he never shirked—on the hanging committees of the Philadelphia Water Colour Society and the New Society in New York. But "The Whistler Journal" and the new edition, the fourth, of "Pen Drawing" were the absorbing occupations of spring, summer and autumn. Pen drawing, he would say, is a lost art, and yet there were a few names to add, a few new developments. He gave even the "Ists" a chapter, though their trick was "the avoidance of difficulties", and it could be read with profit by those who believe that art is to be saved by artists becoming like unto little children. "Pen Drawing" was printed by the Franklin Printing Company in Philadelphia and Mr. Kitteredge, the president, gave him the freedom of the press, willing that he should superintend the printing. In his words: "Publishers and printers have worked with me and I have worked with them. It has been a labour of love to work with such workmen—workmen who have cared for their work and done it well."

This from Pennell was praise indeed, and the book figures largely in his letters to Fisher Unwin, publisher of the English edition, and to Doctor Singer, with whom he was once more in correspondence. To both he wrote freely about not merely work but everything that interested him. More clearly than Americans who had always lived at home, he saw the change in his country wrought by the years and emigration—the change in the people, the standards, the politics, the manners, the type, and it distressed him, so little did

he think it for the better. "America is become the dumping ground and rubbish heap of the world" was his lament in a letter to E. J. Sullivan about this period. In the Subway he would look at the people opposite and say to me in despair: "Not one American face among them!" Prohibition struck him as among the worst results of the change. He could not believe that the old-fashioned, level-headed American would have accepted so impertinent an interference with the personal rights long supposed to be the American's birthright. Besides, now, suddenly to do without wine told upon him physically. He laughed at the late prophet who exalts "soft drinks" for the nourishment in them. He did not drink wine for nourishment but as a stimulant without which, in his opinion, art and literature must perish. His feelings on the subject are expressed with his unfailing vigour in his letters.

TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

Century Club. New York
10. 10. 1920

Dear Fisher—I shall be seeing Macmillans in a day or so with the list of the plates and blocks I want for Lithography—which they are going to take. A dam nigger wench has mislaid it—their letter—after fifty years of freedom the nigger instead of advancing and developing with freedom—has degenerated into a childish weak, but brutal animal—they are fit for nothing but slavery—or to be returned with the Jews to their native lands, but nary a one will go, of either cursed race, and if Wilson would only preside over them with Pussy-foot Johnson and Carry Catt for his cabinet all would be better in this worst of all worlds—

Yet

I had 2 cocktails, 3 whiskies, 1 white burgundy and 1 gin yesterday—so you see how dry I am.

Have you seen or escaped X.—he represents the perfection of American literary culture which is bought ready made—he personally is not bad—but his writings oh Lor—

Joseph Pennell

P.S. The *Pen Drawing* book is now on the press and it looks mighty well—I suppose you have ordered enough copies—and I hope people will want them. J.P.

P.P.S. You may think we are in the throes of a general election. We are not, baseball is of much more importance and so is craps—why even dynamite in Wall Street dont move us, and no one either knows or really cares who is elected so long as they can steal and grab all they can, and play as much golf as possible—But no one knows—with the women who know nothing and the workingmen and the trash of Europe—how the election will go—*only*, the people who think will stand for Harding to get rid of the Wilson tyrannic dynasty and to bury his league of notions—but sentiment and blither rule the American female mind and Gompers rules the American workingman and they will swing the vote this time. Neither of the candidates has any guts—and Harding has a seventh-day adventist wife—and he carries his speeches in one hand and his ascension robe in the other—Cox dont—and I hope wont carry any thing. J.P.

TO PROFESSOR DOCTOR HANS W. SINGER

The Century Club
7 W. 43rd Street, N.Y.
11. 11. 1920

Dear Dr. Singer. It has been ages since I heard from you—a lifetime since I left Europe—and since the world ended—but now there are some signs here of the coming of a new world with our new President. I write you for I should like to hear from you again and also because—I hear you are bringing out a new edition of *Moderne Graphik* which I shall see when it gets here. I suppose you and others have been at work. I have Struck's Etching and am

not

impressed with it—and never was with his work. I hear Klinger and Greiner and Stuck are dead—is this so—I have seen *Jugend* and

Gurlitt's productions—and certainly they have fallen horribly from their high estate. Is there anything good coming out in Germany or Austria—if so I cant find it over here—I had hoped for the end of Futurism—and for more art of the present—but from what comes over, there is no art left with you—or we do not get it—what we do get—is not worth having, yet it is pounced upon and copied and cribbed from by an artless gang who have escaped from Germany and Russia and infest and corrupt the country. As for me I have worked and brought out a big book on *Etching* (T. Fisher Unwin) and it went like a novel and is out of print, and there are new editions of *Lithography* and *Pen Drawing*, the latter about to appear next month.

Museums and print rooms and print societies and teachers and professors and schools of the graphic arts spring up all over the place—the only thing lacking is the graphic artist—no really good big man has appeared—and most of those of promise have their heads turned at the faintest breath of success and vanish. Webster and MacLaughlan—I have heard nothing of and White—I dont know if you knew his work—is dead—a Californian—named Winkler—has done some good plates—and millions of more or less bad ones are being ground out—I have done, did do during the war many lithographs for the government, and the government is at last beginning to take notice of art—as all other civilized countries and even I understand savage countries like Russia have. Save mine there are scarce any books issued with any pretentions to art. But one man Rockwell Kent—though imitating in every way Blake too much—has done some interesting things—these are in a book called *Wilderness*, G. T. Putnam's Sons, which probably you know—all else mostly is advertisements and what is called "Commerical Art" which is mostly not art but what artists have to live on. Things are not happy save in for those who are blissfully, ignorant, and as for the rest of us we wander in a dry dreary desert.

Yours

Joseph Pennell

"Pen Drawing" still held its place in the letters to Fisher Unwin—the book that had so well stood the test of time.

TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

Pen Drawing is finished to-day

Century Club New York
12. 3. 1920

Dear Fisher—Be not afraid—the fine large paper copies of the
Pen Drawing
are
Signed
and signed by me now.

The
others were the result of the fool hustle which this country is cursed with. Everything is slovenly—down at the heel—incompetent—all the result of the place going dry—We are become a race of poor white trash as conceited as ignorant—as lazy as incompetent—everything has gone to the dogs—and it is only fools like T. who do not know it—and strut about armed with the valour of ignorance—I saw that pompous ass, X., in the street and he had got himself up as a British Bounder—as nearly as his notions would let him.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

The Century Association
7 West 43rd Street, New York
12. 26. 1920

Dear Fisher—You are very much excited—over a very small thing. These are only lectures and I do not think—and Macmillans have said nothing—that when they come out, which will not be for months, the book will in any way interfere with the Graphic Arts Series—it will advertise. I have however written to Mr.
Mc Farland,
the University Press, Chicago University, Chicago, Ill., asking him to consult you—and offer you the book in England—It will be a text book really and may be popular, at any rate should be . . . . It will no more interfere with the Graphic Art Series than the Cantor Lectures interfered with the book on Lithography.

What is good news, I hear that Scotland did not go dry—this country owing to dryness has turned to crime—depravity and debauchery—for the poor people must do something—and they are doing it. Incidently among our Christmas presents were

2 bottles gin
1 Scotch whiskey
1 Vermouth

and we are going to a very damp dinner to-night. Have Macmillans settled up about Lithography? Or sent you the Pen Drawing? That seems to be moving though I have not seen a note or a notice yet—but it is out.

Yours as well as can be
expected in this
time and place
Joseph Pennell
This

is not a Merry Xmas yet all dam fools spit it out at you.

J. P.

TO PROFESSOR DOCTOR HANS W. SINGER

Century Club 7 W. 43d
Street, New York
1. 14. 21

Dear Singer—Your letter and the post card written, the latter, the day this cursed, useless, hellish war was declared between Germany and England—were received a day or so ago—I also saw your article in the *Christian Science Monitor*, *the only* decent honest paper published in this country to-day. I am not a Christian Scientist but a Friend—I agree with your article perfectly—I was not sure you had not been perverted—and to show you how much I agree with you I send you a type-written copy under a separate cover of my chapter on the Expressionists as you call them. I only call them Ists—you may use it if you like and if any one will pay to publish it give the money to some one who wants it—Sauter says there is real poverty. I too have—and we too have had some success in our work—for three years I worked solidly for the British, was asked

to work for the French—went to the front twice—it was too awful, too frightful, too horrible to do anything—then came home and was gobbled up by our government—and stayed with the authorities till a year after the end—doing all I could to end it—to show what a fiendish thing it was. Dont worry, we are as badly off as you are—only the people dont realize it yet—all the old life—the old world is dead, this is a dreary dry desert—and grows drearier and drearier daily—and no one cares so long as they can make money—and any fool can do that. I made, however, three war books and have brought out new editions of *Lithography* and *Pen Drawing* and a new book on *Etching*—and they are all sold out save the *Pen Drawing* which has just appeared and from which the chapter I send you is taken. The Sixth Edition of *Whistler* is out—and Mrs. Pennell did a war story, *The Lovers*—besides which I have been teaching and preaching all over the land. So I too have been busy.

If there is any new work I should see, let me know. I go to Brentano's and there is a man here named Weyhe, who has things, yours among others, but he has not the Second Edition yet. I hope everything is as well as it can be with you, but it is not with us save materially.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

The Century Association.
West 43rd Street
3. 6. 1921

Dear Dr. Singer—This is merely to say that I have just received *Moderne Graphik*—and it is a great development of the first Edition, and I am delighted to be in it. I have asked Macmillans to send you my *Pen Drawing*—which is just out—I hope it may interest you. I am glad you are having such a success with your books, here in this dry hell of hypocrisy, made up of 100,000,000 of Jews, niggers, dagoes and polacks who *own* the country—it has only been possible to find—England included—about 1200 people, libraries and so forth included, to buy my book. The war may have helped to ruin—wreck the world behind us—but we certainly have become the most artless degenerates in the world—lower than any savages. We are

bringing out a new Whistler book—Our Journal—I think it should go—and so do the publishers—why could you not take up—as you once wished—the translation of the *Life of Whistler*—it still goes on, is now in its Sixth Edition, it was translated into French at the beginning of the war. Do you care to do so or have you the time? I write in a hurry this sort of business letter to let you know I have got your book and sent you mine.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

CHAPTER XLII

A WASHINGTON INTERVAL · OUR WHISTLERIANA EXHIBITED IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS · THE MOVE TO BROOKLYN (1921)

Nothing detained him in Philadelphia once "Pen Drawing" was published and the manuscript of "The Whistler Journal" was ready for the printers. He waited to keep lecture engagements in Scranton and Albany early in 1921 and to deliver his four February lectures to the National Academy students. In March we packed and stored a dozen boxes. In April we were in Washington arranging our Whistleriana in the Library of Congress and preparing for its exhibition in the Division of Prints. Doctor Putnam left the entire classifying, arranging and cataloguing in our hands and gave us all possible facilities. Mr. David E. Roberts and Miss Helen Wright in the department made our task easy by their help. We were at the Library every morning when the doors opened, we did not leave until the Print Division closed. When we got back to the hotel, as a rule "Whistler Journal" proofs were waiting. Whatever leisure there was before and after working hours Pennell gave to making water colours for, from the windows of one room, he looked far out Pennsylvania Avenue to the sunset in the late afternoon; from the windows in the other room he could see

the park and the Lincoln Memorial in the morning light. The Catalogue was finished, the exhibition arranged for Press Day on May thirteenth. It was formally opened to the public on the evening of the nineteenth. He was satisfied—we both were and so was Doctor Putnam. Pennell's one disappointment was that comparatively small public attention was paid to a collection in its way so complete. It does not pretend to rival Freer's collection in the Freer Gallery, then not yet open. But in catalogues, books, letters, in all that comes under the heading *Whistleriana*, it is the most representative in existence. That to so interesting an event in their Library, Congressmen seemed indifferent was the chief reason for the disappointment that crept into letters written by Pennell from Washington.

TO PROFESSOR DOCTOR HANS W. SINGER

5. 14. 1921

Dear Singer. I am glad you got the *Pen Drawing* and are interested in it. Your criticism about turning the book about to see the illustrations is perfectly just—I even have anticipated you in the preface—but many of the blocks were old ones—others had to be bought—it was impossible to make them over, the expense would have been absolutely prohibitive—and besides to fit them in as I should have liked would have taken twice the space—This volume has not gone well here—the American ARTIST—who is mostly a Polish Jew has no use for anything but oil paint and etching because he can make money out of them, the people the rich are as ignorant as the poor, buy paintings and etchings because other Jews tell them to, critics (save the mark) and dealers—merit has nothing whatever to do with what they buy. I will try to get the Etching book but it is completely out of print and rather hard to get but I will see—As to the book on *me* that is a great honour but impossible for me at present to do anything. All my work is locked up stored, some in London—most of it—or moth eaten or stolen—some in

New York, some in Philadelphia and some here—in the possession of the Government. I have just given the U.S. our collection of Whistler and they—the people dont care a damn about it—they care for nothing but the movies and the comics—art and literature are buried beneath them—but the Whistlers are in the Print Room of the Library of Congress the most magnificent Print Room in the world, absolutely unused and unknown.

Poor Strang—you liked him better than I—I knew him in a way better than you—he tried and did everything and everybody but himself—Do you know I only heard of his death a day or so ago—saw it in an English journal and only a reference to it. Here it passed unnoticed. We are the lowest of the low. So to end this long sentence I do not see how I could get together a representative set of drawings—certainly the Liebermann book which your publisher sent is interesting and well done. I am going to New York for the next few months to see if I can stand it—but the dry inane artless hypocrisy of the country has got on my nerves and wonderfully picturesque as it is, I dont know if I can stand much more of the smug vulgarity. Life is nothing but a jazz of ignorance and extravagance. There is no decency left, it is just cafeterias and comics. Its not my country any longer but that of the dregs of Europe of whom you are well rid.

Joseph Pennell

TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

The Century Club 7 West 43rd St.
5. 14. 1921

Dear Fisher—If you think my letters amusing—they are not intended to be—they are the utterances of an utterly disillusioned disgusted American, one of the very few left! ! ! ! ! !

Incidentally, we have a show at the Library of Congress of our Whistlers which no one cares a dam for, and we have finished a new Whistler book—oh we work—if we did not—if we stopped to think what a dry dreary hell the world—or this part of it—has become we should shoot ourselves. . . .

Yours
Joseph Pennell

JOSEPH PENNELL DRAWING OUT OF DOORS

Photograph by Ellis

He was in a letter-writing mood that fourteenth of May. Apparently Mr. Leinroth had written him that Philadelphia, so anything but pleased to have him there, resented his going anywhere else.

TO MR. ROBERT G. LEINROTH

Hotel Powhatan, Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Leinroth—It is news to me that I have forsaken Philadelphia—though if I had anything but real interest in the place I should have done so long ago. Because I have to be doing some work down here when Philadelphians think it is the thing to be showing themselves on Chestnut Street and at the Bellevue Stratford and getting in Peggy Shippen's column—dont mean that I have deserted the filthy draggle-tailed, down at the heel, tenth rate, one horse haunt of ignorance, conceit, smugness and hypocrisy—only I happen to be at work—we are—here . . I may however if things go on as they are be driven back to Europe—where they still have and always will have drink and decency.

Yours

Joseph Pennell

We stayed on in Washington, work not quite finished at the Library, the Federation of Arts' annual meetings to attend, people to see, for up till then we had been seeing nobody, there was no time for it. At last, on the twelfth of June, we were in Philadelphia. On the morning of the fourteenth he went to New York and Brooklyn. Mr. William Henry Fox, Director of the Brooklyn Museum, and Mrs. Fox, while with us a few days in Washington, had given us promising addresses on Columbia Heights. He was back in the afternoon, rejoicing, rooms engaged at the Hotel Margaret where, on the sixteenth, we settled for how long we knew less than anybody. Friends thought we went to Brooklyn

because we could not afford New York. We were there because it was the one place where he wanted to be, with the Unbelievable City, the City Beautiful, the City that he loved, out of his windows—windows that in his words, he "could look out of and forget how rottenly asinine the world has become." He bubbled over with the pleasure and the beauty of it in writing to Fisher Unwin, in one letter, July ninth, referring to the work that, from now on was to occupy him until the end, "The Adventures of an Illustrator." He spared time, however, to record the infinite variety of colour and light that was his by night and by day.

TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

Hotel Margaret
95–97 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn, N.Y. 7. 9. 1921

Dear Fisher—Note the address—We are anchored at last—but I do not know for how long as, while one day is perfect—the next is chaos in this hole. But now it is perfect—better than London. I look from the sea to the Bridges of New York. It is far finer than Adelphi Terrace—You must come and see it. . . . My only suggestion for selling "Pen Drawing" is to get it in schools, art schools and libraries—it is too expensive for students and art clubs—

It

is very nice of you to want things. I have one suggestion. For a long while I have been doing things about myself. *The Century* asked me to do it—Chichester did in the old days. Harpers did and Lippincotts have. Would you take a book to be called *The Adventures of an Illustrator in the Tracks of his Authors*—It would include all sorts of things—it might go. I have worked with almost every one as you know and I have a side of some of these people that they know not of—nor imagine . . . . . But come over.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Hotel Margaret. 7. 24. 1921

Dear Fisher—This place is in its way as fine as Adelphi Terrace—and the view from the Ocean to upper Manhattan with New York across the river—ten times more wonderful and if the country was not dry—the worst drawback—I had a bottle of claret yesterday—and hope for another to-day—things would be all right, for this town is absolutely unspoiled—it is old Brooklyn and like—in a way Bloomsbury with German bands—and cats meat men—and brown stone houses—and dam respectability—and I overlook and look over that—and this Sunday morning the chimes of Trinity ring across the river and save the far away wail of the steamers—we see them come in—this Sunday morning, save the Brooklyn birds—is absolutely quiet—and if it had not been for the fool war I would have had this place and Adelphi Terrace too—but I have got this and scrubbed the filth, rottenness and hypocrisy of Philadelphia off me and out of me.

My Philadelphia—Our Philadelphia is dead. *The Whistler Journal* was all arranged with Heinemann years ago—It is uniform with *The Life* and I hope it may go—As to Hamilton's book I should think Lippincotts might be good for it—I have no doubt there is a lot of Philadelphia in it—

Yours
Joseph Pennell

It struck Pennell as a coincidence that he had hardly got to Brooklyn, closely associated with Walt Whitman, before he received a letter from Mr. Henry S. Saunders of Toronto, asking about his etching of Walt Whitman's house made two years before (June, 1919) at the time of the Whitman celebrations in Camden. Moreover, his drawings of the Whitman family burial grounds, among his earliest, had come into Mr. Saunders' possession. Pennell thought it remarkable that they should have survived, while the book they illustrated was almost impossible to find. Lately, it has begun to appear in second-hand booksellers' catalogues.

TO MR. HENRY S. SAUNDERS

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
7. 24. 21

Dear Mr. Saunders—It is interesting to know that you have the drawings of

Whitman Burial
Grounds

done forty years ago—and curiously also I have come to Brooklyn to live. I made the etching at the time of the Whitman so-called celebration in Camden and offered the plate to the Mayor to publish in order to raise funds and purchase the house and the Oaf, like his predecessors who did not appreciate and probably never heard of Whitman when he lived in their midst, refused the plate—naturally for such is Philadelphia and all its surroundings—the plate was made to illustrate in the first place an article or essay in the possession of or written by H. S. Morris and as usual there were complications and it never appeared. I pulled a number of proofs—they are mostly sold but if you wish and will let me know at this ad—*before Thursday* next and you wish it at the price of $15.00 I can get you a proof. The only thing that happened at the Camden function was that some one had arranged some of the things to music and they were sung or rather intoned—they were magnificent like a glorious chant, they should be rendered in this way. Yours

Joseph Pennell

Is Dr. Bucke alive? J.P.

Brooklyn, on closer acquaintance, did not disappoint him. He looked at it entirely from the artist's standpoint, minding not at all with what ungainliness it sprawled over miles and miles of commonplace so long as Brooklyn Heights gave him beauty. The loveliness out of his windows could not altogether be expressed in black-and-white, and the work he did from them was usually in water colour. Down in the near streets etching was the appropriate medium and during the

Hotel Margaret years he etched the Brooklyn Series, a contrast to the plates he was making across the river at the same period, with "The Stock Exchange", "The Caissons", "The Foundations", "The Biggest of All", one after another of Manhattan's "magnificent monsters" for subjects.

Hotel life was always distasteful to him. But once the front door of our apartment was closed, we were entirely at home, and eventually we were able to secure larger quarters so that he had a printing room and could bring from Chicago the press designed by Lee Sturges and bought two or three years before. We met Philadelphia friends, Mr. William Henry Fox and Mrs. Fox; we made new Brooklyn friends, in their hospitality as old-fashioned as their houses. We were elected to the Twentieth Century Club and Pennell to the Hamilton Club, where we dined occasionally. Across the East River, in Manhattan, were more clubs and more friends, among them Mr. and Mrs. Robert Underwood Johnson, ours a long, long friendship which we celebrated by eating our Christmas dinner with them every year.

One welcome distraction was Mouquin's, the old French restaurant, within fifteen minutes of us by Subway. If he could no longer collect friends round his own dinner table, he was sure to find them round a Mouquin table, waiting for the talk he craved. The downstairs *café*, with its red velvet seats, its mirrors, its French waiters, its good cooking, its good wines, was the best substitute New York could provide for our old haunts in Rome and Venice, Paris and London, and there was no music. I remember the horror of a correct

maître d'hôtel in a correct New York restaurant when Pennell told him to stop "the damned band" so he could hear himself talk. Mouquin's spared him the interruption, and at "Flanagan's table" in the corner artists were always gathered. John Flanagan, the sculptor, was seldom missing; that was why the table became his in name as in fact. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bartlett, when in New York, appeared with welcome regularity, Bartlett always well armed to meet Pennell's challenge to an argument. People who did not know the two men were alarmed by the apparent violence of their disagreement. Mrs. Bartlett once was asked if their fights did not frighten her. "Why, no," she said; if they did not fight she would think one of them must be ill. There was never a flaw in their friendship and argument did but strengthen it. Ernest Lawson and Walter Griffin, when they drifted back from long or short absences, were sure to be of the company, Childe Hassam appeared occasionally, and W. A. Rogers when he came up from Washington. Other artists and architects, not a few literary men and journalists dropped in from time to time. Often two or more tables would hardly hold the group. Much has been written of Mouquin's and I am glad to add my tribute, so grateful am I for the gaiety and interest it added to our Brooklyn years.

Pennell asked little of life now save to be left in peace with his work at his windows. But he was too active a man to degenerate into a hermit. Until his press arrived from Chicago, he would go to Philadelphia to print at Peters', where Walter Taylor made a drawing of him and Wayman Adams a painting. The two brothers were devoted and knew his needs. Everything was in

ROLLING UP A PLATE AT PETERS'

Photograph by Ellis

readiness for him when he arrived in the morning; during the day they never bothered him, they were far too busy themselves; when he left in the late afternoon, they cleaned up after him. In a word, they saved him from the tiresome daily preparation and putting to rights of the printer. He made the dates of his printing fit in with the reception the Art Alliance gave us in Philadelphia (1921) at the end of October, when Mr. John F. Braun showed for the first time publicly his large and fine collection of Pennell prints. Both "The Whistler Journal" and "The Graphic Arts" were published in the autumn. He was getting the chapters of "The Adventures" in order, twelve of them to appear in the *Century* during the coming year, beginning with the January number. The drawings he writes of in the following letter are the originals which were bound, one in each copy, in the fine edition of "Pen Drawing."

TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

Hotel Margaret Brooklyn
10. 9. 1921

Dear Fisher—Your letter is amazing and amusing—but I did not answer it till I heard from Macmillans and now I dont know what they said to you—as Latham did not tell me save that he rightly would not or could not change the drawings—but what you say about their being unsigned is unbelievable for I signed every one of them and I fear your "art man" cant even read—he proves he knows nothing about drawings, by saying such drawings would not go down in England—they were made in England, published in England, paid for in England, and favourably criticized in England—some exhibited in England—and happened to have been stored in England—till I thought they might be useful—as they are—Dear Fisher your art man lacks education in what has been done in British publishing—but to educate a British art critic is hopeless—

though the Jews who run art criticism here are worse—it is a fact —But your man—with his comments is scarce up to date—"mere sketches", very unfinished", offend the eye"! Was this written by Shorter or what? Or did you resurrect some mid-Victorian critic to advise you? My dear Fisher it is the most comic funny rot I ever read—put your man back in his grave with Ruskin and Mary Howitt and Wedmore—maybe they wrote it. Probably my languidge may be somewhat "coarse" but these critics always amuse me—and yours is so funny. I will of course sign any of the

"pictures"

but I will also say I never read such a comic mass of artless ignorance as your man has hatched—send him to Lloyd George as a secretary! Golly what a man—or was it a woman.

I believe every drawing is signed.

Yours

Joseph Pennell

Now as to serious matters. *The Adventure* book will—it is said by the Editor start in January in *The Century* and I have told them that you have asked about it—that is all of that . . . . . My dear Fisher this is what the world has become in all walks of life owing to Lloyd George and Wilson and other sainted hypocrites—dry drivel and peace and graft and art criticism by your art man. Still I can look out of the windows and forget how rottenly assinine the world has become.

TO PROFESSOR DOCTOR HANS W. SINGER

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn

10. 23. 1921

Dear Singer—I thought you would be more ferocious over the Etching book—of course I am narrow, I have only spoken, as I said, of the greatest and how few across the ages there are!—maybe too the everlasting lauding of the latest Russak Jew, and they are all at it has got on my nerves, but they never see the book, it was all gobbled up by collectors—may it do them some good? But I doubt it—anyway its what I believe—and I am glad you come so near agreeing with me about Rembrandt.—Well we have got peace

and are going to get out of Europe—maybe—but it is peace where there is no peace—and here we are sitting on the lid of hell and jazzing and crapping to forget it. But I try to forget it in work—or I should go mad. Your statements about the death of Expressionism are cheering—but do you know what is happening here—all the unsalable junk of Europe is now to be dumped here by the dealers who cant any longer sell it abroad and the museums are showing and buying it—despite the fact that they had better examples, of Renoir for instance, in their permanent collections than they are showing in the transient Exhibitions—and its all—what can be made out of it? Art is just stocks boomed or kicked as the dealer says—and the collector and the museum will have nothing to do with the artist—in the Metropolitan, will not even show his work till dead—and then they wail over the price they have to pay the dealer for it when the poor artist would have, during his life, been only too glad to sell it to them—or even show it—for one tenth what the dealers make them pay. You may say you cant get your dividends from America—this alien property business seems a crime—now—but we still pay war taxes, and more are being added—I wonder your book got in free—but it is not all against you—I too have German Bonds and what do you think they paid last quarter, when I got the dividends deposited in the bank—going through the usual business hands.

I did not receive one cent.

After exchange duties, commissions, insurance, brokerage and the Lord knows what other sharks had been paid. And the railroads, as you may see, are in the hands of the anarchists while their directors are too incompetent to do anything but draw their pay. The galleries grow and Duveens pay millions for old masters and artists cant pay their rent—But I look out of the window, day and night, on the most wonderful, the most fairy like, the most magnificent view in the world—and I try and try to do something—and no one else sees it or knows it. Its not catalogued, yet across the street lives an artist Editor publisher, Hamilton Easter Field who runs *The Arts* and I told him the other day to get you to write for them. Field may do something with his paper for he is rich and can do things. I dont know if he will. But he is the only thing left. But

I look out of the window and the steam wreaths wrap the town in glory in the day and the fairy boats float by in the night—and the colour in the morning is more lovely than Venice down the bay, and up the river at night more magic than London, and that is why I stay—and shall stay as long as I can—for though it is a noisy hell in New York here it is a quiet haven—and if I hate the mongrels who have overrun it, New York from Brooklyn is the most wonderful city in the world—There—

Yours
Joseph Pennell

CHAPTER XLIII

HE IS ELECTED TO THE ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS · AND GOES LECTURING THROUGH THE SOUTHERN STATES (1921–1922)

Pennell was lecturing less and less often, of so little use did it seem. The money to be made was a small consideration compared to the influence he hoped to exert, and experience taught him that with the general public he exerted none whatever. An idea prevailed that he lectured because he loved to hear himself talk. Never was there a greater mistake. He talked only when the spirit moved him, even as it was with old John Salkeld in Meeting. Ask Pennell to talk on Whistler, Beardsley, Etching, Lithography, Illustration, the Making of Books, "the Men of the Sixties", and he was ready. Ask him to talk on subjects in which he had no particular interest and, to the astonishment of those who asked, he refused. And it was the same with writing. Because at this period, he wrote numerous articles and letters for the *New York Times* and other papers, editors fancied that he would jump at their request to contribute his opinion on any popular "topic", and were bewildered by his unwillingness. As a lecturer he had learned moreover that to influence anybody was not expected of him. The sole duty of a lecturer was to fill up an afternoon or evening for members of a club or

students of a University with more leisure on their hands than they knew what to do with. "All these primary schools—called Universities are run by old hens, some in pants, some in short skirts, but all illiterately ignorant and all conceited beyond belief" was the opinion he confided to Fisher Unwin. And he thought no more than Sinclair Lewis' heroine of the half-human tabby cats in eye-glasses who study dietetics one year and Lithuanian art the next. Therefore, when in the autumn of 1921 he engaged himself for a long lecture tour he decided it would be his last of importance. His route, planned by Miss Florence McIntyre of the Memphis Art Association, was through the Southern States. She was bent upon its success. She had heard him talk from the platform, believed in him, and took endless trouble to arrange a programme that would spare him the trouble of details. Familiar as he was with most parts of his country, he hardly knew the South and to see it, to renew his impressions of New Orleans would alone, he thought, repay him for his effort.

He was to start on November twentieth. On November eighteenth he received the announcement of his election to the Academy of Arts and Letters. He was gratified, the more so because he knew that Paul Bartlett was his Academic sponsor. Bartlett appreciated him no less as an artist than as a man, had been saying ever since his return to America, "you ought to be in the Academy, Pennell; who else can represent the Graphic Arts as well?" And so it was brought about, and it was a fine send-off for the lecture tour which, in anticipation, had begun to weigh heavily upon him. On the nineteenth, he attended the Academy's functions when

Marshal Foch laid the corner stone of the new building at Broadway and One Hundred and Fifty-Fifth Street. On the morning of the twentieth, just before he left the Hotel, he wrote:

TO MR. JOHN F. BRAUN

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
11. 20. 1921

Dear Mr. Braun. I have been somewhat busy during the last two days over here—though of course you would not know it—as the fact so far as I can find out—was carefully kept out of the Philadelphia *Ledger* and other Bokerized subsidized organs of Curtis opinion on which Philadelphia snores and slumbers—I mean, though it will be news to you, that I have been made a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and I had to run round trying on my robes, crown and wings—you can ask Owen Wister about it—he is the only Philadelphian worthy of the honour besides me. I am very glad you cared enough for the Water-Colours at the Academy to get one—I hope I can go on surprising you or interesting you till the End of the Chapter. I am off to-day down to Dixie.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

When Philadelphia did notice this honour to a Philadelphian, it was in characteristic Philadelphia fashion. At North Broad Street Station, a few hours after writing to Mr. Braun, Pennell bought a *Public Ledger*, which, two days late, had just discovered his election and devoted a leader to it. Not to praise, however, but to sneer. "What is Joseph Pennell, Joseph Pennell mind you, doing in any self-selected bunch of 'Immortals'," it asked, "and at what precise moment did he agree to adopt the 'than-which-none' attitude and

become a Brahmin?" He was spared congratulations, a contrast to the eagerness of the citizens of Illinois to lavish theirs upon Henry Bacon, architect, elected at the same time, to whom later in the winter they gave a public dinner in New York, Pennell included among the speakers at the high table.

It is fair to add that the attitude of all Philadelphians was not invariably that of Philadelphia. Mr. Braun was not the sole exception among individuals and, at this very moment, the Sketch Club was struggling to retain Pennell as president, a post to which he had been elected some months before he moved to Brooklyn. His sentiment was strong for a club haunted by memories of his young days and young follies, and ready to proclaim its allegiance when most of Philadelphia followed the Art Club's lead. He may at times have disapproved of its policy and have said so in the picturesque language of which he had command; for instance, when, an outcome of prohibition, changes in the dining room were proposed and, for some other reason, an excellent steward was replaced by a man with a wife and baby too much in evidence for Pennell's approval, he wrote to the treasurer: "As to the problem of running the Club—had the charges in the dining-room been slightly increased . . . had the most excellent Steward Bradley been retained—the Club would not be facing a problem but enjoying a profit. However, the members seem to prefer babies to booze, sentiment to success, and I have no doubt in the near future will revel in measles, chicken pox, molly-grubs, scarlatina, teeth cutting, and all the other attractions of babies but, not so far as I ever heard, of Clubs."

His reason now for resigning was because in Brooklyn, where he intended to stay for a while, anyway, he could not take a personal part in the club's affairs and his continuing "to hold office would only be a hindrance to members." From Jackson, Mississippi, he wrote his explanation to the Secretary.

TO MR. SIDNEY C. LOMAS

11. 29. 1921

Dear Mr. Lomas—This letter will prove to you that I am not shirking the Presidential office—I just cannot fill it—for I regret to say I cannot attend the *Newtonian* gathering on the 10th for I shall be in New Orleans or thereabouts down here preaching to the natives, playing with sweet young things who fill my room with flowers—and good samaritans who fill me with drink, so I hope all will be serene until Xmas and not until then will I be back—so you see it is really impossible for me to do anything but tender my resignation as President.

Did the Club get my Scammon Lecture Book. Please write to Brooklyn.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Please greet the Club for me and from me. J.P.

The South, on the whole, was a disappointment. The lectures were received much as he anticipated, but the country proved unexpectedly uninteresting, except for here and there a picturesque old town, above all New Orleans, far less changed than he had feared. He wrote me of meeting Mr. Leonard Mackail in Savannah and Mr. Roderick McKenzie in Birmingham. In New Orleans he lectured for Mr. Ellsworth Woodward at the Sophie Newcomb School and gained the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Larocque Tinker. Mrs. Tinker is a native of that city. That Mr. Tinker knows it as well

as if he were, no one can doubt who has read his "Lafcadio Hearn's American Days" and "Toucoutou." They were able to guide Pennell to places he had missed on his first visit so long ago, or had forgotten, and they became at once, as they continued to the last, the truest and most faithful friends a man could wish for. Better than the art of making enemies, Pennell understood the art of making friends. The first town on his route was Charlotte. From the Woman's Club he wrote, November 2nd: "fair colonial house, clean with darky valet," . . . . where "I stayed awake all night because there was no one to wake me." To Savannah, he reported "a quaint ride through a wilderness all swamps and niggers and moss and dead trees and more moss and more niggers—worse than Russia—but here I was met by a sweet thing and this hotel to which she brought me is decent and I am now to go out to dinner at 7.30 which is civilized and maybe there will be drink. We will see."

Birmingham, from which he had hoped much was for him "no good", Mr. McKenzie having made its industrial subjects his own. By the time Pennell got to Columbus, Mississippi, his depression was terrible. The country "is the most God forsaken hole and degraded population in it—save in the big towns—you have ever—or never seen. They are the lowest of the low, black and white, that you see as you go through and they believe it heaven—its awful." One gleam of light came at Winona: "Held up here for a train—it is a Main Street with charming houses." The first real letter, the first which showed some little interest and pleasure in what he was seeing, was written at Houston, Texas:

THE HOTEL MARGARET

Etching by Joseph Pennell

TO MRS. JOSEPH PENNELL

12. 2. 1921

Just got here and am waiting for the people to turn up. Have telegraphed but heard nothing. The country that I saw this morning only another variety of dreariness

But

I struck in Jackson, Mississipi, and skipped a school examination, a prize awarding for art baskets, in which I was to award the prizes, and after that a lunch of seventy-five ladies, in the midst of which I was to get up and blither and then gulp the rest of it and run for a train—I ran early in the morning and they will never forgive me—but there is a limit to my endurance but not to these people's desire to make one perform.

And

then after ten or more or less hours of dreariness and shrieking females, they all scream when they talk, and whining men—I got with Diaz—to New Orleans and took a cab straight to Madame Antoine's—It was too early to dine—so I went round the Quarter and it is far more stunning than I thought it—and they are only beginning to ruin it—and the Place d'Armes and the Cathedral, really fine inside, and the Cabildo and the Pontalba buildings where I lived, all untouched, and the French market and the Levee—much built up the latter—and then up to Chartres Street to Canal, with the same old ladies crying, I think it was, *L'Abeille*, but the French signs are gone—and up Canal to Royal and down that to St. Louis and Antoine's, and there save new paint, nothing was changed, the son was running it, the waiters, really French, and full of interest, and they made me eat *pompano* and *tomates farcies* and gave me a *mazagran*—and the whole was delightful and the old doorkeeper said he remembered me, but the waiter said, that was to get *un petit souvenir*—anyway, I had the first decent dinner I have had since leaving New York—for to tell the truth southern cooking, and I have had some of it in these people's houses, isent up to what it was—if it ever was—but one old lady who dated from the time of Washington and Lafayette, or her tea-cups which I drank out of did—she said—gave me some tea that was just the same the old Aunts in Philadelphia used to have, lemon in it, and not "on the

side"—and a bottle of whisky—oh my—This town is more *Saturday Evening Post* than anything I have seen—awful—mostly—I have no letters, but three from you—there may be some here—I am going to cut Fort Worth and go back to New Orleans.

From the Southern Pacific train, December fourth: "Have been to Austin and cut the others—I might have gone but could not get back and see New Orleans." And from New Orleans on the seventh:

I cut Fort Worth—I could not stand it and came as I think I wrote from the train—they are furious—but it was some hen society, and the American hen is the limit. You must do everything she thinks of and if you do not do it just as she wants, you are no gentleman. That Austin experience was the limit. I got there at three. I was taken in hand by a Jew professor at the University—I was put, at the station, in a car with a lady reporter, and she began "What is the relation of art to poetry"—and she got an answer—and this was kept up all the afternoon, and everything I said was put down, what she made of it the Lord knows—and then I was driven to baths and to see trees and eligible building sites—and then to the University and as I began to look at books, carted off to a "lunch" of the business men of the city at a country club, at 6.30—at seven thirty I had talked to them and when I got done, hardly one of them would speak to me—all they want is twaddle—then I was yanked to the Hall—a Church—and the lantern would not work,—and as several slides are broken, I did not try it—and there was a letter to go that night in a car to San Antonio—but as the people never turned up, or if they did I never saw them—it might have been amusing—I took the night train here—and now they are all livid with rage—they say they did not get my wire—but yesterday when I was to have spoken they had a riot—that might have been fun too. This place still exists in a way—but a sad way—and I have made up for it with drinks and seeing the art schools—talk of course—and a dinner at Antoine's ordered for me—and to-day and to-morrow I am to be carted about . . . . I shall come straight back from Memphis—I am tired of talking to the outsider—and the uplifter—and the booster."

He was in Brooklyn on December seventeenth. Mr. Fox had hung a large group of his Brooklyn water colours in the autumn exhibition at the Museum; the directors of the Macbeth Gallery were arranging for the purchase and exhibition of more than were as yet made. The windows had lost nothing of their charm. He could not keep them out of his next letter to Fisher Unwin, though it was written in a moment of exasperation with a criticism in which Mr. Clutterbrock of the London *Times*—twisted, with his usual ingenuity, into "Mr. Mucker Up"—had been preaching the outworn theory of the secondary importance of technique in art.

TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
1. 22. 1922

Dear Fisher—I did a technical book which offends the long-winded one of *The Times* and he clutters about what he cant brook—that's awful aint it? But when he says technique for students dont count he puts himself in the class with Whistler's Bobby in the National Gallery.

Technique counts even in literature—a shilling shocker hack—could write as good a story as Stevenson's *Treasure Island*—but Stevenson's style—technique—makes the book a classic while the other remains hog wash—even this elementary fact in writing the cluttering bounder cant grasp. . . . Everything despite all newspaper cackle is down and out here—we have become a world power on "Main Street" middle west notions and swallow everything including Balfour—yet I had

2 Whiskies (Haig and Haig)
1 apricot brandy
1 cocktail
1 Madeira wine—1850
1 more whisky

yesterday and have no head this morning as you may see from this most interesting and excellent letter.

Wells was here the evening before he sailed and the Lord sent such a sunset that he turned his back on Mr. Ambassador Egan—also here—and shut up—fancy!—and just stared at it and the buildings glowing and glittering in the heavens—and not to miss any of it walked back again over Brooklyn Bridge in the night—It is some view—and now do you know I am another Academician—I saw Johnson yesterday—and dine with him this week.

Joseph Pennell

I see MacColl and Steer have been roused from their graves by *The Whistler Journal*—What—Ah-Hem.

Wells, before he left that afternoon, recovered his speech. I was in another room at the time, John Lane having come late, starving after a day spent in the final disposal of the American branch of his publishing business with not a minute spared for lunching, and now, like the true Briton, eager for his tea, no matter with what glory the sun might be setting. But Mrs. Walter Taylor heard and was so struck she made a note of it immediately afterwards. Wells for long stood inarticulate, she remembered, but finally, "Pennell," he said, "I wouldn't want to paint this—I wouldn't want to draw it, there are no words. But, for the first time, I wish I were a musician that I might play it."

Pennell believed that honours carry their responsibilities, also that the Academy should not make everything of literature and nothing of art—this was six years before Mr. Huntington's gift of a hundred thousand dollars provided an income to meet the expenses of art exhibitions. Pennell suggested that a show of American etchers, from Whistler to the present school, be held in March; he selected the prints, arranged them

in the old Academy Building on West 81st Street, and lectured on the evening of the opening day. He attended the Academy's April celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the death of Molière, the dinner in the evening, the lectures in the afternoon when poor Maréchal Joffre, exhausted by his American journey, nodded in his chair on the platform, and M. Maurice Donnay and M. André Chevrillon, representing the French Academy, talked with a fine Academic disregard of such a trifle as time. And Pennell prepared an exhibition of his own at Keppels' in April, a representative collection of his etchings with a few Brooklyn water colours, gave a tea in the gallery, and carried off those who worked hard at the tea table and a few others to dinner at the Coffee House Club. He went as far as Cincinnati for a single lecture, as near as Waterbury for another, and he talked at the Brearley School in New York. When two Billboard Meetings were held in March and April at the Town Hall, he was one of the group who raised their voices in protest against the growing evil. He undertook to have an edition of his "Woolworth through the Arch" printed by the Peters brothers for a year book issued by Doctor Singer in Germany. On Hamilton Easter Field's death he consented to succeed him as the *Brooklyn Eagle's* art critic. "They wont keep me long," he said, "but long enough for me to say a few things that need saying"—he was right; they did not keep him a year. And he had time left to consider carefully a public monument that foolish busybodies were making a public scandal of. He had small patience with the outsider's criticism of art.

TO MR. ROBERT G. LEINROTH

Hotel Margaret, Brooklyn
3. 30. 1922

Dear Mr. Leinroth—The Editorial does amuse me, for it proves Philadelphia, as usual in the wrong. The Macmonnies statue is not one which should go in front of City Hall, it is not fitted for it—It is completely out of scale, for one important thing, and it never—or originally—was not, intended to go there, but in Bowling Green. I know, for I suggested to Mayor McClellan that he get Macmonnies, then in Europe, to do it—But neither do I agree with the unspeakable Hylan or his females, nor most females in this country—Women are said—I believe by Mahometans—to have no souls—I know most of them have no brains, and they prove it, most of them, every time they open their mouths, which they do all the time.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

CHAPTER XLIV

REPRESENTS THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS AT THE ROYAL BELGIAN ACADEMY · IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT AFTER THE WAR

(1922)

In the midst of his innumerable occupations and engagements, he suddenly dropped everything and started for Brussels, to no one's surprise more than his own. The Royal Belgian Academy was celebrating a hundred and fiftieth anniversary and Paul Bartlett was to represent the American Academy of Arts and Letters, Pennell not caring to leave Brooklyn. But, at the last moment, Bartlett could not get off and Pennell, at the Academy's request, rather unwillingly, agreed to go in his place. He grumbled over the loss of time but, in the end, the meeting with old friends and return to old haunts, the opportunity to see what artists had been doing in his absence and visits to once familiar galleries and schools of art, more than repaid him, saddened though he was by the traces everywhere of war and its baleful influence. On the thirteenth of May he sailed on the *Lapland* of the Red Star Line.

TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

5. 20. 22

Dear Fisher—I am somewhere in mid-Atlantic and am going to represent the American Academy at the Belgian Academy's coming

of the age of 150 years—or 500 or something—after that I propose to present myself in London and hope to be able to find a resting place for a few days at the Reform—and after that go back *via* Venice.

Do not slay too many fatted calves.

Yours

Joseph Pennell

TO MRS. JOSEPH PENNELL

Brussels—Hotel Metropole

5. 23. 1922

Got here this morning—heat like midsummer—Exchange beyond me—Restoration horrible—people changed too—peasants evidently worth millions—I dont think the Academy will amount to much—saw them this morning. Stay till Thursday—then Paris one day and London after—and then either Venice or back. Write to T. Fisher Unwin.

Brussels. Hotel Metropole

5. 25. 1922

. . . . The first day is done—I got late for the first ceremony when all countries save England and America presented credentials—so having none was not noticed. Frampton and Hughes Stanton are here and quite chummed up—also Chalmers Mitchell and I saw Claus—a struggle for lifer and Rousseau a toady—but not Baertsoen. Evening a "Rout"—concert and champagne—chummed up to some unknown French Academician, most devoted—to Verlant and Bénédite and came away—awful hot—to-morrow to Paris—for *Salons* and then London. The reconstruction is horrible.

5. 25. 1922

Its all over but the heat—its a good thing for the Academy I came, for all our glory is being stolen over here by College Schools, the lowest—out of 4 American Academies represented 2 I never heard of—Dinner—King—heat awful—leave at noon for Paris—Write to Fisher—will be in London Saturday or Sunday

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W. I
5. 30. 1922

Got here last night and they gave me a room. Saw T. F. U. and got two letters from you. Saw Augustine and Germaine and Academy and John Lane and National Gallery and Brown and Phillips and International and am going to dine with Dawbarn of the Fine Arts and Fisher—and am pretty tired—oh I forgot—I have taken my ticket from Naples—Fabre Line—for June 26th or something so I have had a day.

Reform Club. 5. 31. 1922

I think you might as well renew the lease. I went to see Augustine yesterday—and will try to go again—I am going to dine with the Withers to-night—have seen Fisher every day—There are no more letters—I think I shall sail somewhere about the 20 June on the Fabre Line from Naples. I shall settle to-day whether I go out to Venice by Germany or France—As anyway I shall leave on Tuesday next there is no use writing here any more—nor is it worth while to write to Venice—I dont think I should get it—But if you do, send it care of Vittorio Pica—Exposizione Internationale d'Arte d'Venezia—Venice. I saw Lippincotts and have seen Dr. Otto of Tauchnitz and he is going to think of an Edition of the Journal. Arranged a show of water-colours for next year at the Fine Arts—and they want the Etchings. All this in one day.

J.P.

Reform Club. 6. 3. 1922

I have got done here—seen everything and taken my ticket to Venice straight. I think I should have gone by Germany but it was too much trouble and maybe I should have given Venice up too and come straight home. I shall sail from Naples, Steamer Patria, Fabre Line, 6. 23—anyway I can again see Italy. I have seen the Withers and Hartrick and of course Fisher and Augustine. Will go to Hartrick's to-night. But it is dull and stodgy and the place is down at the heel and New York is a million times more picturesque—and the people seem dull too—most of them save those I am seeing grum too—and stodgy and heavy—its all changed. Hamiltons

want me to come there to-morrow—he has been ill—maybe Ill go—I feel pretty blue. But I have seen a lot and I hope learned a little. I have only had about three letters but I dont see where you can write—Unless I got to Helen to Siena but I dont know her address—

Reform Club. 6. 5. 1922

I shall get off to-morrow but I wish I was coming straight back. I have seen Augustine twice but I could not go up and say good-bye so Ive written her and Ive seen Hartrick—he had Withers and Sullivan and Pryse—and I went to Sullivan's—I dont think either of them are doing much but writing—they say Illustration is dead. I wrote an article on the Academy and International and sent it. The shows are both rotten—but the Academy is the best—I dont know where you can write or what I shall do after Venice. If I could get back through Germany I should do so. Anyway I have taken my ticket from Naples. I hope you will get on but I do not know where you can write—I may see Fisher to-night I hope so. This place is decent but awfully down at the heel—my bedroom quite like the Windermere—and ten and six a day—which I believe is cheap—had *one* Pernod and paid three shillings . . . .

Hotel Luna. Venice
6. 9. 1922

Been here two days. Everything is changed but the place—everything dearer really than at home—some times good sometimes not—even a dozen sheets of paper cost 2 *lire*—Only apparently a *lira* is worth about 5 cents but I cant make out—Infant Colonels with two or three lines of decorations—weird. I am going to try and get back by Germany and see that school—what will happen I do not know. They have hung all my things in the Exposition and not sold one—no foreign things—even Lavery's—are being sold hardly. Tell the Academy I will lecture—and any other people who want me to—if the dates dont get mixed. But I am all mixed up. The show is good—the best by far I have seen I mean the most interesting—but there are no big men—I give it all up. I have not seen a soul—save the Exhibition people—and they too, Pica and

the rest, are changed—They want however an American show and were utterly disgusted with the one Mrs. Whitney sent—however it would only mean more work and not even thanks. I suggested Fox and he will, if he does it, get more glory—this getting out by Germany will be interesting and, if I can see the Leipzig School and Munich and Berlin, interesting. There is no use trying to write anything—I only hope you are all right. I am devoured by mosquitoes—its fearful hot.

Hotel Luna—Venice
6. 10. 1922

I am going on an adventure. I shall not be satisfied if I do not see the Graphic Art School in Leipzig again. So I have sent back the Naples steamer ticket and am going to Innsbruck, Munich, Dresden, Leipzig, Berlin and will see those shows also—I got my passport changed and that cost 200 lire—i.e. $10—and will get Austrian money—imagine

50.000

Kronen equal five dollars! only no one can imagine it! ! ! ! Then I shall have to see the German Consul in Innsbruck or however you spell it—and then get in Germany. Anyway it will be an experience worth something—and nominally cost little but they stick it on everywhere—and it is not by any means so cheap as it sounds. Nor is it here even, everything is taxed and everything done against the American—the English pay 45 lire for their *visa* we pay 200—Good old Wilson—and the world made safe for everyone save Americans. These are the facts. The heat is awful and till last night when I got a mosquito net, I near collapsed. The show was worth coming to however, and I have arranged with Pica that Fox should have a show in 1924—if he is game—of just a *few* of us. And they will do the same for him—I think I told you they have given me a big show—thirty things—and sold nothing but scarce any foreign things are sold. Italy for the Italians. I FED—thats all it was—with the Browns last night—and they are dry—prohibition—but they gave me a marsala—and Brown to make up took me to Giacomezzi's and gave me a *white* vermouth which is wonderful, something like fruit and flowers and things out of a cask—*vino santo* and all that

was good—but you had to drink it standing at a bar! To what has the world come. I leave at noon to-morrow, stop at Verona overnight—and go on the next morning to Innspruck (?)—But I shall see things I hope—and get through somehow. But it was worth coming here—I hope everything is all right with you and the place.

There is no use writing. I should be back sooner too this way—but because of the school it is far better to take this method of returning—anyway I shall try to write—If I had kept on to Naples, I would have only seen things I have seen and been roasted. Now at any rate I shall see new things—go through the Italian war regions—and see the German show and the school which I ought to see and I think, as I say, get back sooner—

Hotel Europa. Innsbruck
6. 12. 1922

—Talk about an Opera Bouffe country—this is one but it is real—I arrive—the porter carries my bag from the station to my room—I give him three *lire*—he nearly kisses me—*lira*—equals 5 *cents*—or I gave him sixpence. Found the German Consul for *visa*—he told me his charge was

37,000 *Kronen*

for the *visa*—went to the Exchange office and changed one hundred *lire*—got

93.000 *Kronen*

never had so much money in my life in my hands—told the gold welsher so—Oh if it were only before the war said he—I paid the Consul—and bought five cigars

1,000 *Kronen*

had dinner

2,300 *Kronen*

gave waiter 200—dont think he was pleased—then went and saw the bronze statues in the old church—finest things I ever saw—wonderful—and to-morrow morning I am off for Munich—the place is wonderfully picturesque—but the money is the most wonderful thing in the world, it is simply beyond me—and now I am going out to see the town—and then off

to Munich

Its the most preposterous thing in the world—Verona, where I stayed last night is as delightful as ever—and was not at all damaged—but oh the changes otherwise—

Heinze's Hotel Regina—Dresden
6. 15. 1922

I hope you got my letter from Innsbruck but, as apparently they should have put about 1,000 *kronen* on it maybe it went in the waste paper basket—and I dont think they did. I got here all right without the slightest trouble save that the carriage was crowded—I had to travel second because apparently there are no firsts though you pay for them. I have just had dinner—one hundred marks which works out I believe, sixty-five cents. To-morrow I shall see Singer if he is here and the rest of them and then on to Leipzig and Berlin. I have scarce seen an English or American tourist—none in the train from Munich but it was jammed with Germans and Swedes—and the Germans are so polite—the war has changed everything—when for some reason they asked for my passport they begged pardon and when they saw it thanked me—would they have done so before? It certainly has paid to come for I have seen things and hope to see more—and to have the chance to compare the old with the new is wonderful. How are you? There is no use writing—I do not know whether I shall sail from Antwerp or go to London. All will depend on what I learn in Berlin. Only hope everything is O.K. and will write as often as I can. I am tired out now—twelve hours from Munich and am going to bed—

Leipzig—Sunday
I think June 17—

I have got here without the slightest trouble or annoyance—spent the day with Singer and his family—they were very decent but very down—The whole place—the whole country is teeming with work—but I think they are working to forget—and here in the north—though there is a band going by—they feel they are a beaten race—it shows in empty *cafés* and restaurants for though 50 marks is nothing to me its a lot to the middle classes—300 marks are one dollar—the trip thus far has cost nothing—save first railroad ticket

London to Venice—the things to eat are good though I had an awful dinner to-night, I think it was left over from the war—I have seen no one yet but worked in the house all day. I go to the School to-morrow—I may stay a day or so longer, then to Berlin and hope to sail from Antwerp. I hope you get the letters and are all right—The country is clean as ever and there is not an officer about—

Hotel Excelsior, Berlin
6. 22. 1922

—I have just been away a month or rather in Europe a month and I am leaving to-night for Antwerp where I hope to sail if I can get a cabin—if not I shall come across to England. So far, and this is the last day, everything has gone all right—people all right—which is amazing and lunches and dinners and they want me to work all the time—and still I have ever so much more than twenty-five pounds left of the fifty I drew in London—

One literally lives for nothing on the Exchange and they bitterly complain of that. The art I am delighted—as well as the School—to have seen—but it is beyond words and is in all the Exhibitions and in most of the galleries—it is mad, rotten, putrid, the work of incompetents for imbeciles. But I must go and get my sleeping car ticket. I have no idea on what steamer I shall sail but I hope from Antwerp on the Red Star—

He wrote me another line later in the day—the twenty-second—to tell me he had taken his ticket on the *Kroonland*, sailing on the twenty-ninth; and again from Antwerp, to let me know that all went well with him. He had had no letters for a month and from Antwerp, he wrote also to Fisher Unwin, asking him to send any there might be to meet the boat at Southampton, and summing up the month's experiences in a few lines: "I have had a rather interesting time, hunting things up and seeing people and have been to *all* the Exhibitions and most of the schools and Museums in

England, France, Italy, Austria, Germany, Belgium, not bad for a month." From the *Kroonland* at Southampton he sent three letters, one of acknowledgment to Fisher Unwin; one to Mrs. Armistead Peter, 3d, Mrs. Paul Bartlett's daughter, who had asked him to stay with them in Mrs. Bartlett's Paris house; one to Mr. John F. Braun, whom he had managed to miss in Paris and Munich.

TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

Southampton, 7. 1. 1922

Dear Fisher—Thanks for the letters you were good enough to forward. I got them all right here—and this will come to you from Cherbourg—I will see Macmillans as soon as I get back—and if I can arrange things I will get to work at once and it should only take a short time to get the book ready—as you know it is in type—or plates. I had a good time, saw a lot of people—missed Dr. Otto who was away—came on to Antwerp and here I am—everything is all right in America—and I may send the Missus over—I see two niggers came aboard—there are scarce any third class, all the mongrel Jews dagoes and junk are now travelling second—and sneaking in—It will be the end of America.

The Germans all say they are going to smash—but they are hard at work—and so are the Belgians—I like the methods of the French least of all—even the Italians have bucked up now they have grabbed all they went to war for but they are decent—and the country—anyway the North is booming.

I have, as I said, had a good time—seen what I wanted—and people, especially to my surprise most decent in Germany, though they are down and blue and sad.

Joseph Pennell

He was sure of Mr. Unwin's interest and sympathy. They had both had friendly experiences with publishers on the Continent, more especially in Germany with the Baedeker, for Mr. Unwin was the English publisher of their guide-books.

TO MRS. ARMISTEAD PETER 3D.

Off Southampton. On Board S.S.
Kroonland

7. 1. 1922

Dear Madame—I have got here all your letters and telegram—I had been to Paris when you asked me to come to you and was then I think in or on my way to Venice when you wrote—I have had a lovely horrid time—done all the shows in

Europe

all the galleries
all the schools
one King who gave me pink
lemonade.
One Cardinal who gave me a
seat at his left hand—and
one awful big dinner—my
that was some dinner
in Brussels—Millions of artists I have met and had in my possession

100,000

Kronen at one minute and spent all but seven marks of it, one night on five cigars, one dinner, one single bed, one breakfast and all tips I could remember

and

also I had one cocktail in Berlin and that cost me one hundred and fifty marks—I have never had and never spent so much money—I have just been going it.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO MR. JOHN F. BRAUN

Off Southampton, On Board S. S. Kroonland
July 1st 1922

Dear Mr. Braun—I was glad to get your letter. It came aboard this morning. Have you got your car over and were you in Munich about three weeks—more or less ago? If so I saw you—as you

passed—or after you had passed driving rather fast—I could not signal you but the car had an American placque on it—I was just emerging from a Bier Hall—shocking—but then I had had a day of the New German Art—and was trying to recover—I think I must have been in Paris when you got there—but went—after a big dose of Cardinals and Kings at Brussels to London to recover from that—I spent Whitsuntide respectably in my most respectable Club, the Reform, of which I think Sargent and I are the only remaining American members—alas for the dead days and James and Abbey and Dr. Willie White—all gone. Then I went to Venice, Munich, Dresden, Leipzig, Berlin, Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp—I saw all the up to date schools and up to date shows which I came to see—and I have learned a good deal—its nice of you to want my things—the only people that I know who might have them are Colnaghi and the Fine Art Society of New Bond St. London—Ernst Arnold of Dresden—but I think Keppel has got them all back—I have however a room of things in the Venice International—which is far the most interesting Exhibition now open and it will be open till the end of October—cant you get to it? Any way please remember me to Mrs. Braun and I hope you may have as pleasant and as profitable a trip as I have had—

I am yours
Joseph Pennell

CHAPTER XLV

THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE
(1922–1926)

If Pennell started on his journey unwillingly, he had no regrets for having made it. It was a pleasure, an inspiration to get back to the galleries, museums and schools of Europe. His interest in art was not limited to one group or period. He was ready to learn, open to conviction. If not in sympathy with the new movements among artists, he would not condemn them without endeavouring to understand what they signified and whither they led. He was thought too liberal in his standards by International and Senefelder selecting committees, too keen to recognize any glimmer of originality in subject or treatment. He did not believe, however, that originality meant emancipation from the past. In his opinion the influence of the centuries cannot be escaped. If he thought "Modernists" on the wrong tack, this did not keep him from studying their methods and achievements. To him criticism, as well as art, should be based on knowledge and he spared no pains to familiarize himself with the work of the new "Ists." He asked Doctor Singer to select and have photographed twenty of "the most advanced works", proposing to show them in a lecture on "A Comparison of Art with Artlessness." The lecture was never delivered. Too many other things waited to be done.

Some months before, Mr. Gifford Beal, President of the Art Students' League, had asked him to take charge of the Etching Class and start a Lithography Class, beginning with the October term (1922). This was the reason for his desire to visit the Leipzig and London schools. In the Nineties at the Slade one lecture a week gave him no chance. Nor did his four February lectures at the National Academy schools, and these, instead of developing into technical classes, which was his idea, were presently cut down to two, when he resigned. At the League he was asked not to talk, but to teach; his time was limited not to one hour, but to one morning a week—"the most important happening to me", he afterwards described the opportunity Mr. Beal offered him. He always saw things big and in anticipation he had visions of a Great School of Graphic Art, rivalling Leipzig, growing out of the one class and the one room over which he was now to preside.

To prepare for it, his journey was shortened, his personal interests were neglected. He was to have gone to the London warehouse and brought back several, if not all our boxes stored there. But he was in haste to return to Brooklyn and the League, and this duty fell upon me. When the class opened I was in London where I was detained for more than three months. My discovery in the warehouse is one of the tragedies of Pennell's life. I will make the story short, so painful was it to him, so painful to me. We had arranged to have our boxes placed on the first floor—second in America—and they were marked "fragile", "paper", "prints" in big black letters, as a reminder that from damp they should be protected. They were

stored in wartime, in the summer of 1917. At once, so I was told, the Government commandeered space for army blankets and uniforms. Our boxes, with no warning to us, went down to the cellar, which was flooded by the phenomenal, the inevitable storm, such emergencies seem to call for. Again we were not warned. The boxes were on an upper floor when I arrived—after due notice. When opened, I discovered that damp had been eating through their contents for the last five years and spared not more than a third of our collections of a lifetime and of Pennell's work. Copper and zinc plates were in ruins. The man from Quaritch who went through the books with me almost wept over the condition of first and rare editions. The oil paintings—notes from the Adelphi windows of every season of the year, every hour of the day—were stuck together, a solid mass of muck. My collection of Pennell's etchings and lithographs—he always gave me a proof of his every printing—was reduced, portfolios and all, to scraps and shreds of paper. Drawings—but why go on? It was unspeakable, and I had to break the news. His despair was in the few words he wrote me: "Your letter has come—it is only what I expected and was afraid to go and see—I suppose everything is gone—and the insurance worthless—and a wasted life. Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth. Though others do—somehow—its all horrible and why?—I knew it was coming." At last we understood how our Collection of Whistleriana had lost its bloom.

Before undertaking the work at the League, Pennell consulted me. I thought that, if he did not let it interfere with his work, it would prove a relaxation, a

stimulating interruption, an amusement. And I was right. At first he had his disappointments. Students did not present themselves in crowds. Some who wanted to join did not know how to draw, others revealed an appalling ignorance of art. Would-be etchers had never heard of Dürer, had no use for Rembrandt and Whistler. Etching appealed because it was in fashion with dealers and collectors, therefore a sure way to make money. A tendency of almost all was to litter the classroom as New Yorkers litter their parks and streets and to make no attempt to clear away their dirt and disorder. However, by a process of elimination, combined with stern discipline, he collected round him a group of students after his own heart, inspiring them with his enthusiasm and the spirit of order which prevailed in his printing room. In their progress he had his reward.

Though hitherto his experience as teacher had been small, his ideas as to the right way of teaching were simple and definite. He would tell his students he could not make artists of them for, as Whistler said, only God Almighty could do that. But he could teach them the craft of etching if they were intelligent and persevering enough to learn. The one thing he forbade them to do was to turn out "Pennells." Once the craft was mastered, they were to say on copper what they themselves wanted to say, and to say it in their own way. In the exhibitions of their work, which he later encouraged and organized, nothing was so striking as the variety in the subjects selected and the manner of treating them. Only one or two students defied this wise rule and their defiance has not helped their reputation. To copy is to invite comparison.

The truth is he had a genius for teaching, though it might be the last thing expected of a man impatient by nature, compelled by the spirit within to speak the truth, and rich in his supply of invectives. His students, perhaps startled in the beginning, quickly got to understand him and, once understood, he was adored. They realized that, if he was impatient, the fault was theirs; that, if he spoke the truth, it was for their good; that, if his language was picturesque, it served as a goad to drive them on to better work and more intelligent study. True, the first encounter with the master sometimes left the aspirant in a hopeless state of imbecility. A story they liked to tell at the League was of the young girl from the South, who stood before him trembling, clasping the drawings demanded as test for admission, stammering and stuttering over and over again, "I am sure you won't like them, Mr. Pennell, I am sure you won't like them," until he interrupted abruptly, "I probably wont, but any way let me see them." She was stunned into silence as he looked at each in turn, very carefully, told her which were good, which were bad, and why, and she had not recovered her speech when he said she could stay. Inevitably, she became one of the most promising and devoted in the class.

Another story, often repeated, was of the contrast between the lurid language with which he berated a student for heedless, hasty work and the tenderness with which all the while he "caressed"—his word—the offending plate as he showed the offender how to prepare it for the press. A third story, no less popular, was of the visit of master and students to the Metropolitan when an excited young lithographer—shall I say Brown?—

JOSEPH PENNELL IN HIS LAST YEARS

Photograph by Dr. Arnold Genthe

outdid the master in comment and explanation of the prints they had come to see. At last, before a Goya that puzzles most artists who have studied it, the master stopped: "Nobody as yet has been quite sure of how it was done. Whistler did not know. Goya authorities do not know. I do not know. But, of course, Brown knows. Ask him." And a student who appeared one day in correct sporting rig, supplied a fourth. Pennell looked him up and down. "Why," he said, "I thought you came here to study etching, not to play golf."

It can be gathered from these stories that he did not hold himself aloof from his students, did not condescend from a higher plane in the manner of the traditional French master visiting the *Beaux Arts* or Julian's. He had no mistaken ideas of his infallibility. Like every artist who is an artist, he was forever learning, with every year growing more and more conscious how much he had to learn. He not only taught his students, but worked out fresh technical problems with them. "He works with his class as a co-student," one of his pupils—Miss Reinthaler, now Mrs. Bleibtreu—wrote of him, "is as much excited about a discovery, a new way of doing things, an experiment, as we are, and much more so than most of us. He is filled with the spirit of adventure, and is the least conceited, the least opinionated, the most open-minded man I have ever met. That is one of the things that contribute to his greatness as a teacher." Another student, Mrs. Cadmus, adds her testimony: "He knew how to blame and how to praise. The first lithograph I made he liked. He complimented a student as if one were an artist. 'There is something charming about it,' he said, and wanted to prove it himself. He

was truly disappointed for it would not print. I had used the wrong pencil."

In the beginning he was handicapped by the poorly equipped classroom, the result probably of a period of indifference among masters and students. He knew that students were no less, or perhaps rather more dependent than artists upon proper technical equipment. He overhauled the studio properties and added to them. One old copper-plate press awaited him. He had seven presses before his second term. He interested Ketterlinus in Philadelphia, and Mr. Heywood in New York, represented the gain to lithography of an artistic training for young lithographers, asked their aid in obtaining the right presses and tools. They knew him, knew his thoroughness as craftsman, knew the unselfishness of his enthusiasm, and they responded generously.

From the first he foresaw the impossibility of managing alone both etching and lithography classes, of hurrying from the student drawing with a needle on a copper plate to the student drawing with chalk on a lithographic stone. The mediums were too distinct, each called for the master's undivided attention. With the approval of Mr. Gifford Beal he applied to the Mechanics' Ohio Institute in Cincinnati, the one American school visited on his travels where he thought lithography was intelligently taught, and in answer to his request Mr. Charles Locke came to the League, first as his assistant, soon to take entire charge of the lithographers. Pennell could not have found a more congenial man to work with. Locke, besides being an accomplished technician, shared his enthusiasms, understood his aims and objects. The next year a class of woodcutting was added but

though Mr. C. B. Falls was announced as master, he could not spare the time to wait for the pupils who did not appear immediately, too slow to be aware that so distinguished an artist was at their service. The third year, however, a small group of woodcutters gradually grew in numbers under Mr. Allan Lewis. In the three classes, Pennell saw a solid foundation for the American School of the Graphic Arts that was to eclipse all others.

As the school prospered with the passing of the months and years, he was full of fresh schemes to perfect it. It was not sufficient to supply his students with the proper tools; the tools must be used in proper surroundings. He had the two classrooms—a second was given him for lithography—painted black on floor and high dado, white on the upper walls and ceiling, not solely for decorative effect but for concentration of the light. On the black dado he hung enlarged photographs of Rembrandts and Whistlers, determined to rescue his students from their outer darkness. In other classrooms primitive man and the untrained child might rule, but in his the greatest masters of the greatest periods must prevail, theirs the tradition it was the duty of his students to carry on. No fine exhibition of prints could open at the Metropolitan or the Grolier Club that he did not visit it with his class, talking to them in free and easy fashion of the work, its merit, its shortcomings. "There were heated debates," Miss Reinthaler says, "violent discussions as to how this artist got his effect or how he probably did that, that continued on the street cars and sidewalks." He brought his students to the Margaret that, from the roof, they might share

his joy in the beauty of New York, in good American fashion regaled them with chicken salad and ice-cream before they went home. He lectured to his class, explaining his meaning with the aid of lantern slides, he gave some of the League's evening courses to larger and more promiscuous audiences. He brought directors of other schools to inspect his and help him with hints and suggestions, among them two men he had long known: Frank Morley Fletcher from the Royal College of Art, Edinburgh, now at the School of the Arts, Santa Barbara, and Emil Orlik, of the Arts and Crafts Academy, Berlin. He sought and obtained commissions for his students, introduced them to museum directors and to art dealers. He made a student's success his own, would even brag of it, as when he boasted to Mr. Leinroth, "You might tell Mr. Crothier [a member of the Ketterlinus firm] one of my pupils has got a job doing portraits in Lithography for a big concern." He persuaded Mr. Mitchell Kennerley to hold his students' annual exhibition at the Anderson Galleries, got John Howard Benson to do the lettering for the invitation card, and himself bought many of their prints without their knowing who was their patron. When the Water Colour Club in Philadelphia accepted the prints of his class for an exhibition at the Academy and then refused to hang them in a group, as the Academy usually did, he resigned; nor could Mr. George Walter Dawson, the president; and Mr. Thornton Oakley, the secretary, induce him to reconsider the matter. Even a Philadelphia paper reported the prevailing feeling that the Water Colour Club was too much dominated by the Academy.

Pennell scolded, he drew liberally upon his "mine of invective", but the practical proofs of his interest could not be mistaken. That he was appreciated by his students, that his influence was spreading, gave him the deepest satisfaction. Towards the last, the class at times exhausted him, for, not content with the morning of his engagement, he often stayed till late afternoon. He did not show his fatigue: "One never thought of him as tired," Mrs. Cadmus says. "It was work and good work that he wanted. He seemed searching to give all he had to give. All he knew he had to give away. He never minded an interruption." Tired he often was, little as he showed it. But the intelligent response of his students repaid him. When this response took a practical form, he was as pleased as a child. One year they presented him with an umbrella, his name engraved on a silver plate, and I doubt if he used it once, so afraid was he of losing it. His letters to Locke and the others—letters of advice, letters of admonition, letters of encouragement, letters to speed them on their way—reveal the relations between master and students. The first to Locke was written at the end of the first year, when it was decided to put him in charge of the lithography class, under Pennell's supervision.

TO MR. CHARLES LOCKE

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
5. 28. 1923

Dear Locke—This class will be a big thing and it is up to you to be in it. Now you must get down to the mechanics of lithography—if you really want to come back, and learn the methods of drawing in lithography

all the methods known in Cincin	transferring and printing in black and white and colour and *especially* *offset*

Then we can get on and do things—I dont believe it will take you a month to learn them because you have a mind—but learn them and as you learn, write them out. As you say, N. Y. is the only place fit to live in. Did you see the thing Heywood made of your drawing in *The American Printer*—Etched, rosined, washed out—yes washed out but he, Heywood, was proud of it—I was not. All the class is coming back save the Baby Howell and she was one of the best. But if you will learn what you—with your brains—can learn—and dont forget colour—for Charles Falls is coming to teach and we must keep him in his place—things will happen—in a way. It is up to you—and if you this summer learn it all—as you can—we can make, as I have told you all along, a big thing out of the class—Now if you really want to come back—and it is I know worth your while—learn it all—as you easily can—and come and *I* and the *School* will be glad to have you.

Now Buck up

Yours

Joseph Pennell

Beyond it all we can do, what has not been done really—experiment. Everybody likes the things you showed, you had one big centre and Bessie Brewer, who is also coming back, had the other. But learn things and come.

J.P.

The N. Y. lithographers are sending another ordinary litho press and an offset press and we are also to have the big room alongside our present one as

well as that—

The whole floor. See

TO MRS. BESSIE MARSH BREWER

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
7. 8. 1923

My dear infant Etcheress
I should have written you long ago and thanked you for your letter and the proofs—but I have for the last ten days been in a sad seedy, in fact, down and out condition. Miss Mercereau or Chris say, says, they have your etchings and I told them to take them to the Keppels. But I got the two others which you were good enough to send and I am most glad to have them—You are not a fool by any means—but you WILL BE if you dont do a lot of plates this summer—surely you have any amount of ideas in your head, or up your sleeves or there are things around you—the Yankee—if he still exists—has not been done nor the Yankeress—do them if you want to even if you dont print them till the fall and then come back to the shop and do em—I have got more presses.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Mrs. Laurent Oppenheim was one of the rare few of the outside public who expressed appreciation of his work in the school to which he called attention in a couple of illustrated articles published in the *Times Magazine Supplement*. If others were as appreciative, they mostly kept it to themselves. He wrote his acknowledgment—he was punctilious in these matters—and told her some of the things learned in his year's experience as master.

TO MRS. LAURENT OPPENHEIM

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
7. 31. 1923

Dear Mrs. Oppenheim—I am much obliged for your sympathetic letter—it is the first—and probably the last—or only one—I shall get (a more unappreciative public than this does not exist.) There

may be lots of "talent" in this country but most of it wants suppressing. I encountered a League Student in the Bankers' Club the other day, waiting, and he admitted he was doing all right—without any art—There are any amount of people wanting to rush in and be taught the trick—and any amount of others willing to teach—But all both of them want is "to make big money quick"—damn the art, that dont matter—I did, however, find a few people willing to work and as I had sole charge of the show got a little done—but a more careless slovenly lazy lot of ignorant illiterate hogs—especially the women—I never encountered—they made filth instead of art—most of them—but I fired THEM. However I shall try again—though whether I shall get any pupils worth anything, is another matter. Last year I had the whole country to draw on—this year I shall have what is left. Come round in October and see what we are doing —Yours

Joseph Pennell

The Times man—printed the worst things he could—but popular ideals—prize fights and pups. Golly, what a country.

TO MR. JOHN HOWARD BENSON

The Art Students League

9. 2. 1923

Dear Benson—Locke's address is Marwood Cincinnati—I am glad you have had a success with your work in Newport—but Newport is a very unimportant spot in the world—save for artless things and artful people and you have got to try for bigger game and I hope you may have success. I am more or less patched up again and hope to be back at the school in October—

Yours

Joseph Pennell

It is kind of you to offer to do things but the Doctor did all that or them. J.P.

The next letter, to Mrs. Cadmus, was an acknowledgment of the sympathy she expressed for our loss in London of which she had only just heard.

The Art Students' League

TO MRS. MARIE LATASA CADMUS

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
10. 14. 1923

Dear Mrs. Cadmus—If you want to be "first", why dont you turn up again and get there. Near all those I wanted are coming back. And now that we have the machinery, there are seven presses, I want them used and, by them and the work done on them, this year to prove that the School is worth something practically. It is very good of you to write as you do about what happened—needlessly—years ago—though we only knew of it a year ago—but it is done and over and ended.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

The "it" in the following letter was a competition for a design to decorate the cover of the League's annual circular. Howard Benson sent in a lithograph of the League building in West Fifty-Seventh Street.

TO MR. JOHN HOWARD BENSON

Hotel Bossert. Brooklyn
3. 20. 1924

Dear Benson. I tried to get into your fool place tonight—no one answered the bell on the outside, and no one without a telescope or microscope could read the names on the inside lists—But I want to tell you

you won it.

Now there are some things you must do at once—in lettering or having the stone lettered—so come here to-morrow FRIDAY morning for a few minutes. I am glad you got it

and

so is the class.
Joseph Pennell

TO MR. WILLIAM BEEKMAN

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
2. 5. 1925

Dear Beekman—Naturally I am sorry you are going but glad you can stand on your feet, and very much appreciate all the kind things you say in your letter. But I fear there is going to be an exodus of the older students—though if you, Dix and Miss Freeman are getting to work its all right. Yes of course I shall want some of your things for the show—and wish you had done—or would do more of those white on black things.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Vassar invited the class to send their 1924 exhibition from the Anderson Galleries to the college. Pennell suggested a practical demonstration and he went himself with Locke and three students: Mrs. Lester Cahn, Mr. Andrew Butler and Miss Catherine S. Van Brunt, the monitor, who had seen to the details.

TO MISS CATHERINE S. VAN BRUNT

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
5. 27. 1925

Dear Miss Van Brunt—I was sorry you were not at the League yesterday for I wanted to tell you before the class closed, how much I appreciated what you did for us at Vassar—and, to prove it, printed some proofs for you—but you were not there—and now if you will accept them I do not know where to send them—but if you would care for them and send your present address I will confide them to the post with misgivings.

I am yours
Joseph Pennell

Pennell's criticism of his students' work was given at the school, he was never called upon to write it. But

one letter of criticism he did write, not to a member of the class but to Catherine Wharton Morris (Mrs. Sidney Wright), the daughter of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison S. Morris. He had been interested in her art career since the days when she revealed her talent in paper dolls of surprising originality. Always to her, in writing as in talking, he used the plain language for she too is a Friend. The second letter was in answer to her explanation that J. Howard Benson was the printer of the criticized plate.

TO MISS CATHERINE WHARTON MORRIS

9

26 1923

Dear Friend—I have thy etching and I am going to write thee in a friendly spirit, and for thy own good a very straight letter about it—because I want to see thee go ahead, but in the right way. And thee is—as I see from the print going completely and absolutely in the wrong direction—not following the advice I gave thee, and the result is not near so good as the first plate thee made, out of thy father's window. To begin with—thee did not think for a minute—or a second even—about placing the subject properly on the plate—as far within the edges of it—as thee was from it, that is evidently across the street. In fact thee drew it so big and out of proportion that it dont fit the plate at all—but runs out of it, at every point—just look how Whistler best, and Rembrandt also avoid the traps thee has fallen into—It is a wooden house and thee has stated in a way that fact—but there is no difference between the boards of which all three of the houses was, or were—built and I KNOW there was—Next as to the windows and doors each window that I have ever tried to draw has as much character as the people who look out of it, often more—And thine have no character—there is no observation of the glass and its reflections, and no difference between those that are open and those that are shut—To see what I mean study Whistlers *Black Lion Wharf*. As to the roof it seems as though one

part was tin and the other part shingle; but why is the poor chimney of the same texture?—it is brick, and why does it lie down on the roof and not stand up away from it? The wires, I suppose phone wires, run exactly as they doubtless did—but that is just where thee and they are wrong, because instead of leading up to and concentrating one's attention on the house they lead the eye out of the plate—and the plate is flat all over, thee dont understand that an etching depends on the variety and quality of vital expressive line—with the exception of the lines of the wooden walls there is no expression in thy lines at all, and finally bad—yes bad as it is—thee dont know anything about printing and even getting what color thee has put into the plate out of it—I could make another thing entirely out of it if I printed it—Now I hope thee will not resent all this kindly advice—nor thy family either—for it is all for thy good—and in a few days—I think I might drive thee to do something decent because if thee is properly led, thee might—but thee is altogether on or mostly on, the wrong track—and thee must observe both nature more, and etching a lot more, and my remarks—, all for thy good—too. This is all serious, and I am seriously desirous of seeing thee defeat Hamerton's statement "that no woman ever did,—(this is a fact) make a good etching, ever can or ever will do so." These are cold facts try and upset them. The only way to do so is after the most serious study of the drawing, biting and printing of the best etchings ever made, and the best, of old houses were made in the past, by Rembrandt and the best—and they are far better than the Dutchman's—in the present by Whistler and then try to beat them—The only thing to do in art is to carry on—to carry on the tradition, on which all art is founded, that can only be done by a knowledge of what has been done—and then trying to add one little thing, one little note of one's own to the great accomplishments of the past, and that, as Whistler used to say "is so difficult"—but if thee wants to really etch—that is what thee must do. Now this is all for thy good and I hope thee will accept it in the spirit in which it is written and if thee dont—well?

Thine

JOSEPH PENNELL

But I know thee will.

9

19 1923

My dear friend Catherine Morris thee is completely off thy chump. It's not difficult to learn to etch but it is horribly difficult to etch—But in a month, I know thee has brains enough, to learn what thee now knows nothing about and cant learn from either Benson or Hamerton—the first I never knew had made an etching—I certainly have never seen one he ever did and the second by showing people how no sensible person ever would make one—has done more good by discouraging people than any one I know of. I have all—more people—at the school than I want or know what to do with—and I know what to do with them—and as one of them said recently, "we dont have to unlearn what we learn with you" That's a real compliment. Still I could squeeze thee in—and it would do thee a lot of good—which thee wont get nowhere else no how

Thine

JOSEPH PENNELL

I add one more letter as it may prove useful to other young students as well as to Mr. Armistead Peter 3d, to whom it was written. It calls for no explanation, unless I say, as seems obvious from the first paragraph, that the application was made after the news of our London loss had got into the New York papers.

TO MR. ARMISTEAD PETER, 3D.

Hotel Margaret Brooklyn

10. 14. 1923

Dear Mr. Peter—The thing that has happened is a good deal worse than even the newspapers made it out, but it has happened, and it is over, and it is only one of the little valuable details, gone, in the great useless, unnecessary war which could easily have been avoided. If it had not been wanted.

I am sorry but I have no more time to do any more teaching than I am doing. While there are certain technical and important matters

to learn about Pen Drawing—the first thing is to learn to draw as well as you can, and with modern methods of reproduction, if you can express yourself, in line, or want to, as you say, you can join my class in Lithography and make pen drawings by that method and have them multiplied and printed—or rather do it yourself on the school presses. So if you want to know more, come and see me some Tuesday at the League 215 W. 57th Street—I hope you are coming to our function next Tuesday afternoon at Keppels'.

I am yours

Joseph Pennell

Pennell's work at the League lasted not quite four years. In that time he gathered about him a group of young enthusiasts from all parts of the country, he inspired them with respect for the graphic arts, he impressed upon them the fact that technique is the foundation of great art. Technical proficiency cannot make an artist, but neither can any man become an artist without it. He, who thought the centuries had produced only two masters of etching, Rembrandt and Whistler, did not expect his every student to turn out a genius. But in his class he set up a healthy standard at a time when short cuts are the accepted roads to fame and fortune. He established a tradition at the League, even if he did not live to see rising from it, the American School of the Graphic Arts which was the goal of his ambition.

CHAPTER XLVI

SERIOUS ILLNESS INTERRUPTS WORK · FIRE IN THE MARGARET TURNS HIM ADRIFT (1923–1924)

Pennell sacrificed none of his other activities to the school. He worked harder for the New Society in 1923, feeling largely responsible for its three-years' tenancy of the Anderson Galleries and knowing from experience how apt the artist is to find a gap between expenses and returns. To bridge this gap, lectures and technical demonstrations were given, a fee charged for admission. Etchings were printed before an audience one evening, lithographs a second. On a third, he sat to Mahonri Young for his bust, an ordeal which sculptor and sitter lightened with a quick fire of comment and criticism or interchange of personalities: "Not a half bad Music-Hall sketch, what?" Pennell described it afterwards. His duties at the New Society were no empty excuse for his delay in attending to the series of post cards he allowed the Philadelphia Art Alliance to make from his large Philadelphia lithographs. When he did take up the matter with Mr. John F. Braun, President of the Alliance, his letter was as full of ideas and suggestions as if he was without another care in the world.

TO MR. JOHN F. BRAUN

Hotel Margaret, Brooklyn
1. 13. 1923

Dear Mr. Braun—I have been so busy with the New Society of Artists' Exhibition and other things that my correspondence has

gone to the dogs. I have marked the print I think the best of the Hallway of the Wister House—but it either has a scratch in it—or there is a white line across the print from which it was made—I have marked it on the back. Frankly I think they can be much better done—Have you tried the Offset Press? Messrs. Ketterlinus can tell you about it. I think Mr. Wiedersheim of that concern is a member of the Alliance. I am sure offset would give a far better result. Then there is another matter—There is no reason why these cards should be the size of the Government card. Cards the size of Lippincotts' reproductions or bigger will be accepted by the Post Office—and the mere fact that they are bigger than the usual post card would be an increased attraction—Again, when you do get your method right—I suggest as far as I am concerned you issue only of my work the series on the

State House
Independence Hall Inside and
Out and the Grounds—
And

Either the Old Churches or the Historic Houses of Philadelphia—and also why do you not use the Etchings of Philadelphia—or some of them—they would reproduce well. I do not know when I shall get over but you should see our show at the Anderson Galleries

Yours
Joseph Pennell

In March he was on the Hanging Committee of the National Academy, here too with a feeling of responsibility, for he induced the Academy to devote a room to Black-and-White to which he insisted the "engraver" members had every right, legal and artistic. Academicians were slow to admit this and made the concession only to withdraw it as promptly as convenient. His valiant fight for Black-and-White was of small avail. The Academy seemed no less indifferent to Mr. Braun's offer in 1920 of "a medal for presentation to the best Black-and-White Print in the annual exhibition." He

CARICATURE OF ANDERSON GALLERY SITTING BY LUKE PEASE

talked it over with Pennell, who was under the impression that the Academy, realizing Black-and-White had come to stay, would make the exhibition an annual affair. The Academy accepted "a medal to be awarded to a work in Black-and-White when such is a part of a

regular exhibition", an Academic interpretation not looked for by Mr. Braun and promptly rejected. He was disappointed, Pennell was disgusted, and that was the end of it.

Pennell joined Mr. Walter Clark's Society at the Grand Central Galleries, sending water colours to the first exhibition in the spring of 1923, resigning, however, at the end of the first three years. He thought the conditions more favourable to the painter in oils than the painter in water colours. He was on the American Committee for the coming International Exhibition in Rome, struggled at first to make it a success, in the end to save it from failure. An exhibition of his work was held in Philadelphia at Wanamaker's during what Philadelphia called Art Week, Mr. Braun lending his collection of Pennell prints and Mr. Devitt Welsh his collection of Pennell books. I ran over to the Exhibition, and very impressive it was, a prelude to the last show of all at the Anderson Galleries. He did not go. In April the boxes of our wrecked possessions arrived from London and, face to face with our loss, he broke down.

TO MR. JOHN F. BRAUN

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
4. 20. 1923

Dear Mr. Braun—It was very nice of you to write me about coming over, a lot of people did so, or telegraphed, but I am not up to it—either physically or mentally. I have until yesterday only been out of the house once in ten days—and I am not up to the trip, talking and late hours—and smoke—fancy I have not smoked—or even drunk hardly for a couple of weeks not because I cant get any, but dont want it, a proof I am pretty low down.

And now another matter—though I do not know what you have

got in your collection of my prints—I do know that you have more I imagine—I am certain so far as I know the only collection any way complete in the world—Mrs. Pennell and I had been getting the things—my things—our things together—and the cursed war and the cursed British Government which commandeered the storage people—they tell us—wiped them out—and the storage people never told us a word of it—and it was only when Mrs. Pennell went over last autumn that we found it out—these are the kind of tripe—the up-to-date American toadies to—all we are wanted for in the League of diseased and decayed British-Wilson-bought deal—is to pull their half burnt chestnuts out of the fire for them—I did not live more or less for thirty years in England without finding it out—I found it out in thirty days. Many Americans never find it out—Why if we were a Colony to-day Washington would say put on more taxes—instead of putting the tea in the harbour—I sent you—I mean your Art Week—a paper. I hope it was read—but I aint up to reading or talking—

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Mr. Braun, in the years he was collecting Pennells, had the opportunity to learn much of both the work and the artist. They were on committees together, concerned on the same schemes. Pennell accepted a commission for an etching of his house in Merion—an unusual concession—and made two because the house was "by far the decentest in the Philadelphia suburbs." Mr. Braun appreciated the quality of Pennell's prints and drawings, his "free mastery of his medium, his enormous versatility." He understood Pennell's character—an "emotional giant" who could not have become "the great artist he was without a nature that flamed and smouldered ceaselessly."

For the autumn of 1923, Pennell prepared an exhibition of etchings and drawings—some of them out of

the London boxes—at Keppels' and it was transferred to Worcester, or part of it, where he lectured to the Woman's Club, the details looked after by Mrs. A. H. Pike. The only other lectures of the year were at the Women's City Club in New York, at Yale, at the Brooklyn Museum. Many plates were made in 1923, the year of the impressive "New York Stock Exchange" for the Certificate of Membership, and the four plates for the Brooklyn Edison Company: "The New Edison Building, Brooklyn"; "Building the Edison Works, Brooklyn"; "The Concrete Conveyor, Edison Works, Brooklyn"; "The East River from the Edison Works." He pulled a few proofs for himself and, with one of each plate as a guide, Platt printed the edition for the Brooklyn Edison Company who later reproduced the etchings and issued the reproductions in a book. Pennell seldom made a plate on commission. In the old days Frederick Keppel was disposed to offer him more than one, and inclined to resent Pennell's refusal, though it never interfered with either their friendship or their business relations. As it turned out, working for the Stock Exchange and the Brooklyn Edison Company was so satisfactory, even pleasant, that in the autumn he accepted a commission for a plate of Washington Cathedral. He had drawn and etched many ancient Cathedrals in many cities, but never one in the actual building. It was another industrial subject, and he made three additional plates for himself.

He was more engrossed with his water colours. That big window at the Margaret held him spellbound. Before it his love for the beauty of New York flamed into an all-consuming passion. It was a beauty that insisted upon colour for its expression, from the early morning,

BROOKLYN BRIDGE OUT OF OUR HOTEL
MARGARET WINDOWS
Water Colour by Joseph Pennell

when the light fell in rose and gold on the skyscrapers across the East River, until the evening when the sun set in a glory of orange and crimson and purple behind them, and gradually ferryboats were transformed into fairyboats in the blue darkness, and the glimmering lights made golden patterns on sky and water. Our days were regulated by the effects out of the window. I might be dressing, already late for an engagement, when, with a sudden splendour in the heavens, a lingering loveliness in the harbour, he would call me to watch with him, to share with him the wonder of the Unbelievable City, in the magic and mystery of the night. The dinner hour would pass unheeded if the sun, as showman, prolonged a fine performance. He could not tear himself away until the curtain fell.

Twice, and both times seriously, 1923 interrupted this fever of work. That years of activity were beginning to tell on him is evident from his letters. That he was no longer young is a fact he was apt to lose sight of. In June indifferent health developed into desperate illness. The doctor and his assistant were alarmed, called in a specialist for consultation. The specialist insisted upon a hospital and an operation. Pennell would not hear of it, said he would rather die than be cut into, and the wise doctor pulled his patient through without the help of the knife. It was a long and tedious business. For weeks Pennell could not work, had not the strength to dress, though he refused to stay in bed. All his life he had scorned a dressing gown as a luxury of the idle; to buy one now would have seemed a weak concession, and, instead, he borrowed mine. Anxious as I was, I could laugh at the astonishment of the occasional

friends admitted, when they had their first glimpse of the tall gaunt figure arrayed in a flowing gown of heliotrope velvet with deep lace collar, which he wore with the unconscious grace of daily habit.

He was a fatalist on the subject of death. He did not shrink from the thought of it, and, even at the most alarming stage of his illness, did not let the immediate possibility disturb him. What must be, must be. Why waste time thinking of the inevitable? Besides, the war had ruined, killed his world. Life had lost its savour. When he heard of the death of old friends his regret was put in the fewest words or else no regret expressed. Walter Taylor was a friend he prized, but when Taylor died in the summer of 1921, his one comment was a reference not to the friend but to the illustrator: "a very good man gone, really the best in his way." That was all. "Too bad about Massingham"—his first London editor—"but he had done his work and it is better to be out of it," he wrote to Fisher Unwin in 1922. And again in 1923, "I think your letter arrived the day I saw that Landor and Archer had gone—and this morning—Gould. Well, they are well out of this mess." All three were closely associated with his London days. When autumn came he had so far recovered as to take his physical condition more lightly. "I get on all right," he told Fisher Unwin in October—"save they thought they had sent me to feed the violets in the summer and now I have more to do than two dozen mongrels would dare to tackle, including a flourishing technical school where the men are so ladylike they wear rubber gloves to save their lily white hands—and the women—or some of them—teach their parrots to swear—and are mostly

divorced, specially the pretty ones whom I at first regard as innocent infants. Golly what a country, mine no longer."

The second interruption was a fire in the Margaret one evening late in November. We hoped against hope that it would not reach our floor, were foolish enough not to prepare for flight, and at one in the morning moved to the Hotel Bossert, a few blocks away, with not so much as a toothbrush for luggage. Pennell was down for a lecture on Beardsley the next day at the Brooklyn Museum. Mr. Fox was willing to postpone it, suggested the postponement. But Pennell never let personal difficulties interfere with public engagements. I spent my morning in buying a supply of immediate necessities, our apartment at the Margaret so deep in water there was no getting into it. At three I met him at the Museum and listened to one of the best talks I ever heard him give, while a stenographer took it down for the volume afterwards made by Mr. Grasberger, the third of the Pennell Club publications, which filled many hours and many letters in the early part of 1924. At the Bossert we were in an apartment many flights up, with the harbour out of our windows. "Not the Margaret view!" Pennell said, "but I am not sure that it is not finer," and when our belongings at the Margaret were packed and stored, he brought away little save his water-colour box and paper.

TO MR. JOHN F. BRAUN

Hotel Bossert, Brooklyn
12. 16. 1923

Dear Mr. Braun—I have just found, in our mess, your letter informing me that I had been elected to the Bill Board Committee of

the Congress of Art. If I can do anything, I shall be glad to. My views of the subject, I think, are pretty well known however, and if my scheme—a practical one, that of a practical self respecting country—France—were carried out here, it would end the abomination and abolish the desecrators—*tax them*—pass proper laws to do so, and then do, what no state, no government and more important none of the citizens of this country have the courage to do—make the rulers and politicians enforce them. Its perfectly simple and can be easily done. I found the crop greatly increased between New York and Philadelphia last week—

J. Pennell

TO MRS. A. H. PIKE

Hotel Bossert, Brooklyn
1. 20. 1924

My dear Mrs. Pike—Thank you for all the very nice things you say about my talk and my work. I hope your Club did like them as well as myself.

The Expense account was long ago very promptly settled.

Of course it is a consolation to an artist to be told that some one likes his things and I am glad you like mine well enough to own them. For even if one does them without any idea that they will ever be cared for by any one save one's self—and many—all real artists hate or are disatisfied with them—still it is an encouragement to go on—when, as you do, some one writes and tells you that your things appeal to them—and for this I thank you—

Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO MR. GEORGE J. C. GRASBERGER

Hotel Bossert, Brooklyn
2. 8. 1924

Dear Grasberger—These printers would drive Job to despair—The title page is still all wrong—They have no sense of anything—and they cannot draw an S—they will fill four lines decently—they should have one for three. The rest must go—I do not know the right title of Venus and Tannhäuser. On the proofs they have been

careful—But make them get the title page right—Would it not be well to put titles of other books on a half title and call this Vol. 4.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Hotel Bossert, Brooklyn
3. 22. 1924

Dear G. J. C. G. I am trying to move and cant get over to those binder people whom you have discovered—besides as they are they cant find it cant do it—kind of cusses, why should I? They must make up a dummy or send over specimens, of the right cloth or paper and type and designs—until they do this as they should—I have no time to waste on them. Why anyway did you not either stick to the people in Philadelphia or get some one, any one ever heard of here?—Jews aint they?

Yours
Joseph Pennell

As I said, the frontispiece is ruined.

J. P.

A large canvas attributed to Whistler was one of the winter's preoccupations. "Whistlers" were frequently submitted to him for an opinion in New York as in London, paintings and prints brought to him at the Margaret or at the League for a verdict. The first year at the Margaret amusing discussions were frequent in the little downstairs reception room directly opposite the office of the *Arts*. Hamilton Easter Field, sitting at his desk, would see Pennell at the window, a canvas in his hand, a man at his side apparently in earnest talk, and, sure of what it meant, would run across to join in the argument. Pennell liked Field, thought him one of the rare competent critics in the country, was always ready to consider his views, convincing or unconvincing. His death was to Pennell a personal loss. The large

"Whistler" now in question, a portrait of a little girl in a spacious studio, was the most important upon which Pennell had been asked to sit in judgment. The Englishman, from whose collection it came, said Whistler gave it to him. Nobody seemed to know anything further about him, save Sir Alfred Temple, Director of the Guildhall Gallery, who had visited him in his Clapham house and seen the painting on the walls. When, after the death of its owner, it was sold at auction with his other possessions, it fetched a small price, and was eventually brought to New York. Pennell saw beautiful things in it but was not convinced. He went to study it alone, with me, with Mr. E. G. Kennedy, Whistler's old friend. He thought it would be well to consult Mr. Clifford Addams, Whistler's apprentice. He had photographs sent to people in London who knew Whistler or his work during the Eighties, the period to which the painting—evidently dated. Then the painting itself was sent. Some artists and critics were prepared to swear it a Whistler, others scoffed at the idea. The *Morning Post* opened its columns to a lively correspondence. Pennell consulted David Croal Thomson who, as manager of the famous 1892 Whistler Exhibition, had opportunity to see and to trace Whistler's earlier work. Pennell's letters are an excellent example of his thoroughness in every such case before venturing upon a decision. The painting was first shown to him shortly before the fire at the Margaret.

But all the discomfort of our flight to the Bossert, all the interruption of packing, all the misery of settling down in new quarters with the consequent loss of time, could not lessen his interest in any subject to which it had once been given.

TO MR. DAVID CROAL THOMSON

Hotel Margaret, Brooklyn
11. 8. 23

Dear Croal Thomson—I dont want to bother you but I do want to find out if I can—something about the authorship of a painting of which you have seen a photograph—and another has been sent you—attributed to Whistler. It has occurred to me that Lavery might know. Guthrie whom I have written to—and who I thought might have painted it when he lived in London does not—but he thinks it was done in Glasgow. There are many things about it that I think are not by Whistler—the firmly planted girl—though she looks something like a Leyland—especially, but the Leylands were grown up then. It must be in date in the early Eighties—the same time as those small things in the Memorial Exhibition—which we of the Committee doubted and you proved to us were right.

But what to me is the strangest of all—and the surest proof, is that a large, important and really finished painting by Whistler should disappear—or even if he knew of its existence in the house at Clapham, or wherever it was, he should never speak of it, never want to get hold of it and show it—*you* know his way in these things—this to me is the strongest evidence against Whistler having painted this remarkably fine thing. I hope you wont mind my boring you in this fashion, but it is very curious and interesting work as well as a singular mystery. So will you try to unravel it—through Lavery?

We are pegging away and have a rather interesting place with all New York out of the windows and the bay—the finest view in the world. McLure Hamilton is coming he says to stay here too—and as usual quite a gang of artists and artless ones are tagging after me, for in America everyone herds now—but the people are impossible and so is the life. The prices for dry cold storage, dead things, are incredible—nothing is fit to eat—but they live on soft drinks and chewing gum and listen to Lord George and other British, and swallow any guff thrown at them. The American race is extinct and the mongrels who have over run the land are the lowest breed of crosses between niggers, Jews, dagoes, Chinese and imbeciles and dregs of

the near East. Yet the land, where you can see it between the billboards is wonderful and pictorial—but the people care nothing for beauty or even decency—only for money and the more they get the more they want—the soldiers of this state were yesterday voted a bonus for their patriotism in not getting hurt, many even didnt get to Europe, and the police and firemen are to have £ 500 a year each—As for artists—

Yours
Joseph Pennell

If Temple, and he says so, knew all about it, I cannot understand why he never showed it at the Guildhall, or told us of it at the time of the Memorial. Or why Whistler did not tell you of it and want it in the Goupil Show. Truly it is wrapped in mystery. There are three or four people who were intimately connected with Whistler at the time to whom I should be greatly obliged to you if you would show the photo.

Chas. Hanson (you know who he is)
Ludovici
Sickert
Pickford R. Waller
Walter Dowdeswell

Some of them may know something.

Proofs were not forthcoming, authorities differed. "I wish I could be assured that the painting is right—but I am not," expresses his attitude in his last letter on the subject to Thomson. He never saw the painting again, nor have I heard what became of it.

While the correspondence with Croal Thomson was in full swing, the chance came to buy from the estate of George D. Smith, the bookseller, Whistler's letters to Mr. Thomson, in connection with the 1892 Exhibition. Whistler was living in Paris, the letters were almost daily, a revelation of his seriousness at a period when his reputation as "clown", "charlatan", was wide-

spread. The series is of great importance and the purchase was one of the pleasures of Pennell's last years. The letters were added almost immediately to our Whistleriana at the Library of Congress, and Pennell wrote to Croal Thomson, enclosing a clipping from the *Washington Star*, which announced the place secured for it in "the Pennell Whistler collection, already far the finest and most complete in the world."

TO MR. DAVID CROAL THOMSON

Hotel Margaret, Brooklyn
5. 11. 1924

My dear Thomson . . . I enclose a cutting which may interest you for it certainly *has not appeared in any New York paper* and I imagine has not been sent to London—but is a live proof—from the fact that Smith and his estate could not sell the letters as a *whole*—that the love of art, the interest in art in this country is dead—though it was never alive—we prate of art, we have museums, congresses tea parties, collectors, uplifts, sales, Zorn's prints went for ten cents on the dollar the other day, but we have had no artist since Whistler—though Sargent is our cleverest, far cleverer than any you have and gave a good object lesson to the Jews, Polacs, old maids in pants and petticoats—we have Napoleons in white pants now in the custom houses—who peddle their products about the country to win prizes—that John has pocketed—incidentally the only decent John I ever saw.

But
Remember there can be no art in a
Dry Desert
filled with drunken
Hypocrites
which we are become.

But you might get the paragraph in the British papers—*then* it would *appear here*.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

We got back to the Margaret by the end of March. Everything had to be unpacked and the printing press, no better for its dose of water and four months of storage, put in order. In the midst of the confusion he wrote not only to Croal Thomson about the "Whistler", but to Van Dyke on a subject that meant no less to him. Van Dyke's "Rembrandt and his School" had been published several months before, and now he was proposing a second volume on "The Rembrandt Drawings and Etchings." He thought of using notes and comments on the prints by Pennell which Pennell gladly agreed to contribute if they were printed just as they were written.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

Hotel Margaret,—Brooklyn
4. 30. 1924

Dear Van Dyke—Of course morally and dignifiedly you are quite right to let the Jews, Greeks, and especially Fry, Berenson, and the rest of the Gesshellschaft stew in their own cold storage—but then it is delightful, and also your duty, to stick pins in them and *make them squirm*. If you will read the last chapter of Morelli's last book you will see why they stopped with Velasquez and Rembrandt or before them.

I am glad you will take up the etchings and I will do what I can to help. It seems to me what you could—and should do—is to get them into groups. Or single examples—it is perfectly evident that the man who did the *Gold Weigher's Field* NEVER did the other mostly rotten landscape, though he may have done and probably did the background in the 3 *Trees*. The *Omval* is not like anything else. The *Beggars at the Door of the House* is by the man who did *Christ Presented to the People*. But the *Hundred Guilder Print* aint—and so on and so on—and its all so much easier with the complete illustrated catalogues than doing the paintings and here is an important point, are not all the signatures alike on all the plates?

If so I dont believe he signed any of the things—and I am beginning to think he was the dam Jew Chase accused him of being—and only ran a shop. Only who was the genius he kept hid up stairs? But have you looked into this question of signature on the plates, if as I say, they are all signed alike, some with and some without dates, but in the same way, they are faked. This is one of the things the modern forger does—with Whistler, who as you know changed his signature with time—the forger always gets the wrong one to copy, and I believe that most of the Rembrandt signatures on the plates are alike, which is dead against him. Artists dont work with a stencil—forgers do. Look into this and let me know.

Joseph Pennell

Hotel Margaret—Brooklyn
5. 4. 1924

Dear Van Dyke—I do not want to bore you stiff about the etchings and I am pretty ignorant of what the authorities say—but there is one thing you can do—and so far as I know it has not been done—

Take say my two well beloved prints—the *Gold Weigher's Field* and the *Beggars at the Door of a House*—but they are so much better done than anything else—that I doubt if he did them, and the handling is quite different too—but who did—and then have enlargements made of a bit of each and have similar bits enlarged from some of the other plates of the same sort of subjects and if you do this I think—there will be a revelation and a sensation. An artist does not change his style once it is formed—he develops it—Whistler pointed this out to me first in his own work and I have now been studying it in that fashion. Try it! Haden did this stunt to show the difference between an etched line and an engraved line and he was fallen upon, but do you take similar bits from different plates—some you will see in the enlargements have the same lines—and some are utterly different—as to this working up at different periods and by different hands—I know about that—what of Seghers and Rembrandt—but with this scheme of mine—if you not only take two different plates but two or three states of each and enlarge them the differences become painfully and perfectly apparent. And a series of these would be of the greatest possible value in every way.

Has it ever been done? I do not know of it—if *you* have not tried to do so. I hope you will come—only let us know when you can and we will kill or hack out the cold storage kid

Yours
Joseph Pennell

And a postcript to a letter dated 9. 17. 1924:

P.S. There is one point I think you did not make strong enough in the Paintings of Rembrandt—that it is perfectly all right to have pupils and assistants to enlarge—though the camera will do it better—to carry out in paint or "sculshure", as Pauline Bartlett calls him—but it is wrong to take the designs of a student or other artist and sign them. When as in the case of Rubens there are sketches and designs by the artist it is perfectly right to sign the pictures made from them, but to take other people's paintings as your Rembrandt did is, to say the least of it, an infringement of proprietorship. And in etching it is worse. Hammer this into em. My how they must hate you—dam Yankee interfering mit pizness

Yours
Joseph Pennell

CHAPTER XLVII

THE ADVENTURES OF AN ILLUSTRATOR (1925)

The supreme interest of Pennell's last two years was his book, "The Adventures of an Illustrator." The idea originated in that tramp, taken as long ago as the autumn of 1885, to illustrate Doctor Eggleston's "Out of the Way in High Savoy."

He knew the idea was good, held on to it, let it simmer, developed it with time, until gradually he saw the Illustrator on the track not of one but of many authors—until eventually he had got as far back as his apprenticeship for the pursuit and was writing something very like an autobiography. About the early Nineteen-Hundreds, the work began to materialize. It was a period of long journeys, bringing with them hours when to draw, to etch, to paint was impossible. He wrote on the fast steamer crossing the Atlantic, on the slow steamer from the Isthmus to San Francisco, in the Pullman crossing the continent, in hotel bedrooms when storms were raging. He wrote without method, taking up each Adventure as memory chanced upon it. Between times he might, and often did forget what was already written and would write it over again. I remember his despair on discovering four versions of the story of his childhood in the quiet Quaker household of the quiet Quaker town. He would have thrown the four away, I fancy, had I not interfered, representing that a new version made out of what was most characteristic

in each of the four would probably prove the best chapter in the book. I think I was right.

The publication of the chapters as articles in the *Century* for 1922 was a disappointment. He would have had them illustrated with the most important illustrations that appeared originally in his "authors'" articles. To his surprise and displeasure the least important were selected. Instead of his fine etchings for Howell's "Tuscan Cities", as he wrote to Devitt Welsh, the choice was for "comic sort of things and figures done in Italy that I want forgotten, not resurrected. Their selection of the New Orleans things in this month's magazine was disgraceful—doing them no good and me much harm." He was more indignant when the editor proposed to drop the last article. Pennell reminded him of the agreement and insisted that, whether published or not, it should be paid for. An agreement was an agreement, contracts could not be so lightly set aside. It was justice he wanted, not money, and he was paid.

The question now was the book. He hesitated; nothing had been done, except to promise the English edition to Fisher Unwin, when in the late winter of 1924, Mr. R. U. Johnson invited Pennell to lunch at the Century Club to meet Mr. Alfred R. McIntyre, President of Little, Brown and Company. Mr. McIntyre undertook at once to publish "The Adventures", gave the printing of it to Mr. W. E. Rudge, the engraving to Messrs. Beck. The book was difficult to make. Pennell had a definite scheme. It must be the size of the *Century* so that *Century* illustrations need not be reduced; the page must be the *Century's* page of two columns for the greater ease of readers, and if traditional authority were called for,

he could refer the arrangement to old manuscripts and early printed books. Under these conditions, to design a beautiful page, to balance text and illustrations was no light matter for any one concerned. Nor was it easy to obtain portraits of his authors, since these were to be the work not of photographers, but of artists. Delays, disputes, disappointments were inevitable, but the sympathy of publishers, printers and engravers never failed. As if conscious that it was his last book, Pennell spared neither time nor energy, and it took more out of him than either he or I realized. His "Adventures" with the printing and illustration of the book are in his letters.

His other interests were not entirely sacrificed. 1924 was the year of the "Telephone and Telegraph Foundation" and "The Caissons", two of his strongest plates and by way of contrast, the Brooklyn Series—his record of The Heights where he found something of the charm of Bloomsbury. He managed a few lectures—at Englewood, the Philadelphia Print Club and Art Alliance, Washington, Chevy Chase, Paterson, Cleveland. In Cleveland (February, 1925) he was asked to etch a plate for the Print Club there the following spring, but when spring came there was no getting away from the book, and few things worried him more than to fail in his engagements. He revised his "Etchers and Etching" for a third edition, published in the autumn of 1925 by the Macmillans, who were also considering a Catalogue of his Etchings, with an Introduction by Dr. John C. Van Dyke, but never got farther than letters and interviews. He supervised the production of the fourth Pennell Club publication, "A Book of Drawings" by Thackeray, with an Introduction by Miss Agnes

Repplier. He was on the committee formed by Mr. Franklyn Paris, late in 1923, to secure a bust of Whistler for the library of the University of New York. Mr. MacMonnies was chosen as sculptor. He had known Whistler well and could refer as model to Boehm's bust owned by Mr. A. E. Gallatin and loaned to the Metropolitan Museum. However, for one reason or another, after many meetings and much correspondence in 1924, MacMonnies did not carry out the commission and Pennell's interest ceased. He was on the jury of a Peace Card competition, but when a painting by Mr. Arthur B. Davies was sent in, declared it no competition at all,—where was the competitor to compete with Mr. Davies? He saw and appreciated the beauty of Davies' work, could not understand why, he said in a letter to Doctor Van Dyke, certain artists were admitted to the Academy of Arts and Letters, "while men like Manship and Arthur Davies are carefully kept out." Pennell sat that winter to Emil Orlik for an etching, an unsatisfactory portrait, but the sittings were amusing, for Orlik had revived a method of measurement said to be Holbein's, which Pennell had known nothing of before. He managed somehow a little leisure, not for idleness but for lengthy letters on these and other matters: to Macmillans on the depths to which modern illustration has fallen; to Mr. McIntyre on the details of the "Adventures"; to Mr. Sessler on the ethics of signing prints; to his old and much-loved Teacher Sue on missions and missionaries; to Mr. Edward L. Tinker, with sound critical discrimination, on "Lafcadio Hearn's American Days." His correspondence was never more varied and voluminous than in 1924 and 1925.

TO MR. A. E. GALLATIN

Century Club. New York
9. 17. 1923

Dear Mr. Gallatin—As you may have seen MacMonnies has consented to copy your bust. To raise funds for this Paris and I have thought it would be advisable to form a small Committee and to ask you and Howard Mansfield to join it as the first members. I hope you will be willing to do so—If you are I will have a meeting called here to consider ways and means.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
3. 30. 1924

Dear Fisher—You may be glad to hear that I have at last arranged with Little Brown and Co. of Boston to bring out the book—*Adventures of an Illustrator.*

L. and B. seem keen and enthusiastic—and are young, but I dont think that any advantage, any way in this land of swelled headed youth, in its second childhood, or never grown up. Anyway I'll let them try. Now I want to know if there are two or three things you will have done for me—as I have told them I want you to bring out the book and they say they have talked to you about it.

Will you get and send me from the *National Portrait Gallery* photographs of

Henry James by Sargent—
Andrew Lang—Sir W. B. Richmond

Can you get any portrait of

Maurice Hewlett
or F. Marion Crawford

and Sargent painted years ago portraits of

Miss Paget—Vernon Lee—and
A. Mary F. Robinson

as you know them both could you get photos of these ladies' portraits if they would let us have them.

I am proposing to use a portrait of the author whose works I have illustrated in the chapter where what I did with him is described—using some of my own drawings as well.

I think this is the best way to work it out

I dont think *The Illustration of Books* is worth renewing, it is completely out of date, and would have to be done over. *The Graphic Arts* covers the whole subject, and besides Macmillans I suppose have written you that they propose to bring out a New Edition of *Etchers and Etching*. I suppose you will take that—they want it for this fall—as they have plates it wont be difficult. The *Adventures* book is for next year, if the rotten country lasts that long.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO MR. GEORGE J. C. GRASBERGER

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
5. 15. 1924

Dear G.J.C.G. I have at last got that cover done, the next time you have anything of the sort attempted I would send it to London via the Behring Straits or Patagonia—it would get there quicker, be done better and returned sooner than when sent from New York to Phila.—but all is well. I see Ma X. is going to take over the State House and the Mare will run the squashennial—good ole fossil

Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO MR. ALFRED R. McINTYRE

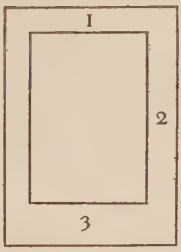
Hotel Margaret
6. 20. 1924

Dear Mr. McIntyre,—Thanks for your letter of the 23d which is as encouraging as it is rare nowadays to get—anyway here. I am just now working on a new edition of another book—and I get replies and advice from the London publisher quicker than from New York—and with more sense in them too. I have taken out a lot of kicks but everytime I take one out—I get two or three bricks heaved at

me from some where else. As to the loss of things I mean to rub that in—I am going not to make a grievance of it—but a hymn of hate—and wont allow it to be forgotten—nor will I forgive the British Government. Things will be undoubtedly changed or dropped at last—but I want to do as little of that as possible—I wrote about Egan—whose portrait I have got from the King of Denmark—before his death—and I thought the description—or statement might remain—of course it can be changed. I should very much like your reader—*to suggest things*—not to change them without letting me know—especially "spelling and punctuation"—a lot of this comes from the type writer—who sticks in apostrophies and commas till I dont—she would say do'nt—know where I am—still I miss them when I (and Mrs. Pennell) go over the copy—sometimes.

The paper I want is the thinnest—opaque—you can get—I mean paper that dont show the backing page, and the lightest—it exists. Dill and Collins of Philadelphia had some good stuff—I dont know name or number.

The shape of the text page is far better—maybe it might still be a little wider—as to arrangement I think it should be like this in inches or fractions of inches



There will be lots to talk over with you and Mr. Rudge.

The photographers finished Saturday—I think I told you—that part of the work is almost done—though Unwin is still after a few English prints—as soon as the Walker people send in proof—we will know where we are—I do not think the illustrations in the first chapter will be important enough for your traveller to use it as a specimen but it is all right to set up. I do not think it necessary to make the margins larger—for an *édition de luxe*—put some special feature in, and print on different paper and run it off after the ordinary sheets—thats the simplest. Shall send more chapters today. Yours

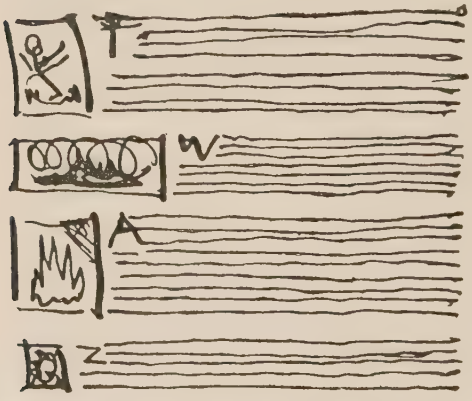
Joseph Pennell.

The following letter will be better understood if I say that the "work of art" was an early portrait of Mr. Van Dyke. The "introduction" was for the proposed Catalogue of Etchings and the "Rembrandt notes" for "Rembrandt Drawings and Etchings" which Van Dyke had then under way.

TO DR. JOHN C. VAN DYKE

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
9. 18. 1924

Dear Van Dyke—I return the work of art. I dont wonder you love it—its real cute and too sweet by far to go in with my hoary bearded brigands. But I'd like to see the others. And really if it ever gets out . . . . it really will be a book. But I should like to see the Chase. Who has it? You are not only "a love", but a "dear" to be willing to write the introduction, and I will tell Brett so. As to the book, your idea is just—or almost just mine, to reproduce all the prints small, in this way.



Block about 2 x 2, letter press, name, date, size, this will be all made ready. Keppels have a Mss catalogue, and then I will add too a nice, Pennellesque description of how when and where each was done. Just the sort of thing to make Howard Mansfield squawk and faint.

As to the Rembrandt notes of course I should like to do them, but it will take some collaboration and you would let me have your Mss. or proofs, so that I should not contradict everything you say. But it would be a most interesting thing to do.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

P.S. In the catalogue also there would be one or two original plates—as for the size it would be the same as the *Graphic Arts Books*—a new edition of the Etching book comes out shortly—and I think, as they do, it would cost about dollars fifteen, with a fine edition besides—or maybe only a limited fine edition much more expensive.

As

to the Rembrandt notes, I suppose you have all your material at the College. It would only be necessary—I think to get all the reproductions out, and the authorities, and go over the lot and if you had a dear sweet typist on the library premises I think it could do all—the notes to be talked down in a day, roughly any way—or it could be done at the N. Y. Library—I think we could get a room, anyway I should like to do it.

J. P.

TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
12. 5. 1924

Dear Fisher—Did the New York Macmillans offer you the new edition of *Etchers and Etching*. It is out here. McIntyre of Little Brown and Co. is coming over in Jan. or Feb. with piles of proofs of my book *The Adventures of an Illustrator* which I hope you will take as you are in it and of it, and also I think it would be nice if you would have him put up at the Reform—his name is Alfred R. McIntyre—keep the card till he comes. As you know he's a New Englander and will not in any way shock anybody, but he likes decent things and would appreciate it—

Here we sail gaily on the waves of prohibition which is not dry—I am going to dinner with John Lane to-night, and that will not be dry, he says—and hold ups and radio, murders and movies—and we are become the richest and the best country in the world, and we are it, though we neither know nor care what we are.

Yours

Joseph Pennell

Have you seen E. L. Tinker's Lafcadio Hearn in America—Dodd Mead—It is good and knocks stuffing out of things.

TO MR. EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
12. 7. 1924

My dear E. L. T. Well you have got in the limelight—and dragged your little devilkin after you—really you have made—I believe—a real portrait of that unreal thing and he is not nice, and I now must believe he did many things he has been accused of doing, and many others that he has not even been accused of attempting. He was nothing really but a mongrel tough with a strain of Irish Greek—and some nigger, I guess, nastiness and cleverness in him. I hate him—and despise him—he was a Villon without his character—and a Dumas without his power—though he was fed up on French—a perfect degenerate mongrel—he could not write—and his stuff you quote is mostly as commonplace journalese as his illustrations—all that redeems him is his Japanese stories—all that I have read of them only translations and adaptations—prigs (he even rounded on the Japs)—You have done a good piece, and a very thorough piece of work which has been worth doing but you have uncorked a bottle—and let out the imp in it and it is a very evil foul thing that has got out of the bottle. But the funniest thing is the way your "crickets" chirp—the one in *The Evening Post* last evening was divine—you have an

"*urge*"

he wants a purge and a pill. And the rest are just as funny and all sign their names and devil of a won was ever *hearn*

{ Oh Lor I dident mean to do that }

tell of befo. Still you have done what all the other extensive, but not final, authorities on him could not do—did not do—were afraid to do—but you have done it—and done the book well—I am yours

Joseph Pennell

Why the deuce did not he wear a pair of horn giglamps.

Hearn and his friends take a walk New erleens takes to the woods

TO SUSANNA S. KITE ("TEACHER SUE")

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
12. 12. 1924

My dear friend Susanna Kite—I should have answered thy letter of eleventh mo. second long ago, I have however thought it over and other letters, somewhat similar, that I have received. I cannot, I regret, support the appeal for I am of the opinion that if Friends wish to establish missions or send missionaries to convert the heathen, they need not go outside the limits of the City of Philadelphia. These may not be the views held by Friends to-day, and in the days of George Fox conditions were entirely different and I am strongly of the opinion that Friends have changed also. Much good, I have had ample evidence, was done by Friends who went abroad during the war—excepting to Russia where they have gone since—but I cannot believe that the religions of the heathen, if the Japanese and especially the Chinese and Mahomedans are heathens, are in any way inferior to our own—if lived up to as the natives of these countries do. While here to-day we—or the world's people—or most of them—in this country either know nothing of the Christian religion or deny it—or are absolutely contemptuous of it. Under these circumstances—and believing that charity begins at home—and honesty, decency, uprightness should be taught the vast mass of foreign degenerates who have overrun and overturned the traditions of this country and of our city—and so far as I know Friends are doing nothing to stem this tide in our midst—I must decline to subscribe.—Thy letter dear teacher Sue—brings everything back to me though it was only the other day that I was trying to set down in writing some of the memories of my early days. I hope thee will understand my point of view and reasons and I remain sincerely thy friend and

thy pupil
Joseph Pennell

The letter is characteristic, the only one in which I have found the honest statement of his honest opinion that the work of Christian missionaries is cut out for them at home.

TO MR. ALFRED R. McINTYRE

Hotel Margaret
12. 22. 1924.

Dear Mr. McIntyre—What I foresaw and warned you of—has happened—I begged, beseeched and insisted that the first chapter should be made right before anything else was done—this was ignored and Rudge has been going ahead for months setting up or hammering out typed galleys—though he said he could do it all in a month but luckily could not—but Friday things came to a head when paragraphs with two line initials began to appear with only about two lines of space between—I found this came first from my typist who has original ideas as to pars and spacing, that these had been improved by your typist—that comments had been made on the copy and that finally red circles had been added where some one else thought there should be paragraphs. All this I found out when on Saturday I got the Mss. back and found from the 4th to 14th Chapter an incredible mess—I have gone over the whole, however, and after twelve hours solid work—part with Rudge's Excellent Proof Reader—things are right—the spelling too is lurid—but you had the first chapter—and did not correct nor did Rudge the English spelling—the only decent form—but the rest has been changed to American—I dont care which you use so I have told them to change the first Chap to Ammurrican—or any dam thing they like and the rest of the book must be uniform. But as I said had my advice been followed, the first Chapter *got right* and the rest set Chap by Chap and each got right—ten Chaps would not have got wrong—because the printers did not know what they were at and thought they were following copy and form they had never seen—It is the most perfect example of the fact that American hustle is the slowest way of doing anything I ever saw—But I believe it is right now and can go ahead—the Mss. goes back to-day—Meanwhile the photoengravers have vanished—Golly what a country. Yours

Joseph Pennell

It may be wondered how in the midst of difficult proofs he found time for printing. But his letter to Mr. and Mrs. Tinker shows that he did.

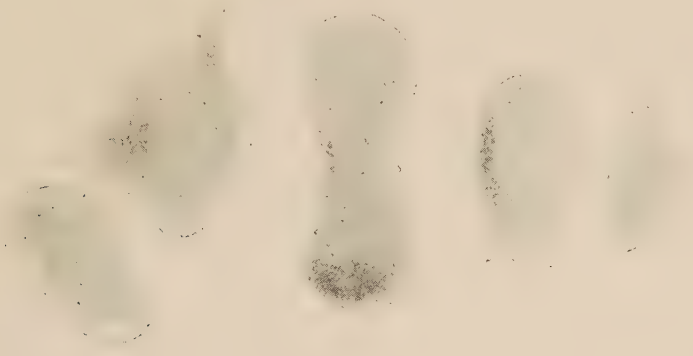
TO MR. AND MRS. EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER

Hotel Margaret
12. 30. 1924

Dear Tinkers—I am very sorry and sad I cant come especially after all the

inducements
you offer.

But this is my reason



and this my marked

condition.

As to the idea about Cable which I freely give you—Is that the distinguished—and he dont realize what a ten strike he has made—author should give, from those who are left, the Creole idea of Cable, it would be most

interesting

and raise a horrid row, but would be a record of a side of New Orleans life

That the little manikin never
knew and you, Mr. Author, alone
could make known
Au revoir
Joseph Pennell

Collectors will welcome this letter concerning his prints:

TO MR. CHARLES SESSLER

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
1. 25. 1925

Dear Mr. Sessler. As the plate *Limehouse* has not been published and the print is not signed, it is evidently one of a number printed without my knowledge and the prints stolen while in the care! of an English printer for proving—they turn up frequently—he did quite a business in them. You can therefore, or rather I shall expect you to destroy the print, and well, return the purchaser's cash—or if you wish to send it here—and accompanied by $12.00, I will sign it—if the print is worth anything—I am not blaming you in the affair—but these are the facts—a similar case occurred last week.

Yours
Joseph Pennell
Never
buy anything of mine
which is unsigned
J. P.

TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
4. 26. 1925

Dear Fisher—I am sorry, but not surprised, you dont approve of the get-up of my book, but I do not agree and for the following reasons—all my important books that you have issued, Vierge, Keene, Lithography, Etching, Pen Drawing, have been this size or larger, and they have sold—why not this—the two-double columns are traditional and why not follow tradition? Though I know it is a very difficult book to make up so that the text and illustrations fit—but it is being done—and you must admit the type is very legible—and the illustrations tell far better—so I think—artistically. I am right and I hope you will take it.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

P.S. The Booze question grows more acute every day, for there are every day more spies, cowards and curs in the country—who sell it and themselves—for a drink.

J. P.

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
5. 28. 1925

Dear Fisher—What you say about Macmillans "issuing a new edition of *Etchers and Etching* at $10.00" is news to me too, for they have not said a word to me about it . . . But I will find out about it and let you know.

You are however wrong about the 1st edition, there was a *fine edition* which was limited and sold out—but there was also an ordinary edition—of which they sold a lot—all of it and so did you—it has gone up in price, and there was a second ordinary edition last year—and I believe that was sold also—and I hope they are doing a third—but I have as yet had no account—though they paid me in advance royalties for the entire second edition—I believe—As to my also getting a royalty from you that *would* be very nice but I have not heard a word of it. These books have been a success—if sales and notices mean anything—I know however that artists care for them and even at that high price buy them for

Pen Drawing has gone through 4 eds
Lithography 2 "
Etching 2 "

and you say a third is to be done. Why not do a new one of Lithography?

I have for a long while wanted Timothy Cole to do a similar book on *Wood Engraving*—

Last autumn the English Macmillans brought out *London* which I illustrated—and I'll tell you how it was reviewed—the illustrations not being copyrighted were taken and stuck in the virtuous rubbish heap called Sunday papers—without any payment and without any notice of the book, simply saying they were from the book—that was all the notice the text got . . . and then editors stole the illustrations—the drawings—and used them to illustrate other articles in their papers about London, never referring to the book at all. This is American cuteness and the copyright law is so rotten you cant prevent it.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE ADVENTURES OF AN ILLUSTRATOR: THE BOOK AND THE EXHIBITION (1925)

PENNELL's fatigue was creeping into his letters, but no one not with him day after day could realize how great it was and how amazingly he conquered it and attended to the innumerable details demanding his attention. Fatigue developed occasionally into illness but, after a short rest, he was more industrious than ever, making up for lost time. In the spring and summer of 1925, with "The Adventures" going through the press, scarcely a day passed without its proofs: galleys, page proofs, revises without end; the process engraver in daily attendance, and the filling in of text and illustrations, immensely difficult because of the page of two columns, at critical stages calling for visits to Mr. Rudge's printing house at Mount Vernon. He was also seeing the new Pennell Club book through the press, though, fortunately, this took him no farther than the Pynson Printers in West Forty-Third Street, where Mr. Elmer Adler was all consideration. The miracle was that he found time to renew the correspondence with two old English friends: Morley Fletcher who proposed to send him a student from California, and Butler Wood of the Bradford Gallery, from whom he sought advice to help two committees, one of artists, one of museum

directors, in the difficult art of not only exhibiting fine work but selling it. To Mr. Grasberger in Philadelphia, he reported progress of the Thackeray book.

TO MR. GEORGE J. C. GRASBERGER

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
8. 4. 1925

Dear G. J. C. G. I have gone over and arranged the copy with Adler—he is very keen and I think we can make a decent thing of the book. He has an idea which is not bad—That Agnes Repplier and I as President should sign the book—this certainly will make it more valuable.

Will you ask her. She wont have to sign it yet—The page for the signatures can be sent her—they would be placed on the page giving the numbers of the copies.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

In the letter to Morley Fletcher, the reason for sympathy with Fernand Lungren was the havoc worked in his studio by the recent earthquake in California from which Fletcher and his belongings suffered nothing. Lumsden's book was a treatise on Etching published earlier in 1925. The "going down" of Mouquin's, due to industrious and enterprising "dry agents" was a serious loss to Pennell. As I have pointed out, Mouquin's was the one place in New York which had for him something of the atmosphere of old haunts in London and on the Continent, and where he met a group of artists, architects and writers with whom he was sure of the good talk and gay battles he loved. The food was of the kind he approved—no stodgy *table d'hôte*, no messy "platter" dinner, no messier salads. And the wine, until the coming of prohibition, was the best

in town, the most reasonable in price. The good wine disappeared with the Eighteenth Amendment, but not all wine, and Pennell believed there was no decent dining without wine. To Mouquin's he was sure to take friends from the other side who would feel at home there. In 1921 it was Doctor Bakker, once Secretary of the International, always a friend, over on business from Holland; in 1924, Emil Orlik, after the sittings; in 1925, just before the end, Doctor Terey, Director of the Budapest Gallery, who preferred the haunts of artists to more correct restaurants. Mouquin's closed, where were we to go? The years in passing do not make it easier to change the habits of a lifetime.

TO MR. F. MORLEY FLETCHER

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
8. 30. 25.

Dear Fletcher—I am glad you are all right and your things too. I have not seen the boy you are sending or heard from him. But you must know or you will find out—that many of the people who start east to conquer, this effete country—or this part of it—petre out before they arrive—or soon after they get here—I get any amount of letters wanting to know just how—and with how little knowledge—and most of all how little work they can make a fortune out of etching—but this discovery of yours may be—and I hope is different—it so happens however that the only etcher who can really make etchings—or rather did make them—comes—or came from San Francisco—he has now gone to Paris—and from what I have seen that he has sent over seems to have gone to pot—in the plates I have seen—doing the same old stunt—but he saw and did Frisco. But I hope your boy will be different.

I used to meet the same crowd in London—there they fell upon me and I saw more of them in a week there, than I do in a year here. But thank heaven Brooklyn is further from New York than London and besides they are not given travelling studentships to come

here—and I dont have to pay their subway fare back—as I used to have to help to pay their steerage passage home—when they sneaked back reviling what they could not see or understand.—I am truly sorry for Lungren—for I know what he has been through means—for I have—by another means or from another—cause—been through the same thing—and there is nothing so terrible on earth—only I hope it is not so bad as you say—and that he will come out better than he thinks—but it is an endless and an awful memory.

Lumsden—has "wrote a book"—and I reviewed it—and he dont like what I said—though I gave him the only decent notice—I have seen, and as a technical book it is the only up to date thing that has been done in England—and it is published at a reasonable price too—well he had—and actually acknowledged it—which most do not—mine to work on and out of.

I am infernally busy, so busy I dont know if I can give the time to the class, and I dont know if it is worth while either—for all they want, most of them, as I have said, is to be taught how to make money. But that and prohibition are the aims of the so-called American people.

Golly what a country

and I am thankful it is no longer my own—though I was born here as most of the inhabitants were not—but it gets dirtier and crookeder every day. Mouquin's has gone up and there is nothing like it left—But that was because the so-called—or even the real American cant take one drink—but, must get drunk. I am sick of it all—But where can one go—

Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO MR. BUTLER WOOD

Hotel Margaret, Brooklyn
9. 5. 1925—

Dear Mr. Butler Wood. I am as right (we are) as people can be in a dry desert. I hope everything goes well with you—I am writing to ask if you can furnish me with any information, it may be printed, as to the arrangements the City of Bradford makes for holding exhibitions, i.e. how do you get your funds and also, and this is

specially what we want to know, how you get the funds to buy works of art from these Exhibitions. My reason for writing is because, though every village in this land has prohibition, they want an art gallery too—there are a vast number of them—and they show everything—but buy nothing. Consequently artists are beginning to refuse to contribute to them—as it is not worth while. A committee of artists, of which I am a member, has been appointed, and a committee of Art Directors and we are to consult together, as to the future and the question of the galleries getting works from the Exhibitions, so I write you to ask if you can help us in the matter with facts I can put before the conference. I hear from Morley Fletcher who is running a school in Santa Barbara, California, having as you know given up the Edinborough post, but he might as well have started a school in Dingwall for all the touch he has there with the art of the country—though there is no art here—only cackle and copying. I saw that Lavery came over some weeks ago but I have heard nothing from or of him.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
10. 4. 1925

Dear Butler Wood—Thanks for your letter—things are not so bad in the way—of "likker"—as the pure middle west, down at the heel, Main Streeters call it—as from the bleating, braying hypocrites who are trying to foist their lies on you—say it is. We and everyone else have all we want and can get it when we want—only it is mostly very costly and frequently vile—but the trouble is we are become first class theives, liars, hypocrites, and a nation of fools—that is those of us who are niggers, Jews and mongrels, thats the type of tripe—that talks of our "English ancestors". . . . . But to make a short story long—the world is rotten. I am sorry you are retiring—for I do not see any reason for a man who, like you, can do things—because the average man is only a poor machine and looks forward to the time when he can stop—should retire. Of course that is the advantage of a profession—you are your own boss. I understand that you—to thank you for your answer to my ques-

tions—which has arrived in time—have "a city rate"—and I suppose other municipal galleries do, with you. But it is not so here—I only know of one that has, St. Louis—the others—though in many cases the city maintains the buildings, it does not bother about their upkeep, or if they do that, the Exhibitions and the sums to purchase works come out of the pockets of the benevolent rich—who in certain cases—give money to institutions to avoid the income tax—thats all there is about it. Save the gush of those who get it—the cash which belongs to the rotten government. The Metropolitan and the Brooklyn Museums here—*annually* have to beg money from the City to pay their running expenses—and the whole country is the same—there are too damn many "public spirited citizens" who want to pay their way into everything here—and do—But what's the matter with Rutherstein . . . giving his goods to Manchester instead of you? Oh we see what goes on—we even get *The Times* and learn more about New York from that than from the New York papers. We have a meeting next week and your letter will be read.

Good luck to you—I hope now you are out of it—you are taking a holiday—I am yours

Joseph Pennell

I am doing a book and the fool printers are driving me mad.

Before this second letter to Mr. Butler Wood was written he embarked upon new work, overladen though his shoulders were. To round out "The Adventures", he planned an exhibition of his book in the making at the Anderson Galleries where Mr. Mitchell Kennerley, the president, never failed him, while Mr. Walter M. Grant and Mrs. Higgins Smith, in charge of the exhibition rooms, were ever ready to work with him. The first reference to this new enterprise is in a letter to Mr. Grant, written months before the exhibition could be opened. But he was planning it on a scale that required plenty of time and leisure to collect drawings and books, prints and paintings.

TO MR. WALTER M. GRANT

Hotel Margaret
5. 31. 1925

Dear Mr. Grant The more I think about showing the making of the Adventures Book, with you, in the first two weeks of December—*mind the date*—the more it grows. And what you wanted could appropriately be done, at the same, for we could

then have
a
water color
and a
print show

and in fact with our other books and things take over the whole place. No such show has ever been held anywhere—and artistically and socially—and you financially could make it hum—It must be did—not only this it could travel over the whole country—or the Adventures could.

Its a big success
already
Yours
Joseph Pennell.

It was a tremendous undertaking, and to add to the labour it involved was the further plan, never carried out, of sending the collection from New York to the Philadelphia Art Alliance, or holding it first in Philadelphia. He gave his reasons for the exhibition in his Note to the Catalogue: "It is held for the purpose of showing—now that American Illustration is almost a lost art, though it was the one distinctive art of America, as Howard Pyle, an American Illustrator, said—how illustrated books, magazines and papers in a few cases are, and once were all made. The special feature of the Exhibition is my book, *The Adventures of an Illustrator.*"

He showed it in every stage: manuscript; proofs, from the galleys to the last revise; drawings; prints; blocks; reproductions; binding; representing not merely his work, but the various processes through which an illustrated book passes. The Anderson Galleries are spacious. It was possible to set aside one of the two smaller rooms for his prints, the other for his drawings, and one large room for his pastels, water colours, oils. Cases were reserved for his most important books. To collect the wanted material was no light task. He was often in the Galleries. The attendance was not only large, but intelligent, sympathetic. People obviously genuine, Pennell met halfway. The supercilious, the superior, he could not stand. "I am delighted", a condescending editor said. "I am surprised", said Pennell. The book, published on November twenty-third, and the Exhibition, opened on December fourth, are the chief subjects of his letters during the last four months of 1925.

TO MR. GEORGE J. C. GRASBERGER

(Write to Brooklyn)
Century Association. New York

Dear G. J. C. G. I am sorry if I was unresponsive—to your phone—but I had been at that book since 7 A.M. to-day, and I do not know, that depends on Rudge, if I shall not have to go on to-night, again.

The phone rang four or five separate times and I answered each time but no one answered me—finally they sent up—and got they said on a third wire. Each time I was stopped in making a complicated list.

Now it is very good of you to have taken all this trouble—but you suddenly spring this news on me over the dam phone instead

of talking or writing or even telling where I could see you—or that you would see me— But

the Thing is

This

When do they want the Show? How long in November will it be open?—the first week in Dec. the Exhibition is here—it must be the first two weeks in that month—November—or the middle of the month 7th to 21st.

If that will do, will Little, Brown approve, will Rudge be ready? I do not know.

Nor do I know if the drawings and prints will be ready. Or how much space there is. Or who is to make the Catalogue—Pay the expenses—transport, insurance, packing, installation. You see I cant, without knowing these things, give an absolute answer—and I know nothing. Please put this letter up to the Alliance—and I will do what I can—If you had only told me where you were I could have settled all and saved writing this letter and I dont know when you will get it.

Yours

Joseph Pennell

TO MR. H. DEVITT WELSH

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn

10. 8. 1925

Dear Welsh—I am glad things are going so well—and that everything pleases you—it is a mighty good thing to see a new place and people—as you never do in Phila. I had already put you down for a copy of the book. Now there is another matter but I dont suppose, with you away anything can be done. I wanted to show your collection of books in the Anderson Galleries with my things in December—that is from the first of December—but I suppose that is off. Is there any way of getting them? If not have either Mrs. Linn or Bigelow got any number of them? Can you let me know? Excuse this letter but I am rushed to death—Yours

Joseph Pennell

TO MR. T. FISHER UNWIN

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
11. 28. 1924

Dear Fisher—The book came out on Monday—*Adventures* I mean and *Etching* a few weeks ago—and neither have had any notice—for there is no room any longer in the American paper for anything but graft, muck raking, Cooledge and likker. The country is so uplifted and cultured that it is simply gaga—I am sorry the book is so late . . . .

But

I have heard of the binders strike—you are getting up to us in strikes—but we have they say no coal and no one from cool feet dares do anything.

But again

If you can get the book bound Little Brown say the sheets have gone to you—why bring either of them out for Xmas? Why not bind them or stick them in paper covers. As on the continent—why not?

These books are not intended for ornament, or Xmas greetings though far more appropriate than anything published, but for any time and all time. So I would just fetch em when ready. The circular is pretty well all right.

Yes I heard of Bartlett's death—But not a word have I had from Hamilton but I have heard a lot about him. I too have seen the rebuilt St. Romain Hotel—you must remember I have been over. Sir Jack Lavery is here . . . he is giving a show—so am I of the book, see the enclosed and all America is coming—wish you were here. McIntyre of Little Brown is. Good Bye.

Joseph Pennell

This enclosed is good advertising and cost the publisher nothing.

J. P.

TO MR. GEORGE J. C. GRASBERGER

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
12. 10. 1925

Dear G. J. C. G. If you are coming about prints it is useless—they have sold everything—but one or two in the Etching Room—at the

Show at the Anderson's. Some of them as much as eleven times yesterday—and I have given them every print I have—and have by no means caught up—and wont till Xmas if then—But have you done anything about making up a set of proofs—if it is not done before the show closes it cant be done.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

CHAPTER XLIX

THE END OF A LONG LIFE DRAWS NEAR (1926)

Joseph Pennell was fast reaching his allotted threescore years and ten. He could afford, some might have thought, to write *Finis* to his Adventures and indulge in the luxury of idleness. To him, however, idleness was a fatiguing occupation and his age, when he remembered it, was a goad to redoubled effort, so much remained to be done in so short a time. Besides, immediate calls upon him were numerous. His press had been idle too long. Dealers besieged him for prints. He could not keep up with orders from the Anderson Galleries, where he was ashamed to go, he would tell me, with sale marks multiplying on etchings and lithographs. His book was coming out in England, allowing no interruption to his correspondence with Fisher Unwin. Engagements for lectures could not be overlooked: one as far as Chicago in February on the invitation of Mrs. Brewster, and one as near as Glen Ridge in March, the Women's Club his hostesses. Nor could he refuse to serve on the New York Advisory Committee when asked by John E. D. Trask, Chief of the Arts Department of the Sesquicentennial.

Once assured that conditions in this department promised to be as he would have them, Pennell looked forward to the work. It seemed a return to earlier days when scarcely an International Exhibition was held anywhere that he was not on its committees and juries. Trask, at San Francisco in 1915, learned something of

the "general capacity", the "catholicity of mind", as he now wrote, gained by Pennell from his wide experiences. He came to Brooklyn to discuss details, many letters passed between the two, but the New York Committee had not held their first meeting when news was received of Trask's illness and, after a tragically short interval, his death. No further steps were taken while Pennell remained in this world; nothing was done to strengthen the Exhibition by his practical advice and ceaseless energy. Matters were not settled with Trask when he was asked to arrange a small show of his own by Miss Mary Butler, now President of the Philadelphia Fellowship. She was in sympathy, had that talent for perseverance in anything undertaken which to him was one of the cardinal virtues, and it was a pleasure for him to work with her. All this time readers of his book were writing their appreciation and he was too punctilious not to answer them promptly. One of the first he heard from was Mr. William S. Kinney of Cleveland and his acknowledgment was probably the letter with which he opened the correspondence of the New Year.

TO MR. WILLIAM S. KINNEY

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
1. 3. 26

Mr. W. S. Kinney
Dear Sir—Thanks for your letter. My Adventures have now been published one month, have sold fairly well, extensively damned by all the

Critics
God help 'em
Gentiles, Jews
and experts

WITH MRS. BREWSTER IN CHICAGO

Last Photograph of Joseph Pennell

who call themselves by the name, but yours, save from friends, is the first letter I have received about the book, and I want you to know it. Truly as I have said, we are a nation of cowards, for even those who read the book and hate it are afraid to say so. Even in their insular ignorance, they loathe it. But most have bought it for a rize—or rise—or to get my autograph—any number of them have written. I am very glad you have all the books—And I expect to go to Cleveland next summer, I should have been there last and done—possibly the Etching—If the hustling printer had not taken to do 18 months, what could have been done decently in any country but this in 8. I am yours

Joseph Pennell

P.S. I have none of my old Etchings scarcely.

TO JOHN E. D. TRASK

Hotel Margaret,
Brooklyn
1, 14, 1926

Dear Trask. Your invitation is a pleasant surprise, I mean your request that I should join the New York Committee for Art of the Sesqui. I shall be glad to accept if you can inform me—or the Exhibition authorities can—that the Art Department has sound and adequate financial support and the needed funds in hand to carry on and carry out the work. If this question can be satisfactorily answered, nothing will give me greater pleasure than to join your Committee—and do my best to make a successful and an artistic Exhibition—or rather to work with you with this aim. I also want to congratulate you on your appointment as Chief of the Art Department.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
1. 19. 1926

Dear Trask. On consideration I will join the New York Committee, on one condition, that as in all the other national and international

Exhibitions I have been connected with during the last twenty five years, I am made a member of the Jury of Awards also. Yours
Joseph Pennell

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
1. 24. 1926

Dear Trask. I have not answered your last letter, because I wanted to seriously consider the matter of my serving on the New York Jury of Selection. I am afraid in my last letter I did not make my meaning and desires plain. Why, if I serve on the New York Jury of Selection—I think I should be made a member of the Jury of Awards. I however have no wish to dictate to you or to tie your hands in any way. But on the other hand if I join your New York Committee which I am willing to do—and invite or accept—or help to do so—certain artists, whom I think, and the other members of the New York Jury may think are doing work worth showing and deserving of awards, I do not wish to have—my views—my knowledge, and my experience completely upset or ignored, by another and superior jury, without the chance to defend the work of men whom I have helped to select, and in whom I believe. I know of what I speak, for I see what is happening in almost every exhibition all around me—and I want a chance to defend myself—and those artists in whose work I believe. You are good enough to say "You (I) are the most important man in your (my) field". This is very flattering, and if as you say I am—I think I am worthy a place on the Jury of Awards—a place I have held on every International Exhibition in Europe and all in this country in which the United States has participated since 1900 in Paris—and in some in which the United States has not participated. I am not asking this for myself but to defend the art and artists I believe in, for I do feel that the time has come to make a stand against some of the present tendencies in American art. You may say—I would not be the only juror—I know that—but I also know I can defend my point of view, and I know that in the Graphic Arts, it is that point of view which won for America international fame and this point of view is being forgotten and ignored—but I should like to think that in the 150th anniversary of my country to be held in my native city

I had a part in upholding this art—a part in defending what I know—and you are good enough to say I know—to be right. You also know I will work and I should only be too glad to have the chance and the opportunity for the dignified upholding of the Graphic Arts in America.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO MISS MARY BUTLER

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
1. 26. 1926

Dear Miss Butler. Well I am glad you have enough prints of my drawings for the show—You ask in what "public collections" in Philadelphia my prints are. There *is* an institution called the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine
Arts
which has—or had a set of my Panama Lithographs though this is apparently not known to any one—especially the great John Frederick Lewis and Co. The Penna Historical Society I believe has some prints of Philadelphia—but when I offered them the entire collection of my lithographs—they answered that they had something better to spend their money on—lately they bought a few for more than they need have paid for the whole set. I know of no more of my prints in public collections in the Squashennial City. Yours
Joseph Pennell

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
1. 31. 1926

Dear Miss Butler. I suppose our last letters crossed, though I have not heard from you since. I also suppose, when you ask, "How much would a set of your lithographs cost" you mean the Panama Lithographs. A complete "set" of my lithographs would, if they could be got, make quite a hole in the money bag of Joe Widener! So big he might even have to sell his Rembrandts. But as to the Panama Lithographs, I believe Keppels have a set of them that some one has sent in to be sold. It would be very nice to have this in some

public institution in Philadelphia *where they could be seen*, not packed away hidden or lost—or forgotten! As *is* this set *given* the Penna Academy. It is very nice of you to suggest, that my things should be in Philadelphia but Philadelphia has never shown any interest in them —though some Philadelphians have. But I wish you could find out what has become of the Panama Lithographs given to the Penna Academy? Yours

Joseph Pennell

Do you know anything of the Art Section of the Sesqui?

TO MRS. WILLIAM P. BUFFUM

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
2. 10. 1926

My Dear Mrs. Buffum. If that is the way we are to address each other. It certainly was a surprise to get your letter—though others have come too, from the school, Alice Shipley also wrote—but I never imagined I would hear again from Germantown. Not that I wished in any way to offend Germantown but I was almost sure I should, but as I have not I am very glad. I certainly too am surprised that Friends Library should get the book though I am glad too, that they have got it. But I am sure if some one wrote such a book in *our* Germantown, Jim Cope "the Marquis" tried to, I believe and I should like again to see his book—we had a copy I think—But if my book had been written then it would have been rec'd with very different feelings and in a very different spirit by Friends, as his (the Marquis') was. No, your infant, as all other infants are, was wrong in saying that Friends "were just like other people"—They were not—and they were proud—despite their beliefs—that they were a peculiar people, apart and not like the world's people—and they proved it, or Philadelphia Friends did in the worthless useless war which wrecked the world—But as for Germantown School, and as for this letter, we are like the rest of the world become a race of hypocrites—I went to one school reunion, but never again. I get communications from the School officials—and Germantown meeting officials written in an illiterate gibberish worthy of to-day—instead of the stately language of the heads of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. No, Philadelphia Friends

have completely changed. The last time I went to Germantown meeting the men and women were sitting together—and right in the middle of meeting a man Friend leaned over and invited me to dinner—and though he gave me a good glass of wine—I have never been to Friends meeting or in that man's house since—

Friends have changed and all I have tried to do is to record a little of the life I knew and loved and hated. I am much obliged for the very kind things thee says about my life, it has, in its way, been an interesting one, and a full one, and it still is, in a curious way, but the world is changed—like the Friends, and every thing, and almost every one I have known, is gone, but somehow I stay on, but my future is in the past which is gone too, but it was good to get thy letter.

Joseph Pennell

TO MR. BUTLER WOOD

There is still plenty to drink if you pay for it—but in this land of spies, Jews and wooden headed nutmegs and old maids no one knows how long it will last.

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
3. 1. 1926

Dear Butler Wood. I ought to have answered your letter sooner but I have been busy over a number of things—I have just seen the catalogue and a notice that the International has had a show at Bradford—but I have, I note with Ricketts and Shannon been carefully dropped from that by

the great and good
Gassoway
↓
Scott of Connor
↓
Howard

but he is still it—or on the
Way.

And was he, for I think the first time taken in?—or were the Bradford people let in—and was he given lunches and dinners by the

authorities and did you and Mr. "Tootle Too" and the Mayor hear all about it.—Or are those days and nights in the dear dead past too? Here we have Sir. R. A. etc. etc. Lavery among us, but I have not seen him, or for a long while noted at what hotel he is advertised to be stopping—but he had no use for mere artists—especially the rest of the imported crowd *Sir* (?) Lazlo and Harrington Mann and a lot more. He may have come off socially, but artistically *nup*. Still his idea of doing the millionaires surrounded by their millions was not bad. Art here and now is upon the town, only there aint any, only Jews and they are everywhere, and as you say setting up their standard, clumsy, lazy incompetent ugliness in the place of beauty—but remember—that "not one stone of the temple remaineth on another"—and not one of these yiddish junk heaps will last, they came with the war, they brought on the war to destroy everything—but they will be *almost* destroyed, as they always have been in the past, only a few, like measuring worms, will grow again together for we must always have them with us. I understand now about the Rushenstein pizness and dont wonder Bradford turned it down. I brought up the art gallery purchase scheme at a meeting of Gallery Directors and artists but nothing came of it—they all (the Directors and the Galleries) live on gifts and doles—but they do get cash, millions all the time—for dead men's things—so the artist has only to die—to live. One middle west prohibitionist left millions the other day on condition that a man must be dead 30 years before his work is bought. Not like Sargent—the show in the Metropolitan was rotten. Sun-Light Soap has gone I believe well, some two million dollars—but *all* the English paintings, drawings and books went for nothing—I dont know if it was a knock out or what—but things like Etty went for a few dollars and so did Constable sketches. But the Rossettis and Burne Jones were rotten and I think all the paint had been scrubbed off them by the house cleaners. My book is out in England and I hope you may see it.

Yours

Joseph Pennell

AT OUR HOTEL MARGARET WINDOWS

Portrait by Wayman Adams

TO MISS HELEN WRIGHT

Hotel Margaret, Brooklyn
3. 11. 1926

Dear Miss Wright. Thanks for your very appreciative notice and charming letter about the book. All

Editors are fools

so what can you expect? I doubt if a single Art Library, Art School, or any art institution will buy the book, they are all so busy raising funds and admiring themselves—they have no time or money for anything else—beside which people read no more—only listen in—

Please dont send the book here—I shall, if you do,
1 have to go down stairs to get it
2 carry it up
3 unpack it
4 sign it
5 pack it up
6 carry it to the P. O.
7 weigh it
8 stamp it
9 find a box that will hold it
—and then it will probably be stolen, so please keep it till I get to Washington—

Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO DR. HANS W. SINGER

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
3. 25. 1926

Dear Singer Its an awful time surely since I have heard from you—or you from me.

You want to know how I am, well lately Ive been pretty battered the result of being pretty busy, a big book, and a big show and a big class pretty well knocked me out. But I am pretty well patched up again . . . . . I dont appreciate Orlik's portrait—though the way he made it—as he says—and he is probably right—as Holbein

did—with a glass is most interesting. I did not know anything about the method before he did the plate. I am sorry that things are not more flourishing with you—and would be surprised—if I believed the lying Jew newspapers on the subject of Germany. In which you and Italy are the only countries doing anything—but I dont believe them or any other Jew. As to what I am doing now the book is finished, and I am writing to my publishers to send you a copy of it—mostly printing old etchings though I hope to do more new things—I have the subjects—this year—and I have had in the Architectural Show at the Berlin Academy a room to myself—but I suppose it had no success; any way neither you nor I have evidently heard anything about it—I have not—and this very morning I have, I learn, been made a member of the Royal Antwerp Academy, though I must admit I never before heard of it. And dont know how they have heard of me!! The ists here are I think having their last innings as they have had them in France and England—how is it with you? But the biggest American Collection that of John Quinn which had some good things in it—was withdrawn from sale lately, while for one that did come up 114 works paintings drawings including Matisse and Co.—brought seven thousand dollars for the lot, the highest price three hundred—and that for an outsider—there is also a messed-up lot of stuff brought over by the Carnegie Gallery, Pechstein, Liebermann, Corinth, Stuck, Slevogt and Orlik—what a crew and what junk from them but really nothing new on show in New York. Art here has been killed by coddling—there is not an old hen in pants—or petticoats or without em—that is not doing good to art. Every town has a gallery and every millionaire dumps his junk in it. The way they grow is amazing, and the OLD things in them incredible—but one has got to die to be accepted, and in one which got heaven knows how many millions the other day in Kansas, got to be dead thirty years before they can be bought—but its the same everywhere in a different fashion—the Metropolitan does nothing for living artists—they had this year shows of Sargent—which looked rotten—and a great man here, Bellows—did you ever hear of him? which I did not see, but they both had to die. Remember me to the family—I wish I could get over. This place is not fit to live in (we have all *the likker*, rum, brooch, booze we want,

but you cant get a decent stein (of beer) or a decent thing to eat, or read, or see, or hear,) its all chewing gum, cold storage, radio and hypocrisy—but its all in the book, which they dont dare damn, dont get mad at, but read it.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

TO MRS. GEORGE P. DOUGLAS

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
3. 26. 1926

My Dear Mrs. Douglas—I am very much obliged for your interesting letter, which would have been answered sooner if I had not been pretty seedy. I have only been trying to see for myself the things that are around us in the world to-day, that seem to me to be worth seeing—and to-day they are fewer and fewer—everything is growing more and more standardized. Architecture here is degenerating universally—

You had wonderful mills at Minneapolis—I wonder if they still exist. In Chicago they have just put up two fine buildings and then ruined the whole shore of Michigan Avenue by a box—which is a disgrace. I only hope you can see the difference. I do not know what drawings you have got—if you could have a little sketch, or blue prints, or snap shots made of them I could tell you the titles—but please *dont* send the originals. I dont know your Mr. *T*. Buel. Mr. C. C. Buel, former editor of *The Century Magazine*, had recently a number and I dont think he has sold them. They were English Cathedrals—large drawings. But there are endless and wonderful things in this country, full of character, but most of the people—specially the artists, so-called—cant see it for they try to use other peoples eyes and other peoples subject or repeat themselves and are only blind leaders of the blind. If I have shown you that there is beauty in the little bit of Minneapolis I have tried to draw, I am glad. I believe some of the drawings are in the Museum—hidden away probably—and I believe I am to have a show in some gallery there soon.

As to Friends—though I this morning rec'd a notice of, and request to attend Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia, I am a broken

reed—but Friends doctrine and the Friends I was brought up with were the salt of the Earth. The names of your people are familiar to me (Friends) but I dont know any of them personally, for I have seen little of the Friends I grew up with for years—though much to my surprise since the *Adventures* have been printed I have had some letters—not objecting to it—to my surprise from them.
Thanking you for your letter, I am

Yours
Joseph Pennell

Hotel Margaret. Brooklyn
4. 16. 1926

My Dear Mrs. Douglas—I did not know Mr. C. C. Buel had any intention of selling his drawings—less that he had sold them to you. The titles you give are all right—the station of what you call the "subway" they called the "underground" and this Station which I drew is, I think, that at "Charing Cross" done before the line was electrified when it was wonderful to look at but fearful to travel in.

The Cole series of wood engravings is a very valuable one if the proofs are printed from the original blocks and signed. I did not know Mr. Buel had them. If you wish to know more about them you might write to Timothy Cole

Ferris Lane
Poughkeepsie, New York

You might mention that I told you to do so. I do not know the value of these prints but Keppels had some they sold for $10.00 each.

Yours
Joseph Pennell

CHAPTER L

THE END
(1926)

No signs of weakness are in the letters of these last months, no hint of waning power, no slackening of interest, no loss of strong words to express it in. About his work he was as keen as in his youth. His printing was never better, his water colours grew in power and beauty. He was as quixotic as of old in his fight for truth, his hatred of shams, and he looked forward eagerly to his labours on the Sesquicentennial Committee for the greater glory of the graphic arts. Even I, living with him, working with him day by day, had no warning that the end was near.

And yet, there were signs, had I believed such splendid vitality, such unrivalled energy could ever be exhausted. Hitherto his habit had been, if he started to print, to stay at the press until time was just left for that scrupulous cleaning-up of the printing room before dinner, or to let dinner go, if some absorbing problem remained to be solved when dinner time came. But with the New Year he began to shorten his hours and everything was in spick and span order by two or three o'clock. In my blindness I was not alarmed, only pleased that at last he was willing to consider himself and not overtax his strength in finishing to-day what might be put off until to-morrow. Another sign was his willingness, after a hard day at the press or a long day in the class, to take

a taxi home from the little restaurant in Manhattan where we usually dined. As a rule he travelled by Subway, not because he liked it better but because he disliked the taxi more, and when he took a taxi I knew he must be tired. In March I had reason for alarm. He had a slight return of the serious illness of the summer of 1923, with two doctors again in attendance. In a week, however, he was up and, to all appearances, none the worse for it. He lost one Tuesday at the League, he missed a promised visit with his class to the Gavarni Exhibition at the Grolier Club. But the sympathy and concern of his students made illness seem worth while, Locke coming on from the Club laden with their offering of flowers, their messages of regret, their appreciation of the help Miss Grannis, Librarian at the Grolier, gave to make up for his absence. That he was touched is evident in his note of the next day to Miss Van Brunt.

TO MISS CATHERINE S. VAN BRUNT

Hotel Margaret, Brooklyn
3. 25. 1926

Dear Miss Van Brunt. Thanks for your letter—it is very nice to be missed—but I have had a rather nasty time—but I hope its over—or I should have been at the Grolier. Locke came in with flowers and praise of Miss Grannis and all of you for turning up and I think from what he said, he certainly and all the rest of you had a good time and a good tea—I hope to be back on Tuesday—He also says Miss Kieffer is not back and that you have to do everything—so dont you kill yourself. Yours

Joseph Pennell

By the end of March I had almost ceased to worry, and the first days of April provided pleasures that were to him a stimulant. On the sixth Morley Fletcher and

Fernand Lungren were in New York and dined with us, their one evening before sailing for England. To see Fletcher was to live again those happier days when they worked together in London, in Milan, in Leipzig, before, with the war, his world fell in ruins. On the twelfth Rudo Sauter and his wife came, they also on their way to England which for them is home, they also bringing memories of those happier days, for Rudo's father is Georges Sauter, Pennell's associate in the old International struggles and triumphs. On the afternoon of the fifteenth, he was looking at prints with his class in the Metropolitan Print Room, all drinking tea afterwards with Mrs. Flynn, a student who lived close by. He had never been in better form, they thought. The next evening, the sixteenth, W. A. Rogers, the cartoonist, up from Washington, joined us in the little restaurant, John Flanagan and Ernest Lawson there as usual. To Pennell, when he set out on his adventures as an illustrator, Rogers, no less than Abbey, was the great man who had arrived, for whom his respect was deep. But they never met until the war brought them together at the Pictorial Publicity meetings in New York and the School for Disabled Soldiers which Rogers managed and Pennell visited. The talk that Friday was as it always is when two or more artists are gathered together, and I remember I said as we went home, "A good evening, more like the old London evenings." "Yes," Pennell agreed, and he was so wide-awake that he sat up late by his beloved window, now reading, now looking out on the beauty of night in the harbour. And early the next morning—Saturday, April seventeenth—the doctor was telling me "your husband is a very sick

man", and within an hour a day nurse was at his side, a night nurse engaged.

I give the dates to show how sudden and swift was his illness—a virulent form of influenza—and how impossible to have foreseen it. The danger was of its developing into pneumonia, which it did only too quickly. By Wednesday I knew there was no hope, short of a miracle. He knew it himself, though he admitted it to me only once. "Stay with me as much as you can," he said; "this is our last week together." His body was weak, but his mind clear and alert. Mr. William H. Fox, our old friend and our near neighbour in Brooklyn, saw him on that very Wednesday evening when my hope was fast ebbing, and could not believe that a man who talked with such vigour, such keen interest, so eager to hear the latest news of the Sesquicentennial, could be as ill as we thought. Mr. and Mrs. Tinker came, devoted, sympathetic always, but at a moment when the nurse was afraid to let him see them. His class had to be told and Locke, who lived across the street from us, called daily but not once when Pennell was strong enough for a visit. The announcement of his death was the first news most of his other friends had of his illness.

He, who was thought the most impatient of men, was throughout this cruel week patience itself. He did as the doctors bade him, was more concerned for his nurses' comfort than his own, for himself asked nothing, save that his bed might be moved into the front room where he would have before him by day and by night his Unbelievable City, his City Beautiful, the City that he loved. When the doctor decided it was better not, Pennell accepted the decision without a protest, though

I realized how bitter was the disappointment. He talked little, but I knew his mind was wandering through the past. "It has been a full life," he told me after a long silence. And he spoke of Whistler, whose battles he helped to fight, and Beardsley whom he helped to launch into fame. "A beautiful life," I added. "Yes, a beautiful life," he repeated. His affairs were in order, his will long since made, what he had to give, given to his country, and he was sure of my care to order every detail as he would have it—we had discussed it so often. One thing only worried him,—the plate for the Cleveland Print Club. He had been unable to get to Cleveland the summer before, detained by his "Adventures" going through the press, and it was promised for this spring. And how could he manage it now? he kept asking me. The thought of failing a second time to keep his word tormented him. He forgot none of the week's engagements. The Academy of Arts and Letters was holding its annual meetings and giving its annual entertainments, among other things a concert on Thursday afternoon. He insisted upon my going, he had invited friends to his box at Carnegie Hall, and for me to refuse him would be to reveal my desperate anxiety.

The concert was long and I telephoned to explain my delay. For I remembered his firm conviction of recent years that I, who had travelled alone and unharmed across the Atlantic and from one end of Europe to the other, was fated to perish in the traffic at our front door. If I was a few minutes late for dinner at Adelphi Terrace, I would find him walking up and down his studio, with Augustine ready to scold me for him: "*Monsieur était bien sûr que Madame était vraiment ecrasée.*" Once, I was

delayed on my way to Mouquin's on a snow and ice-bound evening and he, with visions of my broken body or at least a broken leg, was on the point of starting to notify the police of my disappearance when I arrived. Now, as I feared, the telephone did not satisfy him. "This time I believed it had really happened," he said.

Friday morning, the twenty-third his physical strength was fast ebbing, but his mind had lost nothing of its vigour. He asked me to write an overlong delayed answer to a letter from his publisher, told me exactly what he would have me say, listened to my answer, approved, mentioned other letters that should not wait. And so the morning and early afternoon passed, his weakness increasing with every hour. We were mostly silent, breathing was an effort. About two he noticed that the nurse, who had caught cold, was sitting between doors and windows opened for his sake. He reproved me. I should have shut them, and he watched with wide-open eyes until she had moved out of the draft. He spoke no more. Before half-past three the end came. He, who had never time to rest, was at rest forever more.

On Monday, April twenty-sixth, Joseph Pennell made his last journey to Philadelphia over the familiar route,—with him friends who, knowing him, appreciated him as man and artist both and were more than willing to pay him their last tribute as his pall-bearers: Robert Underwood Johnson, his first editor and Secretary of the Academy of Arts and Letters; Burton J. Hendrick, Secretary of the Institute of Arts and Letters; William Henry Fox, Director of the Brooklyn Museum; J. B. Bishop, Secretary of the Panama Commission; Gari Melchers, President of the New Society;

THE FRIENDS' BURIAL GROUND, GERMANTOWN

Lithograph by Joseph Pennell

Gifford Beal, President of the Art Students' League; Edward Larocque Tinker, author whose friendship and work he prized; Edward Robins, my brother. Friends waited at the old familiar Meetinghouse in Germantown. The students from the League came in a body. Philadelphia societies and clubs were represented. The services, if services they should be called, in the small austere room, were more impressive in their simplicity, more solemn than any elaborate rites held in a great Romanesque or Gothic church. In that tranquil place where Friends had given testimony for long years, even those who were not Friends seemed compelled by some power within to speak what they knew of Joseph Pennell, champion of truth, one who fought a brave fight for the freedom of art and artists.

He was buried close to his mother and to the Aunt Martha who had been dear to him, in the cemetery which is just outside the Meetinghouse and as peaceful in its way as Jordan's where William Penn lies under the elms. It was a pale blue April day, the feeling of spring in the air, the grass fresh in its first green, a suggestion of blossoms here and there, one touch of brilliant colour in the bank of flowers by the open grave, they, no less than the spoken words, bearing their testimony that a few understood the artist who never sacrificed eternal truth to the popularity that passes. And so I left him, in that Friends' Graveyard at Germantown where two of his family and more than one of his schoolmates were already at rest, only their names and dates on the little gravestones. I remembered his written words: "And I want to lie there too."

THE END

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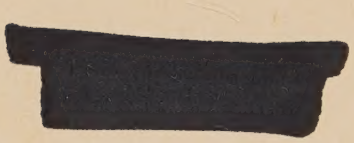
Pennell, Mrs. Elizabeth
(Robins) 1855-1936.
The life and letters of
Joseph Pennell,

s of Joseph Pennell.



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